Life Pictures

By
Senator Bob Taylor

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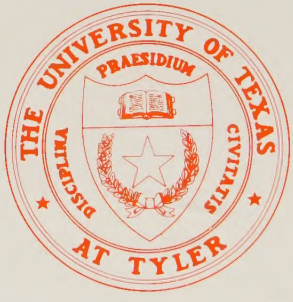

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LIFE PICTURES

BY

SENATOR BOB TAYLOR

Being a Collection of Senator Taylor's Lectures and Public Addresses; also, His Editorials in Bob Taylor's Magazine and Taylor-Trotwood Magazine

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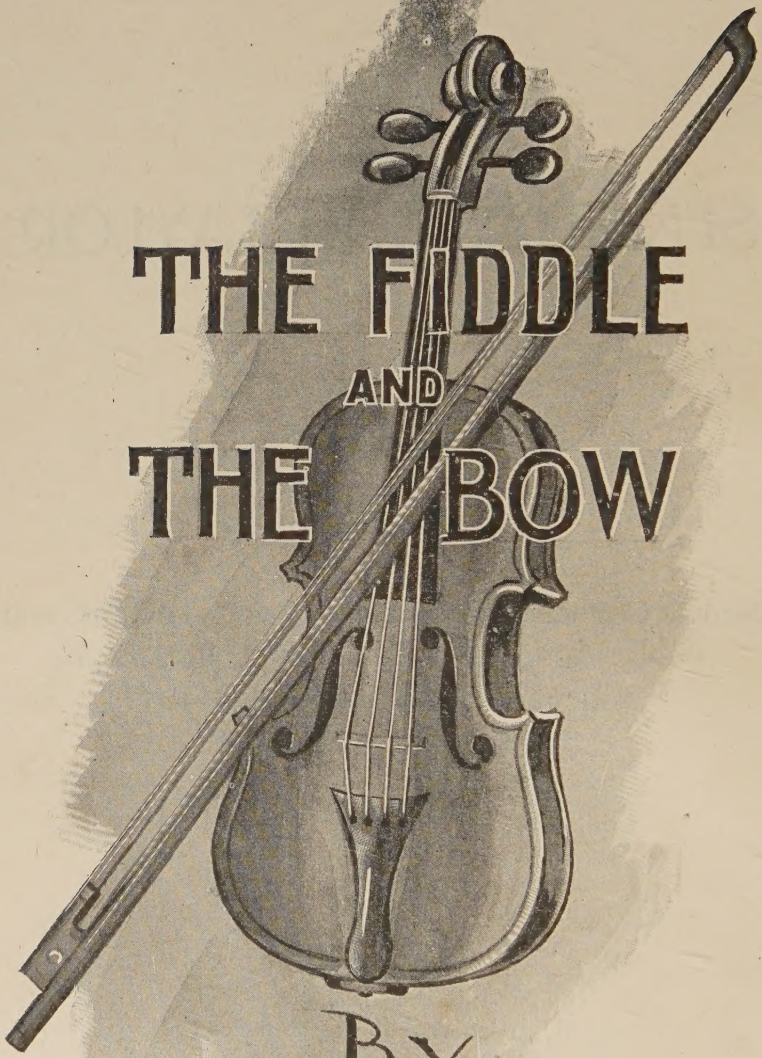
THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW



By

Gov. Bob Taylor

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PART I.

FIDDLE OR VIOLIN.

We dream of a heaven beyond the stars, but there are heavens all around us with beautiful gates ajar to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. I have seen heavens of delight where the meadows flashed with dew and the crows were on the wing; I have seen heavens of music where the linnet swept her lute and the thrush rang his silver bells in the dusky chambers of the forest.

I once sat on the grassy brink of a Southern stream in the gathering twilight of evening and listened to a concert of Nature's musicians, who sang as God hath taught them to sing. The katydid led off with a trombone solo, the cricket chimed in with his E-flat cornet, the bumblebee played on his violincello, and the jay bird laughed with his piccolo. The music rose to grandeur with the deep bass horn of the big black beetle; the mocking bird's flute brought me to tears of rapture, and the screech owl's fife made me want to fight; the tree frog blew his alto horn; the jarfly clashed his tinkling cymbals; the woodpecker rattled his kettledrum, and the locust jingled his tambourine. The music rolled along like a

"I saw a youth . . . holding his sweetheart's hand."

sparkling river in sweet accompaniment with the oriole's leading violin, but it suddenly hushed when I heard a ripple of laughter among the hollyhocks before the door of a happy country home. I saw a youth standing there in the shadows holding his sweetheart's hand in his. There were a few whispers, tender and low. The lassie vanished in the cottage; the lad vanished over the hill, and, as he vanished, he swung his hat in the shadows and sang back to her his happy love song:

"My thoughts will fly to thee, my own,
Swift as a dove,
To cheer thee when alone,
My own true love."

And the birds inclined their heads to listen to his song as it died away on the drowsy evening air.

♣ ♣ ♣

That night I slept in a mansion.

"I closed my eyes on garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;"

but while I dreamed, I was serenaded by a band of mosquitoes, and this is the song they sang above my pillow:

"Buz-z-z! buz-z-z! no bars around this bed!
Buz-z-z! buz-z-z! no hair upon this head!
—*Mosquitoes!*
Buz-z-z! buz-z-z! we'll paint old baldy red!
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

"He cut the pigeon wing in the clover."

There are heavens all around us with beautiful gates ajar. I have seen a June morning unbar a gate of roses and come forth from her palace in the sky, bearing in her girdle of light the keys to a thousand heavens. I have seen her kindle a sun in every dewdrop and touch the waking hills with glory. I caught the odor of honeysuckles and the note of a lark as it rose exultant from the meadow. There were the glimmer of painted wings among the clover blossoms and the hum of teeming bees rich with the spoils of plundered beauty; there were the green trail of a winding river and the low music of its joyous waters dashing among the rocks of distant rapids. I heard the shouts and splashes of noisy boys down at the old swimming hole under the spreading elms. An old-time darky went shambling by, with his cup of bait and his fishing pole. The wine of June was in his veins, and he tangled his song with the honey song of the bees:

"O, my Hannah, lady,
I do a-love-a you!
They ain't no baby
So good and true!
In Louisiana I could die,
Ef you wuz only nigh!
O, tell me, Hannah, lady,
Whose black-a-baby is a-you?"

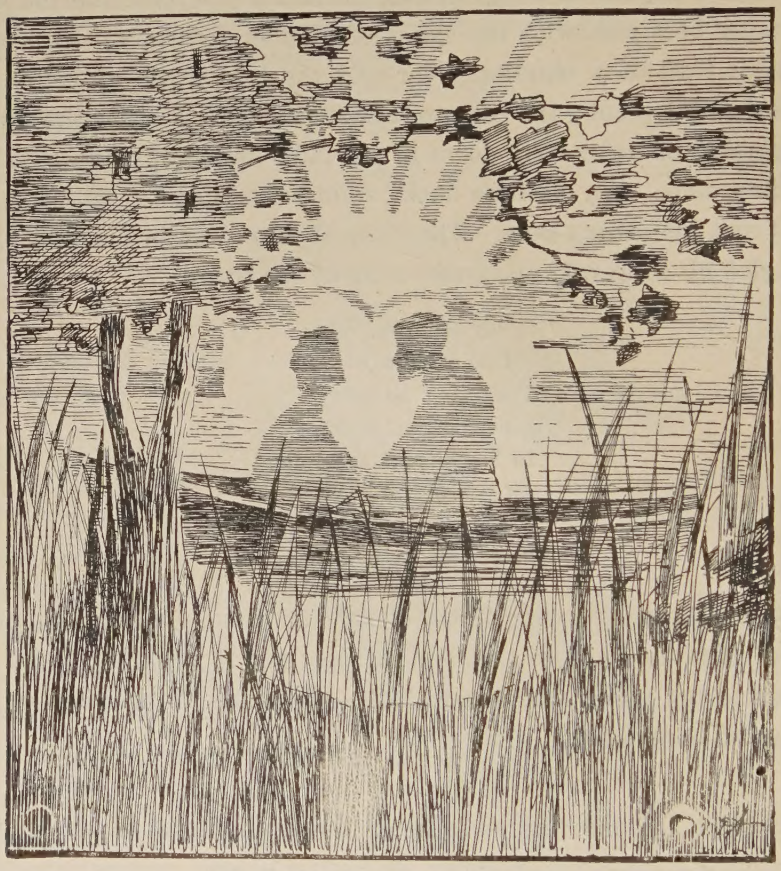
And he cut the pigeon wing in the clover and then sat down on a bumblebee. It invited him to rise, and he rose; and it was difficult for the old man to tell which was the warmer—the June in his heart or the June in the bumblebee.

♣ ♣ ♣

A lovesick lad met his sweetheart down in the shady lane, and poured out his soul to her under the locust bloom. I saw him push his boat from the shore and dip his oars in the clear heaven of the crystal waters. She was his only companion. And as the painted keel darted away like a bird beneath the bending boughs and went skimming round the bend of the river, I heard their voices blending up among the cliffs and shadows, singing a sweet love song. To him she was a full-blown rose of beauty; to her he was a daisy. To him her ribbons were streaks of light; to her his fuzzy upper lip was a poem. They floated and fished and fished and floated away the golden hours;

and while they fished and floated, he wooed her—he wooed and he wooed and he wooed—until at length he won her; and as they floated homeward in the evening, dreaming of wedding bells and orange blossoms,

He held her soft little hand in his,
Smoothing her hair so brown;
The boat struck a rock, and they both fell in,
Just as the sun went down!



"He wooed and he wooed and he wooed."

I looked upon these scenes of light and love, and I walked in the heaven of the beautiful, the somnambulist of a rapturous dream.

♣ ♣ ♣

O, matchless dream maker, voluptuous June! Enchantress of the sun, Eden builder of the world! There is a magic in thy touch which melts the icicles in the veins of age and makes the tropic blood of youth run roses.

There are heavens all around us with beautiful gates ajar. I have seen October open a gate of opal, and I walked in the heaven of autumnal glory. I have seen her splash the forest with the tints of a thousand shattered rainbows, and then draw the misty veil of Indian summer—that mysterious phantom of the air that conjures the sunlight into yellow amber and turns the world into a dream.

I joined the farmers in the jubilee of the county fair, and walked through streets of pumpkins, purple avenues of turnips, and fragrant boulevards of onions, enough to bring the world to tears.

♣ ♣ ♣

There was the sound of the hunter's horn at the break of day. I mounted my gallant steed and galloped away to the rendezvous, and every breath of the cool, crisp October air was like a draught of exhilarating wine. The hunters assembled at the appointed place, the eager hounds were unleashed, and they scurried away like ghosts in the gloomy woods. They coursed and circled like flying shadows, now and then giving tongue as they took up the scent of some cold and doubtful trail. Faster and faster they circled, until they jumped the fox from his covert and opened in full cry, and it was like a sudden burst of music from a band. Away they bounded, bellowing their deep-mouthed serenade to the wily knight of the red plume, who showed them a clean pair of heels. They pushed him up the rocky steeps and pressed him down the dusky hollows; they swung him through the highland gaps and whirled him round the ridges. Over the hills and round the knob Sir Reynard led the band, until the waking echoes caught up the flying melody and sent it pulsing from cliff to cliff and from crag to crag. On fled the fox with tireless leap, on followed the hounds with smoking mouths—on and on, over hill and dale, through forest and field, until finally the music died away like the chime of distant bells.

♣ ♣ ♣

How sweet are the lips of morning that kiss the waking world; how sweet is the bosom of night that pillows the world to rest! But sweeter than the lips of morning and sweeter than the bosom of night is the voice of music that wakes a world of joys and soothes a world

of sorrows. It is like some unseen ethereal ocean whose silver surf forever breaks in song. All nature is full of music. There is a melody in every sunbeam, a sunbeam in every melody; there is a love song in every flower, a sonnet in every gurgling fountain, a hymn in every rolling billow. Music is the twin angel of light, the firstborn of heaven, and mortal ear and mortal eye have caught only the echo and the shadow of their celestial glories.

♣ ♣ ♣

The violin is the poet laureate of music—violin of the virtuoso and master, fiddle of the untutored in the ideal art. It is the aristocrat of the palace and the hall; it is the democrat of the unpretentious home and humble cabin. As violin, it weaves its garlands of roses and camelias; as fiddle, it scatters its modest violets. It is admired by the cultured for its magnificent powers and wonderful creations; it is loved by the millions for its simple melodies.

♣ ♣ ♣

One bright morning just before Christmas Day an official stood in the Executive Chamber in my presence as Governor of Tennessee and said: "Governor, I have been implored by a poor, miserable wretch in the penitentiary to bring you this rude fiddle. It was made by his own hands with a penknife during the hours allotted to him for rest. It is entirely without value, as you can see; but it is his petition to you for mercy. He begged me to say that he has neither influential friends nor attorneys to plead for him; and all that he asks is that when the Governor shall sit at his own happy fireside on Christmas Eve, with his own

The convict's plea for pardon.

happy children around him, he will play one tune to them on this rough fiddle and think of a cabin far away in the mountains, whose hearthstone is cold and desolate and surrounded by a family of poor little helpless, ragged children, crying for bread and waiting and listening for the footsteps of their father."

Who would not have been touched by such an appeal? The record was examined. Christmas Eve came. The Governor sat that night at his own happy fireside, with his own happy children around him, and he played one tune to them on that rough fiddle. The fireside of the cabin in the mountains was bright and warm. A pardoned prisoner sat with his baby on his knee, surrounded by his happy children and in the presence of his rejoicing wife; and although there was naught but rags and squalid poverty around him, his heart sang:

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

When I used to play the rôle of Governor of the old "Volunteer State," I often felt the stings of criticism for the liberal use of the pardoning power. But I saw old mothers with their white locks and wrinkled brows swoon at the Governor's feet every day; I saw old fathers with broken hearts and tear-stained faces, and heard them plead by the hour for their wayward boys; I saw a wife and seven children, clad in tatters and rags and barefooted in midwinter, fall down upon their knees around him who held the pardoning power; I saw a little girl climb upon the Governor's knee and put her little arms around his neck, and I heard her ask him if he had little girls, and then I saw her sob upon his bosom as though her little heart would break, and heard her plead for mercy for her poor, miserable, wretched convict father; I saw want and woe and agony and anguish unutterable pass before the gubernatorial door; and I said: "Let this heartless world condemn, let the critics frown and rail; but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will cry in vain himself for mercy on that great day when God shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful."

PART II.

OLD BLACK MAMMY.

What is this life but a whirling tide of pleasure and pain, glowing with gladness, darkening with grief, leaping with rapture, eddying with tears, now kissing the smiling cliffs of hope, now dashing against the frowning crags of fear, and then vanishing in the darkness? What would it all be worth to us unblessed by love and mercy and the milk of human kindness? What would it all be worth to us bereft of music, that noblest gift of the soul?

The spirit of music, like an archangel, presides over mankind and the visible creation. Her afflatus, divinely sweet, divinely powerful, is breathed on every heart and inspires every soul to some higher thought, some grander sentiment.

♣ ♣ ♣

I heard a great master play on his wondrous violin. His bow quivered like the wing of a bird. In every quiver there was a melody, and every melody breathed a thought in language sweeter than was ever uttered by human tongue. I was conjured, I was mesmerized, by his music. I thought I fell asleep under its power and was rapt into the realms of visions and dreams. The enchanted violin broke out in tumult, and in its music I thought I heard the rustle of a thousand joyous wings and the burst of song from a thousand joyous throats. Mocking birds and linnets thrilled the glad air with warblings; goldfinches, thrushes, and bobolinks trilled their happiest tunes; and the oriole sang a lullaby to her hanging cradle that rocked in the wind. I heard the twitter of skimming swallows, the scattered coveys' piping call; I heard the robin's gay whistle, the cawing of crows, the scolding of blue jays, and the melancholy cooing of a dove. The swaying tree tops seemed vocal with bird song while he played, and the labyrinths of leafy shade echoed back the chorus.

♣ ♣ ♣

There was a shifting of the bow, and I heard a flute play, and a harp and a golden-mouthed cornet. I heard the mirthful babble of happy voices and peals of laughter ringing in the swelling tide of pleasure. Then I thought I caught glimpses of snowy arms, voluptu-

ous forms and light, fantastic slippered feet, all whirling in the mazes of the misty dance. The flying fingers now tripped upon the trembling strings like fairy feet dancing on the nodding violets, and the music glided into a still sweeter strain. The violin told a story of human life.

♣ ♣ ♣

Two lovers strayed among the elms and oaks and down by the riverside, where daffodils and pansies bend and smile to rippling waves, and there, under the bloom of incense-breathing bowers, the old, old story—so old and yet so new, conceived in heaven, first told in Eden, then handed down through all the ages—was told over and over again. Ah, those downward-drooping eyes, that mantling blush, that trembling hand in meek submission pressed! How well they told of love's victory won and paradise regained! And then he swung her in a grapevine swing:

"Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!"

♣ ♣ ♣

But the violin laughed like a child, and my dream changed again. I saw a cottage among the elms and oaks, and a little curly head toddled at the door. He toddled under the trees, prattling to the birds and playing with the ripening apples that fell upon the ground. He toddled among the roses, and plucked their leaves as he would have plucked an angel's wing, strewing their glory upon the green grass at his feet. He chased the butterflies from flower to flower, and shouted with glee as they eluded his grasp and sailed away on the summer air. Here I thought his childish fancy had built a paradise and peopled it with dainty seraphim and made himself its Adam. He saw the sunlight of Eden glint on every leaf and beam in every petal. The flitting honey bee, the whirling June bug, the fluttering breeze, the silvery pulse beat of the dashing brook, sounded in his ears notes of its swelling music. The iris-winged humming bird, darting like a sunbeam to kiss the pouting lips of the upturned flowers, was to him the

impersonation of its beauty. And I said: "Truly, childhood is the nearest approach in this world to the paradise of long ago."

♣ ♣ ♣

Then I saw him skulking like a Cupid in the shrubbery, his face downcast with guilt, his skirts bedraggled and soiled. He had waded the Atlantic Ocean in the mud puddle, and stirred up the Mediterranean Sea in the slop bucket. He had shipwrecked the young ducks, capsized the goslings, and drowned the kitten, which he imagined a whale. And I said: "There is the old original Adam coming to the surface."

"Lawd bless my soul, jis' look at dat chile! Look at dat face an' dem han's, all kivered wid mud an' mulberry juice! You'se a-gwine ter ketch it! Jis' 'zackly like yo' pa—always gittin' into some scrape or nudder, always breakin' into some kind uv debilment! Gwine ter break into Congress some uv dese days sho'! Dey can't keep you out'n it! Come along wid me dis instinct to de baff tub! I'se a-gwine ter wash dat face uv yo'n an' lucidate some uv dat dirt off'n dem han's an' dem clo'es, you triflin' rascal, you!" And, so saying, she carried him away, kicking and screaming like a young savage in open rebellion.

♣ ♣ ♣

And I said: "There is some more of the original Adam." Then I saw him come forth again, washed and dressed in spotless white, like a young butterfly fresh from its chrysalis; and when he got a chance, I saw him slip on his tiptoes into the pantry, and there was the clink of glassware, as though a mouse were playing there among the jam pots and preserves. There two little dimpled hands made trip after trip to a rose-colored mouth, bearing burdens of mingling sweets that dripped from cheek and chin and skirt and shoes, subduing the snowy white with the amber of the peach and the purple of the raspberry as he ate of the forbidden fruit.

♣ ♣ ♣

Then I saw him glide into the library, and soon there was a crash and a thud in there which brought a frightened mother into the room, only to find the young rascal catching his breath, while streams of

cold ink trickled down his drenched bosom; and as he wiped his inky face, which grew blacker with every wipe, the remainder of the ink was poured from the bottle down on the carpet, and making a map of darkest Africa. Then the rear of a small skirt went up over a curly head, and the avenging slipper in lightning strokes kept time to the music in the air.

And I said: "There is paradise lost!" The sympathizing, half-angry old nurse bore her weeping, sobbing charge to the nursery, and bound up his broken heart, and soothed him to sleep with her old-time lullaby:

"O, don't you cry, little baby; don't you cry no mo',
For it hurts ole mammy's feelin's for to hear you weepin' so!
Why do dey bring temptation to de little hands and feet?
What makes 'em 'buse de baby, kase de jam and 'zarves am sweet?

"O, de sorrows, triberlations, dat de joys of mortals break!
O, it's heaven when we slumber, it's trouble when we wake!

"O, go to sleep, my darlin', now close dem little eyes
And dream uv de shinin' angels an' de blessed paradise;
O, dream uv de blood-red roses and de birds on snowy wing;
O, dream uv de fallin' waters and de nebber-endin' spring!

"O, de roses! O, de rainbows! O, de music's gentle swell!
In de dreamland uv little children whar de blessed spirits dwell."

"Dar now, dar now, he's gone! Bless its little heart! Dey treats it lak' a dog. Ole black mammy's de best frien' de chile's got in de worl'." And then she tucked him away in the paradise of his childish slumbers.

PART III.

HEADS OF FAMILIES.

The bow in its sweep grew slow and tremulous. It brooded like a gentle spirit over the violin, and the music eddied into a mournful tone. A little coffin sat by an empty cradle. The prints of baby fingers were on the window panes; the toys were scattered on the floor; the lullaby was hushed; the mirth and mischief and little feet and midnight screams of pain were no longer in the way to vex and worry. Sunny curls dropped above eyelids that were closed forever; two little dimpled cheeks were bloodless and cold; two little dimpled hands were folded on a motionless breast. The vibrant instrument sighed and wept. It rang the church bell's knell; and the second story of life, which is the sequel to the first, was told.

Then I caught glimpses of a half-veiled paradise and a sweet breath from its flowers. I saw the hazy stretches of its landscapes and heard faint echoes of its distant music. I saw the flash of white wings that never weary. A string snapped; the music ended; my vision vanished.

♣ ♣ ♣

Do you sometimes forget and wound the hearts of your children with frowns and the dagger of cruel words, and sometimes with a blow? Do you sometimes, in your own peevishness and your own meanness, wish yourselves away from their fretful cries and noisy sports? Then think that to-morrow may ripen the wicked wish; to-morrow Death may lay his icy hand upon a little fluttering heart, and it will be stilled forever. 'Tis then you will miss the sunbeam and the sweet little flower that reflected heaven upon the soul. Then cherish the little ones; be tender with the babes; make your homes beautiful. All that remains to us of paradise lost clings about the home. Its purity, its innocence, its virtue, are there, untainted by guile, unclouded by sin. There woman shines, scarcely dimmed by the fall, reflecting the loveliness of Eden's first wife and mother. The grace, the beauty, the sweetness of the wifely relation; the tenderness of maternal affection; the graciousness of manner which once charmed angel guests, still glorify the home.

If you would make your home happy, you must make the children happy. Get down on the floor with your prattling boys and girls, and play "horse" with them. Take them on your back and gallop them to town. Don't kick up and buck, but be a good and gentle old steed, and join in a hearty horselaugh in their merriment. Take the baby

"Get down on the floor with your prattling boys and girls, and play 'horse' with them."

on your lap, and let him puncture a hole in your ear with his little milk teeth and bite off the end of the paternal nose if he wants to. Make your homes beautiful with your duty and your love; make them bright with your mirth and your music.

It ought to be a universal law that none but fat men and bald-headed men should be the heads of families, because they are always contented, good-natured, and easily managed. There is more music in a fat man's laugh than there is in a thousand orchestras or brass bands. Fat sides and bald heads are the symbols of music, innocence, and meek submission. O, ladies, cultivate the society of the fat men and the baldheaded men, for of such is the kingdom of heaven! And the fat women—God bless their old sober sides! They are things of beauty and a joy forever. This world would still be paradise if men would only make it so. But we turn our backs on real happiness in pursuit of forbidden pleasures which turn to ashes on the lips. We trample under our feet the roses of peace and love in the mad rush after wealth and earthly glory.

♣ ♣ ♣

And what is wealth? It cannot purchase a moment of happiness. What is earthly glory? As we climb the rugged steeps, we leave our bloody footprints behind us; and he who reaches the summit will look down on the humbler plane of life below and wish his feet had never wandered from its warmer sunshine and sweeter flowers.

♣ ♣ ♣

I would rather be a tiller of the soil and a humble worshiper at Nature's shrine, with my cheeks and hands all tanned by sunshine and my heart as light as the wing of a bird; I would rather think and dream where God has curtained the earth with blade and leaf and flower and festooned the winding streams with spreading trees and tangled vines, and while away the summer evenings listening to the laughter of happy children and the music of the fiddle and the bow, than to search for happiness in the mighty city, where the ceaseless strifes of men chill the heart and make it cold and indifferent to the pure and beautiful sentiments of life.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is no music like the music of the fiddle and the bow. There is no humor that can compare with the country humor. I never shall forget the happy days of my boyhood down on the farm; I never shall forget the rich old characters I used to know.

I once knew an old fiddler who was the champion eater of the world. Many a time have I seen him at my grandfather's table, and the bacon and beans and biscuits and battercakes vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. He left not a wreck behind. One day he undertook too large a contract for the retirement of an immense slice of

"Now, William, when I hit, you swallow!"

ham without masticating it. The ham scraped its way for about two inches down his rebellious œsophagus, and lodged as tightly as a bullet in a rusty gun. His prodigious Adam's apple shot up to his chin, and he looked around at my grandfather and said:

"Mr. Haynes, I am choked!"

He scrambled from the table and pranced about the room and turned purple in the face. My grandfather dealt him blow after blow in the back, which sounded like the blows of a mallet on a dry hide; but the ham wouldn't budge. There wasn't a doctor in five miles. The old man was choking to death, and something had to be done. Suddenly an idea struck my grandfather, and he ran out into the back yard and grabbed up a plank about three feet long and two inches thick and rushed back into the dining room with it drawn.

"Now, William," he shouted, "get down on your all fours!"

William got down. He laid the old man's coat tail over on his back and shouted again:

"Now, William, when I hit, you swallow!"

He hit, and William shot like a rocket to the farthest corner of the room; but before anybody was aware of it the old man was seated again at his place at the table, with a broad grin on his face.

"Is it down, William?" my grandfather asked.

"Yes, Mr. Haynes; thank the Lord, it's gone. Please pass the ham."

♣ ♣ ♣

Two old fiddlers in my neck of the woods fell out one day and had a fight. One of them drew his knife and cut the other's nose smooth off and ran away. The old fiddler, who was a self-willed man, hunted around in the weeds and found his nose, and stuck it back on and tied it up, and wouldn't let anybody see or touch it until it got well; and after it had thoroughly healed, he stood before his looking-glass and took off the bandage and looked, and—lo!—he had put on his nose wrong side up; but he said he didn't have much trouble with it, except when it rained he got strangled, and when he sneezed he "blowed off" his hat.

♣ ♣ ♣

Two old fiddlers banqueted at a banquet. They banqueted all night long. They kept up the banquet for a week together after the original banquet was over; but they got separated one morning and met in the afternoon.

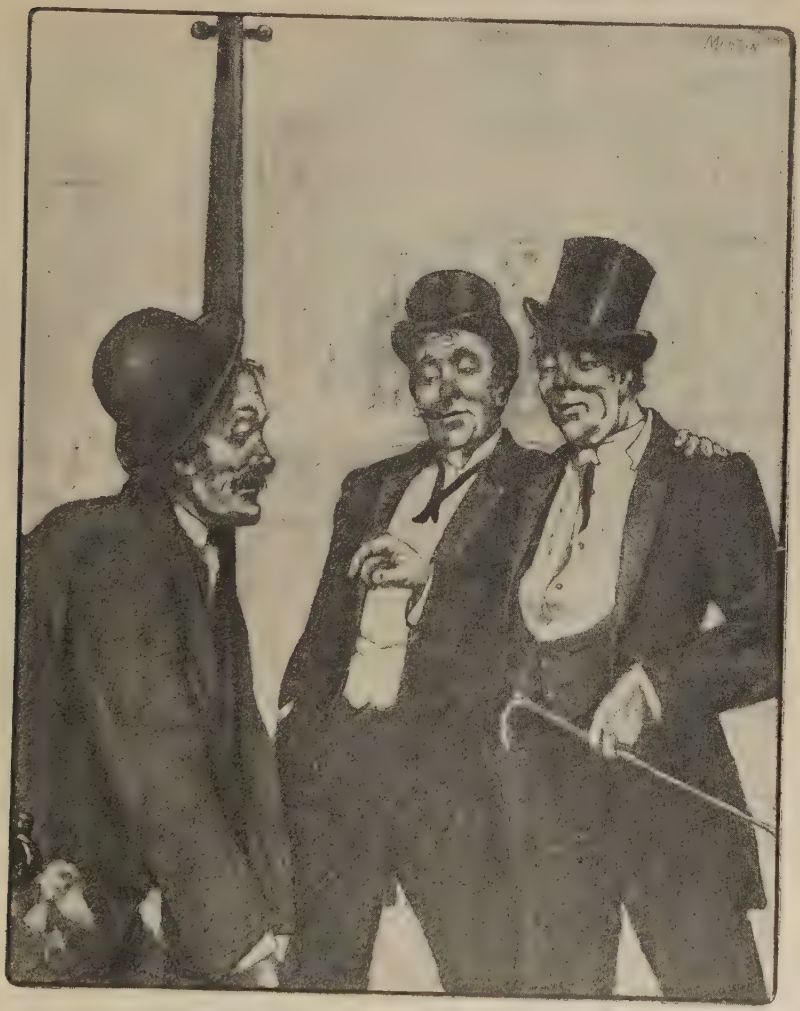
One of them said: "Good morning."

The other said: "Good evening."

"It's morning, and that's the sun. I know what I am talking about."

"No, sir; it's evening, and that's the full moon. I have investigated the question."

"Well," said the first, "we'll not have any fuss about it. We'll



"Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me; I'm a stranger in this town."

leave it to the first gentleman we come across to settle whether it's morning or evening."

They locked arms and staggered down the street together until they came upon another gentleman hanging on a lamp-post. One of them approached him and said:

"Friend, we don't desire to interfere with your meditation; but this gentleman says it's morning, and that's the sun. I say it's evening, and that's the full moon. We desire to get you to settle the question."

The fellow stood and looked at it a full minute, and finally said:

"Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse me; I'm a stranger in this town."

♣ ♣ ♣

PART IV.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

Not long ago I wandered back to the scenes of my boyhood on my father's old farm on the bank of the river in the beautiful land of my native Tennessee mountains. I strayed once more through the path-

"I strayed once more through the pathless woods with my rifle on my shoulder."

less woods with my rifle on my shoulder. I sat on the old familiar logs amid the falling leaves of autumn, and heard the squirrels bark and shake the branches as they jumped from tree to tree. I heard the plaintive song of the whip-poor-will and the drumming of a pheasant and the hoot of a wise old owl 'way over in Sleepy Hollow. I

heard the tinkling of bells on the distant hills sweetly mingling with the happy chorus of the song birds in their evening serenade. Every living creature seemed to be chanting a hymn of praise to its God just as they used to long ago; and as I sat there on that old familiar spot and listened to the weird, wild harmony, I was rapt into a reverie. A

"O Lord, send de good angels down to take po' ole Rastus home."

vision of the happy past opened before me. I thought I was a boy again, and played around the cabins of the old plantation and heard the old-time darkies laugh and sing and play the fiddle as they used to long ago. I thought I sat once more in old Uncle Rufus' cabin and

listened to the old man's stories over again. I remembered the story of old Uncle Rastus and his prayer. Uncle Rastus was in his cabin one night all alone, with barred and bolted door, praying at the top of his voice:

"O Lord, send de good angels down to take po' ole Rastus home."

"Git out er de way heah, an let sombody run whut *kin* run!"

About that time somebody knocked on the door outside. Uncle Rastus shot under the bed and shouted: "Who's dar?"

"The angel of the Lord has come to take po' old Rastus home."

"Rastus ain't here!"

I remembered the story of old Uncle Nicodemus on " de 'jinin' plantation," who saved his master's life. His master had a terrible quarrel with his wife one day, and went down to the barn and undertook to hang himself with a blind bridle; and just as he was swinging off the trough, Uncle Nicodemus cut the bridle rein, and down he fell kerwhallop in the stable, and he looked up and said:

" Nicodemus, what did you do that for? In a few minutes I would have been walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem."

" Yes," Uncle Nicodemus said, " you'd 'a' been a pretty-lookin' objeck trott'n' roun' dem golden streets wid a blind bridle on! "

♣ ♣ ♣

I remembered the story of Uncle Rastus and the rabbit. The old man was prowling around one night, and the " Paterrollers " got after him. The old man jumped the fence and started across the field like a cyclone. A rabbit jumped in the path ahead of him. Uncle Rastus kicked at the rabbit as he ran, and shouted:

" Git out er de way heah, an' let somebody run whut *kin* run! "

♣ ♣ ♣

I remembered the tale of Uncle Ephra'm and the ghost. His young master said to him one evening:

" Uncle Ephra'm, don't you want to go up here in the dark hollow in that old haunted church and see a ghost? "

" Go 'way f'um heah, chile! Don't come aroun' me talkin' 'bout no ghostes! "

But finally he persuaded him, and led the trembling old man into the dark and silent church and seated him on a bench. One of his young master's pals, with a sheet wrapped around him, glided across the church floor and sat down by Uncle Ephra'm, and said in a hoarse and solemn voice:

" Uncle Ephra'm, there are only two of us here."

" Yes, an', bless God, in about two seconds there'll only be one uv us! "

And the old man shot out of the door and down the road and over the hills and through the woods until he ran himself out of breath, and sat down on a log in the woods to rest. Another pal of his young

master, with a sheet wrapped around him, raised up from behind the log and sat down by Uncle Ephra'm and said:

"Uncle Ephra'm, we had a terrible race."

"Yes, an', bless God, we gwine ter hab another one!"

"Yes, an', bless God, we gwine ter hab another one!"

And there was nothing but a little cloud of dust 'way down the valley.

♣ ♣ ♣

A gang of blackbirds spluttering in a neighboring tree top woke me from my dream there in the woods; and when I rose up from the log

and threw myself into the shape of an interrogation point and touched the trigger, at the crack of my rifle the blackbirds circled in the air, and there was silence—silence in the woods, silence in Sleepy Hollow, silence all around me. I shouldered my rifle and wended my way

"I sat on the old familiar logs amid the falling leaves of autumn."

back to take one more look at the old homestead on the bank of the river, and silence was there. The voices of the happy long ago were hushed forever. The old-time darkies were sleeping on the hill close by the spot where my father sleeps. The moss-covered bucket was

gone from the well. The old house where I was born was silent and deserted. As I peered through the dusty window pane and looked upon the desolate hearthstone that once glowed with the light of love and happiness, I thought my mother came back across the flood of vanished years and sang there again the sweet old songs she used to sing in the happy long ago; but it was all a dream.

♣ ♣ ♣

PART V.

RURAL POLITICS.

It would be difficult for those reared among the elegancies and refinements of life in the city and the town to appreciate the gatherings and merrymakings of the people who dwell in the rural districts of our country, whether it be at the dance or at the hustings. There is no music so sweet to the masses of the people as the music of politics. There is nothing that kindles the zeal of the rural patriot to a whiter heat than the prospect of an office; there is nothing that cools it off so quickly as the fading out of that prospect. There is no glory like political glory. I stood on the stump in Tennessee as elector for Grover Cleveland, and thus I turned my eagle loose:

"Fellow-citizens, we live in the grandest country in the world. It stretches

> "'From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow
> To where magnolia breezes blow;'

it stretches from the Atlantic, on the east, to the Pacific, on the west."

An old fellow jumped up and threw his hat in the air and shouted:

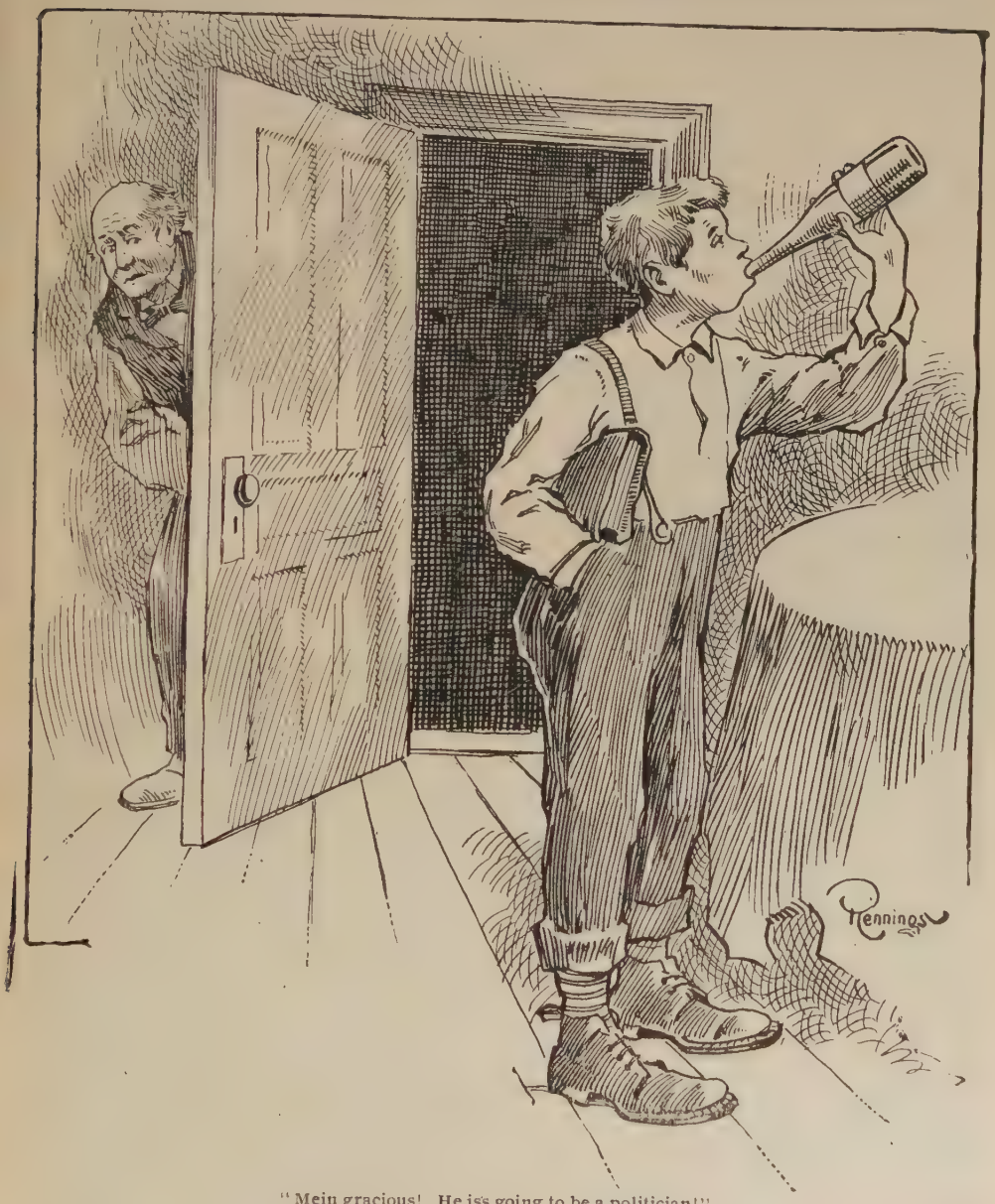
"Let 'er stretch, durn 'er! Hurrah for the Dimocrat party!"

♣ ♣ ♣

An old Dutchman in my neck of the woods had a beautiful boy, of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of the little fellow's mind. He adopted a very novel method. He slipped into the boy's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whisky, and a silver dollar. "Now," said the old man, "ven dot boy comes in, ef he takes dot dollar, he iss going to be a beezniss

man; ef he takes dot Bible, he vill a preacher be; ef he takes dot visky, he iss no good—he iss going to be a drunkard."

He hid himself behind the door to see which his son would choose.



"Mein gracious! He iss going to be a politician!"

In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table, picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm; then he snatched up the bottle of whisky and took two or

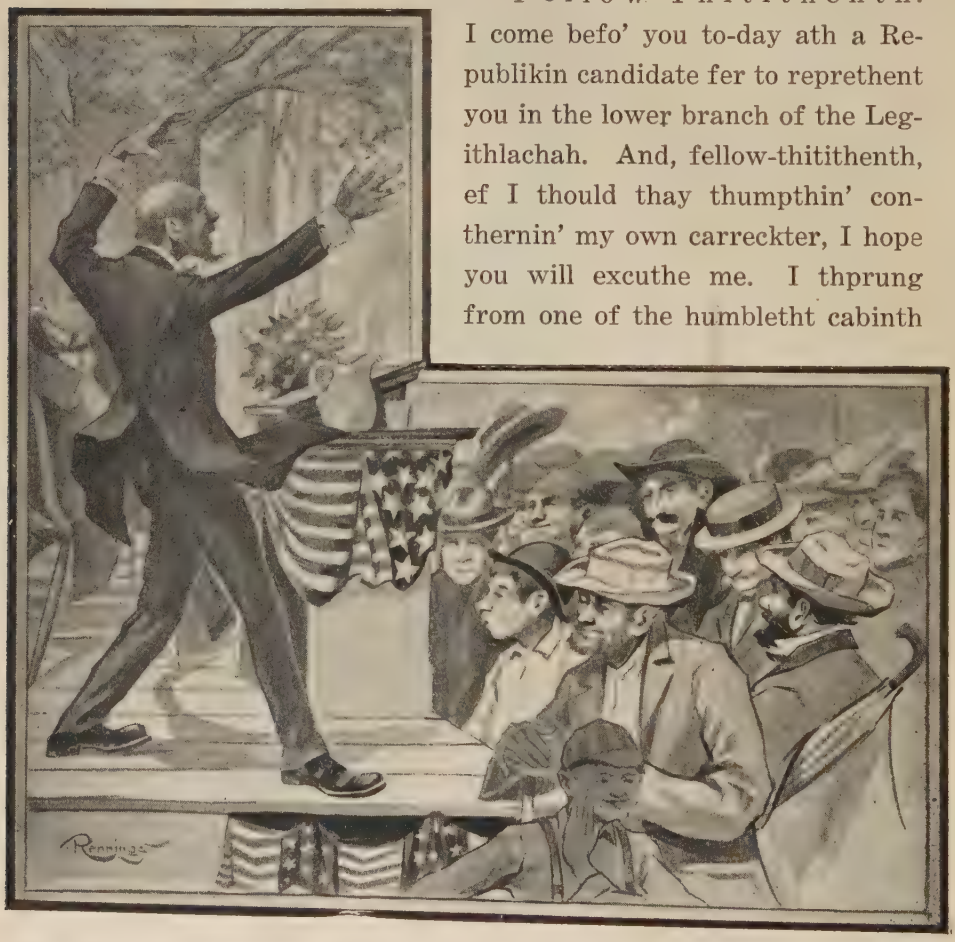
three drinks, and went out smacking his lips; and the old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed:

"Mein gracious! He iss going to be a politician!"

♠ ♠ ♠

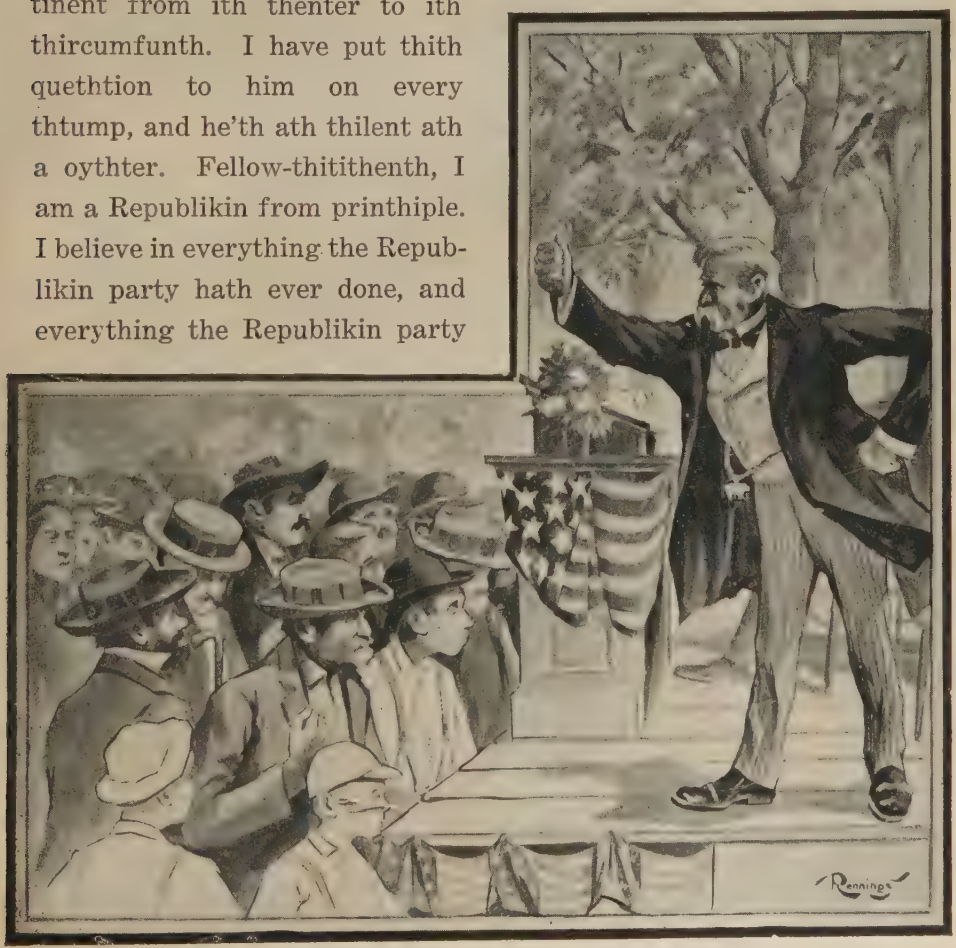
I will tell you a story of a political discussion in my native mountains. It was in a race for the Legislature between a straight Democrat and a straight Republican. The mountaineers gathered at the county seat to listen to the mighty discussion. The Republican spoke first. He was about six feet two in his socks, as slim as a bean pole, with a head about the size of a pint cup and very bald, and he lisped. Thus he opened the ball:

"F-e-l-l-o-w T-h-i-t-i-t-h-e-n-t-h: I come befo' you to-day ath a Republikin candidate fer to reprethent you in the lower branch of the Legithlachah. And, fellow-thitithenth, ef I thould thay thumpthin' conthernin' my own carreckter, I hope you will excuthe me. I thprung from one of the humbletht cabinth



"I am in favor uv paying uv a penthun to every tholjer that fit in the Fedral Army, while he liv'th; and after he'th dead, I'm in favor uv paying uv it to hith executur or hith adminithtrator."

in all thith lovely land of thweet liberty, and many a mornin' I have jumped out uv my little trundle-bed onto the puncheon floor and pulled the thplinterth and the bark off uv the wall of our 'umble cabin for to make a fire for my weakly parenth. Fellow-thitithenth, I never had no chanthe. All that I am to-day I owe to my own egtherthionth, and that ain't all. When the cloud of war thwept like a bethom of dethructhion over thith lovely land uv thweet liberty, me and my connection thouldered our muthketh and marched forth on the bloody battlefield to fight for your thweet liberty. Fellow-thitithenth, if you can trutht me in the capathity uv a tholjer, can't you trutht me in the capathity uv the Legithlature? I athk my old Dimicrat competitor for to tell you whar he wath when war thook thith continent from ith thenter to ith thircumfunth. I have put thith quethtion to him on every thtump, and he'th ath thilent ath a oythter. Fellow-thitithenth, I am a Republikin from printhiple. I believe in everything the Republikin party hath ever done, and everything the Republikin party



"I am in favor uv payin' off this here drotted tariff an' stoppin' uv it."

"And the meeting broke up in a general battle, with brickbats and tan bark flying in the air."

ever ecthpecth to do. Fellow-thitithenth, I am in favor of a high protective tariff for the protecthion of our infant induthtrith which are only a hundred yearth old; and, fellow-thitithenth, I am in favor uv paying uv a penthun to every tholjer that fit in the Federal Army, while he liv'th; and after he'th dead, I'm in favor uv paying uv it to hith executur or hith adminithtrator."

He took his seat amid a storm of applause and great excitement among the Republicans; and the old Democrat, who was a much older man, came forward like a roaring lion and thus turned loose his dogs of war:

"Feller Citerzuns: I come afore you as a Dimicrat canderdate fur to ripresent you in the lower branch uv the house uv the Ligislator. And, fust and fo'must, hit becomes my duty fer to tell you whar I stand on the great queshtuns which is now a-agitatin' uv the public mind. Fust and fo'must, feller-citerzuns, I am a Dimicrat inside and out, up one side and down t'other, independent defatigly. My competitor axes me whar I wuz endurin' the war. Hit's none uv his bizness whar I wuz. He says he wuz a-fightin' fer yore sweet liberty. Ef he didn't have no more sense than to stand before them thar drotted bungshells and cannon, that's his bizness, and hit's my bizness whar I wuz. I think I have answered him on that p'int.

"Now, feller-citerzuns, I'll tell you what I'm fur. I am in favor uv payin' off this here drotted tariff and stoppin' uv it; and I'm in favor of collectin' jist enuff rivenue fer to run the government, ekernomical administered, accordin' to Andy Jackson and the Dimicrat flatform. My competitor never told you that he got wownded endurin' the war. Whar did he git hit at? That's the p'int in this canvass. He got it in the back, a-leadin' uv the advance guard on the retreat—that's whar he got it."

This last sally of the old Democrat precipitated a personal encounter between the candidates, and the meeting broke up in a general battle, with brickbats and tan bark flying in the air.

PART VI.

THE OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL.

Did you never hear the music of the old-time singing school? O, who can forget the old schoolhouse that stood on the hill? Who can forget the sweet little maidens, with their pink sunbonnets and checkered dresses, the walks to the spring, and the drinks of pure, cold

"The drinks of pure, cold water from the gourd."

water from the gourd? Who can forget the old-time courtships at the singing school? When the boy found an opportunity, he wrote these tender lines to his sweetheart:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue;
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

"Beautiful and bright he stood before the ruddy-faced swains and rose-cheeked lasses."

She read it and blushed, and turned it over and wrote on the back of it:

"As sure as the vine clings 'round the stump,
I'll be your sweet little sugar lump."

"Now take the sound—sol mi do."

Who can forget the old-time singing master? The old-time singing master, with very light hair, a dyed mustache, a wart on his left eyelid,

and with one game leg, was the pride of our rural society. He was the envy of man and the idol of woman. His baggy trousers, several

The grand opera singer.

inches too short, hung above his toes like the inverted funnels of a Cunard steamer. His butternut coat had the abbreviated appearance

of having been cut in deep water, and the collar encircled the back of his head like the belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn. His vest resembled the aurora borealis, and his voice was a cross between a cane mill and the bray of an ass. Yet, beautiful and bright he stood before the ruddy-faced swains and rose-cheeked lasses of the country, conscious of his charms and proud of his great ability.

He had prepared, after a long and tedious research of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a speech which he always delivered to his class.

"Boys and girls," he would say, "music is a conglomeration of pleasing sounds, or a succession or combernation of simultaneous sounds modulated in accordance with harmony. Harmony is the sociability of two or more musical strains. Melody denotes the pleasing combustion of musical and measured sounds, as they succeed each other in transit. The elements of vocal music consist of seven original tones, which constitute the diatonic scale, together with its steps and half-steps, the whole being compromised in ascending notes and half-notes, thus:

"'Do re mi fa sol la si do—
Do si la sol fa mi re do.'

"Now the diapason is the *ad interim,* or interval betwixt and between the extremes of an octave, according to the diatonic scale. The turns of music consist of the appoggiatura, which is the principal note, or that on which the turn is made, together with the note above and the semitone below, the note above being sounded first, the principal note next, and the semitone below, last, the three being performed sticcatoly, or very quickly.

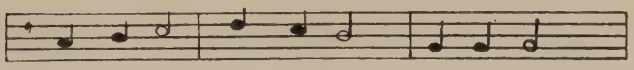
"Now if you will keep these simple propersitions clear in your physical mind, there is no power under the broad canister of heaven which can prevent you from becoming succinctly contaminated with the primary and elementary ruderments of music. With these few sanguinary remarks, we will now proceed to diagnosticate the exercises of the mornin' hour. Please turn to page thirty-four of the 'Southern Harmony.'"

And we turned.

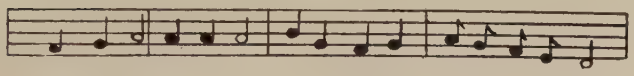
"You will discover that this beautiful piece of music is written in

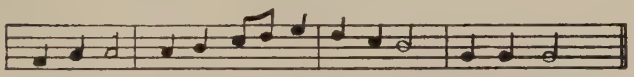
four-four time, beginning on the downward beat. Now take the sound—sol mi do—all in unison—one, two, three, *sing:*

Sol sol, mi fa sol, la sol fa, re re re, re mi fa



Re mi fa, sol fa mi, do do do—

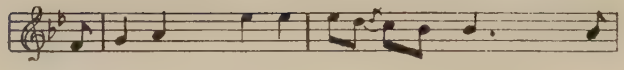


Si do re, re re re, mi do si do, re do si la sol,

Si do re, re mi fa sol la, sol fa mi, do do do."

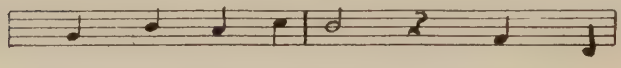
♣ ♣ ♣

I heard a great Italian tenor sing in grand opera, and—O!—how like the dew on the flowers is the memory of his song!

He was playing the rôle of a broken-hearted lover in the opera of "The Bohemian Girl." I can only repeat it as it impressed me—a humble young man from the mountains, who never before had heard grand opera:



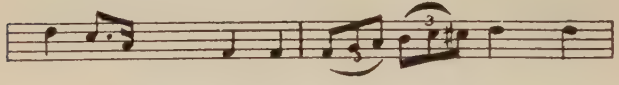
"When ethaer-r-r leeps and ethaer-r-r hairts. Their-r-r



tales auf luff sholl tell, In

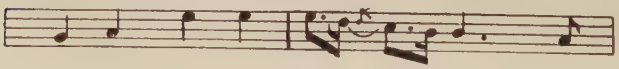
longwidge whose ex - cess impair-r-r-ts The

power-r r-r they feel so well, There-r-r-e

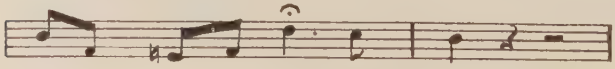


may per - haps in-a such a s-c-e-n-e Some

r-r-re-co - lec - tion be, Auf



days thot haive as hop - py bean— Then

you'll-a r-r-r-re-mem-b-a-e-r-r-r me-e-e, Then you'll-a r-re-

mem-b-a-e-r-r, You'll-a r-re-mem-ber a-me-e-e!!"

PART VII.

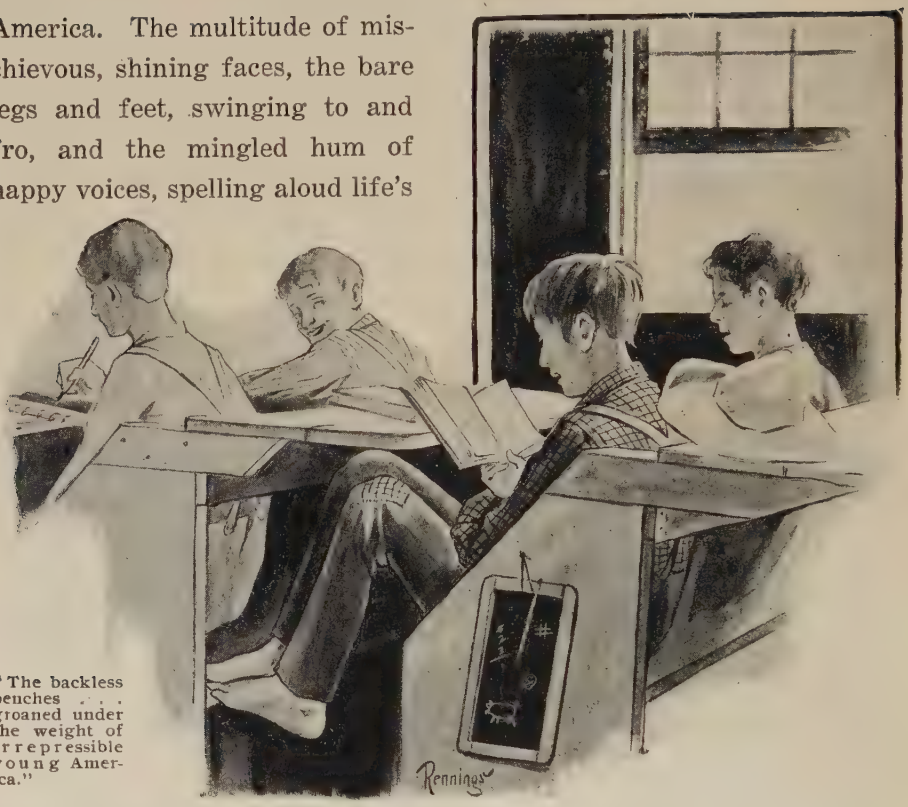
THE OLD FIELD SCHOOL.

Did you never hear a fiddler fiddle? I have. I heard a fiddler fiddle, and the hey-dey-diddle of his frolicking fiddle called back the happy days of my boyhood. The old field schoolhouse, with its batten doors creaking on wooden hinges, its windows innocent of glass, and its great, yawning fireplace, cracking and roaring and flaming like the infernal regions, rose from the dust of memory and stood once more among the trees. The limpid spring bubbled and laughed

The old field schoolhouse.

at the foot of the hill. Flocks of nimble, noisy boys turned somersaults and skinned the cat and ran and jumped half hammon on the old playground. The grim old teacher stood in the door. He had no brazen-mouthed bell to ring then as we have now, but he shouted at the top of his voice: "Come to books!" And they came. Not to come meant "war and rumors of war." The backless benches, high above the floor, groaned under the weight of irrepressible young

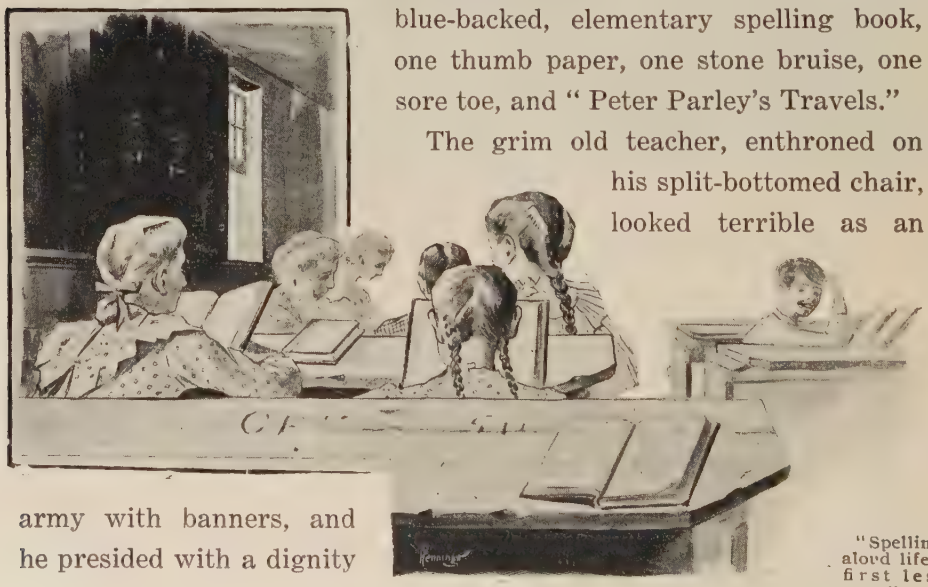
America. The multitude of mischievous, shining faces, the bare legs and feet, swinging to and fro, and the mingled hum of happy voices, spelling aloud life's



"The backless benches . . . groaned under the weight of irrepressible young America."

first lessons, prophesied the future glory of the State. The curriculum of the old field school was the same everywhere—one Webster's blue-backed, elementary spelling book, one thumb paper, one stone bruise, one sore toe, and "Peter Parley's Travels."

The grim old teacher, enthroned on his split-bottomed chair, looked terrible as an



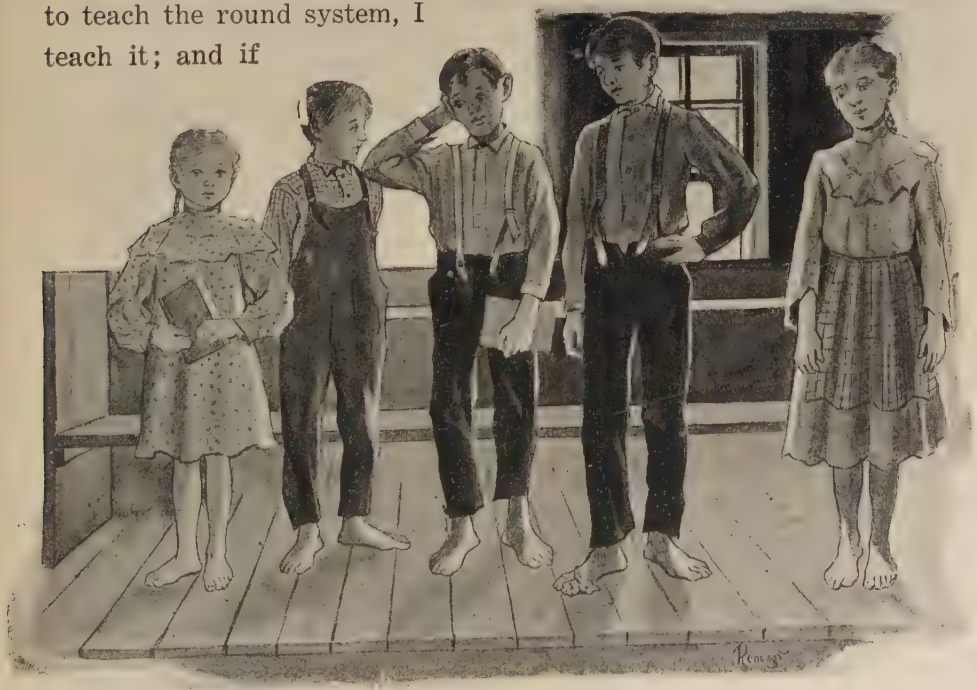
army with banners, and he presided with a dignity

"Spelling aloud life's first lessons."

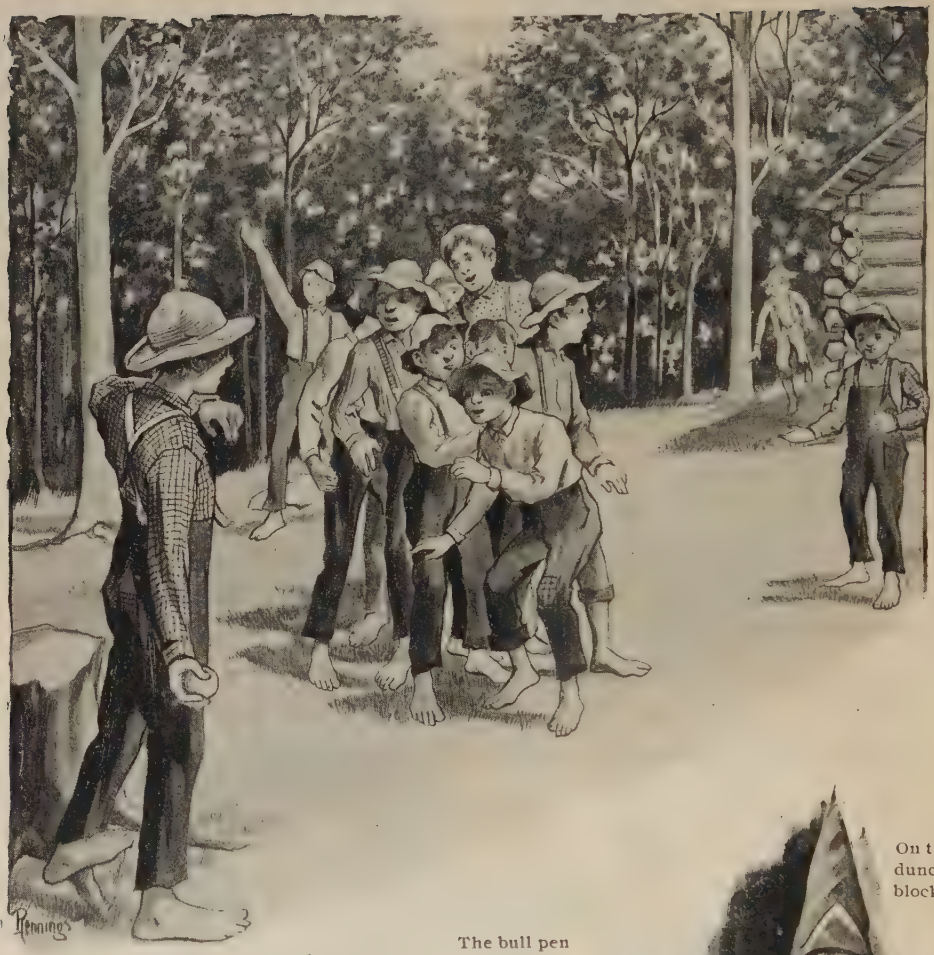
"The school commissioners visit him."

and solemnity which would have excited the envy of the United States Supreme Court. I saw the school commissioners visit him, and heard them question him as to his system of teaching. They asked him whether, in geography, he taught that the world was round or that the world was flat. With great dignity he replied:

"That depends upon whar I'm teachin'. If my paytrons desire me to teach the round system, I teach it; and if



"The freshman class barefooted. . . . I heard them sing the never-to-be-forgotten b-a ba's."



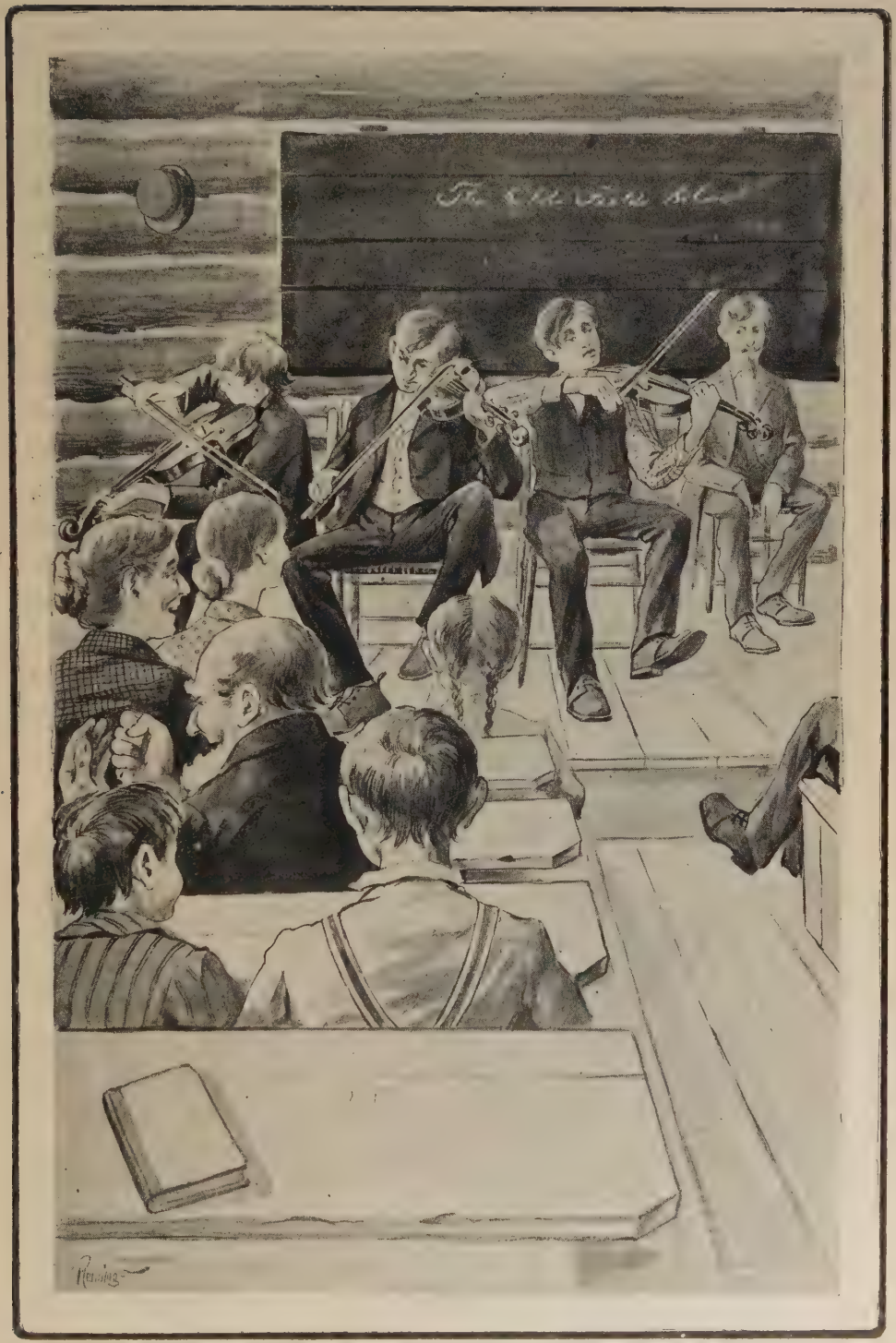
The bull pen

On the dunce block.

they desire me to teach the flat system, I teach that."

At the old field school I saw the freshman class, barefooted and with pantaloons rolled up to the knees, stand in line under the ever-uplifted rod, and I heard them sing the never-to-be-forgotten b-a ba's. They sang them in the *olden* times, and this is the way they sang: "B-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi—ba be bi; b-o bo, b-u bu—ba be bi bo bu."

I saw a sophomore dance a jig to the music of a dogwood sprout for throwing paper wads. I saw a junior compelled to stand on the dunce block on one foot (*a la* gander) for winking at his sweet-

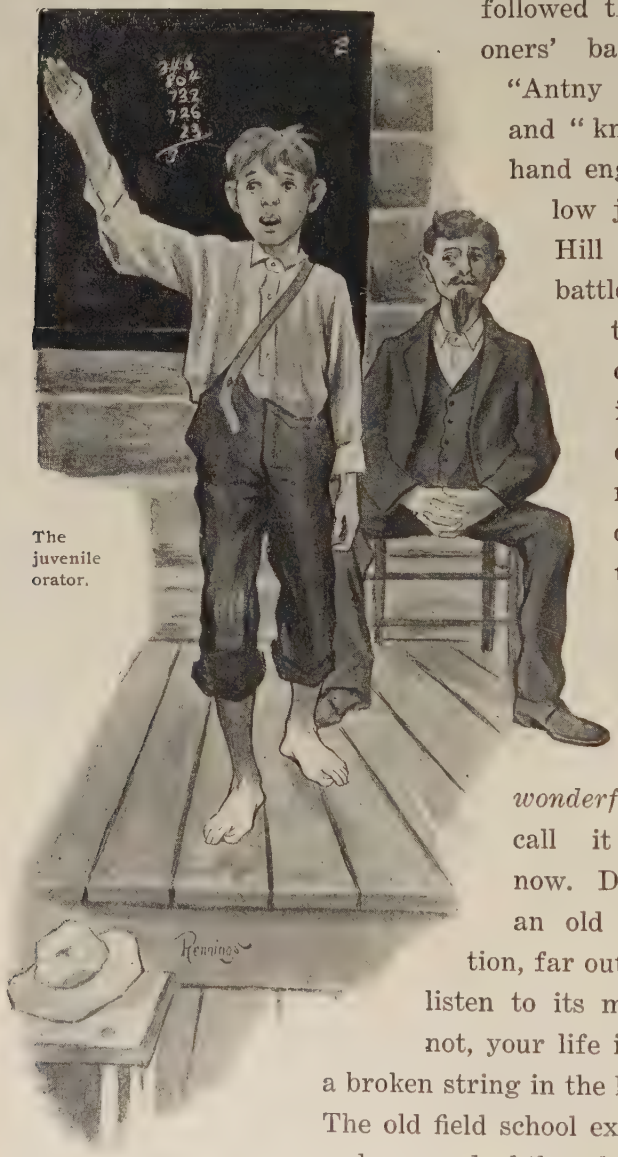


The corps of country fiddlers

heart in time of books, for failing to know his lessons, and for "various and sundry other high crimes and misdemeanors."

♠ ♠ ♠

A twist of the fiddler's bow brought a yell from the fiddle, and in my dream I saw the school come pouring out into the open air. Then followed the games of "prisoners' base," "town ball," "Antny over," "bull pen" and "knucks," the hand-to-hand engagements with yellow jackets, the Bunker Hill and Brandywine battles with bumblebees, the charges on flocks of geese, the storming of apple orchards and hornets' nests, and victories over hostile "settin'" hens.



The juvenile orator.

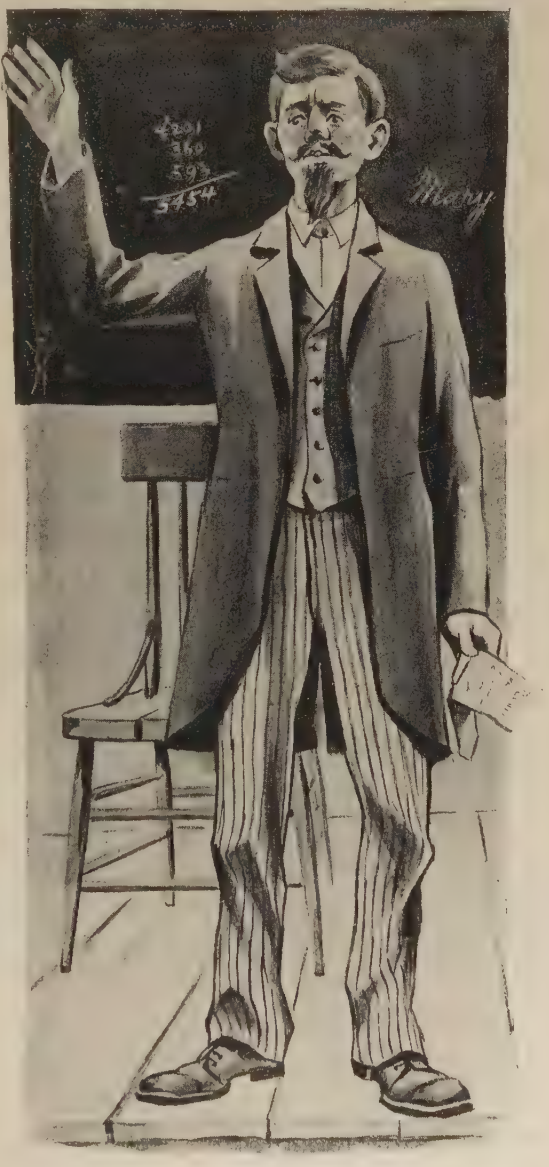
♠ ♠ ♠

Then I witnessed the old field school "exhibition" — the *wonderful* exhibition; they call it "commencement" now. Did you never witness an old field school exhibition, far out in the country, and listen to its music? If you have not, your life is a failure; you are a broken string in the harp of the universe. The old field school exhibition was the parade ground of the advance guard of civilization; it was the climax of great events in the olden times; and vast assemblies were swayed by the eloquence of the budding sockless

statesmen. It was at the old field school exhibition that the Goddess of Liberty always received a broken nose, and the poetic muse a black eye; it was at the old field school exhibition that Greece and Rome rose and fell, in seas of gore, about every fifteen minutes in the day, and

"The American eagle, with unwearied flight,
Soared upward and upward, till he soared out of sight."

It was at the old field school exhibition that the fiddle and the bow immortalized themselves. When the frowning old teacher advanced on the stage and nodded for silence, instantly there *was* silence in the vast assembly; and when the corps of country fiddlers, "one of which I was often whom," seated on the stage, hoisted the black flag and rushed into the dreadful charge on "Old Dan Tucker" or "Arkansaw Traveler," the spectacle was sublime. Their heads swung time; their bodies rocked time; their feet patted time; the muscles of their faces twitched time; their eyes winked time; their teeth ground time. The whizzing bows and screaming fiddles electrified the audience, which cheered at



"With great dignity and *eclat* the old teacher . . . introduced him to the expectant audience."

every brilliant turn in the charge of the fiddlers. The good women laughed for joy; the men winked at each other and popped their fists. It was like the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, or a battle with a den of snakes. Upon the completion of the grand overture of the fiddlers, the brilliant programme of the exhibition, which usually lasted all day, opened with "Mary had a little lamb," and it gathered fury until it reached Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me *death!!!*" The programme was interspersed with compositions by the girls, from the simple subject of "flowers," including "blessings brighten as they take their flight," up to "every cloud has a silver lining;" and it was interlarded with frequent tunes by the fiddlers from early morn till close of day.

♣ ♣ ♣

Did you never hear the juvenile orator of the old field school speak? He was not dressed like a United States Senator, but he was dressed with a view to disrobing for bed and completing his morning toilet instantly, both of which he performed during the acts of ascending and descending the stairs. His uniform was very simple. It consisted of one pair of breeches rolled up to the knees, with one patch on the "western hemisphere," one little shirt with one button at the top, one "gallus," and one invalid straw hat. His straw hat stood guard over his place on the bench while he was delivering his great speech at the exhibition. With great dignity and *eclat* the old teacher advanced on the stage and introduced him to the expectant audience, and he came forward like a cyclone.

"The boy stood on the burnin' deck, whence all but him had fled ———the flames that lit the battle's wreck shone 'round him o'er the dead, yet beautiful an' bright he stood———the boy stood on the burnin' deck—an'—an'—an' he wuz the bravest boy that ever wuz. His father told him to keep a-stan'in' there till he told him to git off'n there———an' the boy, he jist kep' on stan'in' there———an' fast the flames rolled on———. The old man went downstairs in the ship to see about sump'n, an' he got killed down there, an' the boy, he didn't know it, an' he jist kep' a-stan'in' there———an' fast the flames rolled on. He cried aloud, 'Say, father, say if *yit* my task is done;' but his father wuz dead an' couldn't hear 'im, an' the boy, he

jist kep' a-stan'in' there———-an' fast the flames rolled on———they caught like flag banners in the sky; an' at last the ol' biler busted, an' the boy, he went up!!!!!!"

At the close of this great speech the fiddle fainted as dead as a herring.

♠ ♠ ♠

PART VIII.

THE QUILTING.

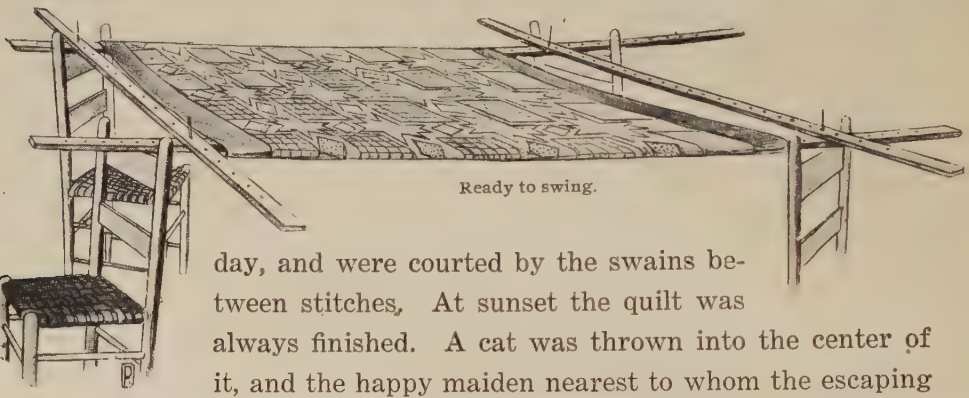
The old fiddler took a fresh chew of long green tobacco, and rosined his bow. He glided off into "Hop light, ladies; your cake's all dough;" and then I heard the watchdog's honest bark; I heard the guinea's merry "potrack;" I heard a cock crow; I heard the din of happy voices in the "big house," and the sizz and songs of boiling kettles in the kitchen. It was an old-time quilting — the May Day of the glorious ginger cake and cider era of the American Republic; and the needle was mightier than the sword. The pen of Jefferson announced to the world the birth of the child of the ages; the sword of Washington defended it in its cradle; but it would have perished there had it not been for the brave women of that day who plied the needle and made

The "big house."

the quilts that warmed it, and who nursed it and rocked it through the perils of its infancy into the strength of a giant.

♣ ♣ ♣

The quilt was attached to a quadrangular frame suspended from the ceiling; and the good women sat around it and quilted the livelong



Ready to swing.

day, and were courted by the swains between stitches. At sunset the quilt was always finished. A cat was thrown into the center of it, and the happy maiden nearest to whom the escaping "kitty puss" passed was sure to be the first to marry.

Then followed the groaning supper table, surrounded by giggling girls, bashful young men, and gossipy old matrons, who monopolized the conversation. There was a warm and animated discussion among the old ladies as to what was the most delightful product of the garden. One old lady said that, so "fur" as she was "consarned," she preferred the "perturnip;" another preferred the "pertater;" another, the "cowcumber;" and still another voted "ingern" king. But suddenly a wise-looking old dame raised her spectacles and settled the whole question by observing: "Ah, ladies, you may talk about yer perturnips, and yer pertaters, and yer passnips, and other gyardin sass; but the sweetest wedgetable that ever melted on these ol' gums o' mine is the 'possum."

"Songs of boiling kettles."

♣ ♣ ♣

At length the feast was ended, the old folks departed, and the fun and frolic began in

earnest at the quilting. Old Uncle "Ephraham" was an old darky in the neighborhood distinguished for calling the figures for all the dances for miles and miles around. He was a tall, rawboned, angular old darky, with a very bald head, and a great deal of white in his

"The sweetest wedgetable that ever melted on these ol' gums o' mine is the 'possum."

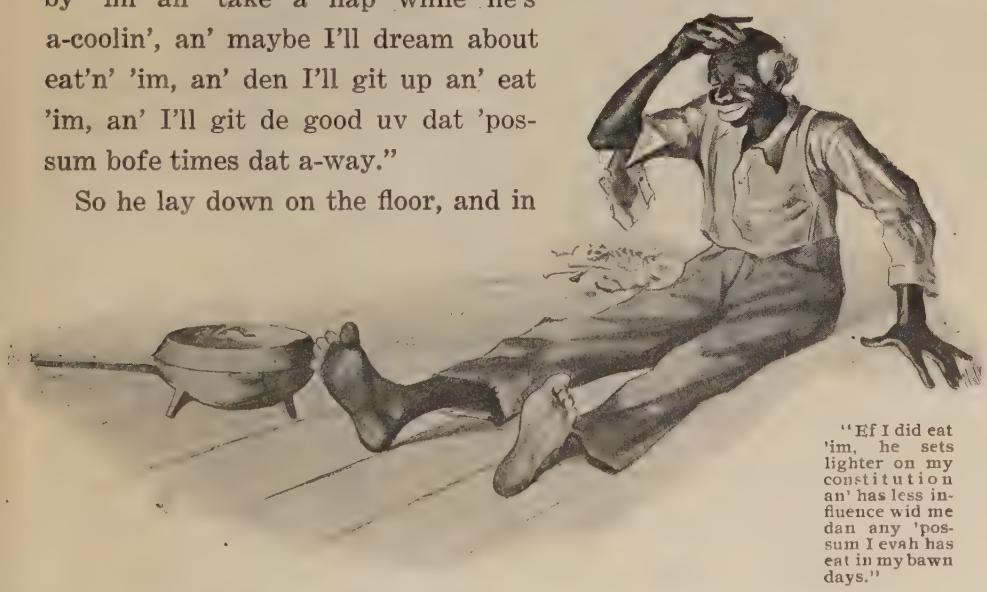
eyes. He had thick, heavy lips and a very flat nose. I will tell you a little story of Uncle "Ephraham." He lived alone in his cabin, as many of the old-time darkies lived, and his 'possum dog lived with him. One evening old Uncle "Ephraham" came home from his labors and took his 'possum dog into the woods, and soon caught a fine, large, fat 'possum. He brought

"Quilted the livelong day, and were courted by the swains between stitches."

him home and dressed him; and then he slipped into his master's garden and stole some fine, large, fat sweet potatoes (" marster's nigger, marster's 'taters "), and he washed the potatoes and split them and piled them in the oven around the 'possum. He set the oven on the red-hot coals, and put the lid on and covered it with red-hot coals, and then sat down in the corner and nodded and breathed the sweet aroma of the baking 'possum till it was done. Then he set it out into the middle of the floor, and took the lid off, and sat down by the smoking 'possum and soliloquized:

" Dat's de fines' job uv bakin' 'possum I evah has done in my life, but dat 'possum's too hot to eat yit. I believes I'll jis' lay down heah by 'im an' take a nap while he's a-coolin', an' maybe I'll dream about eat'n' 'im, an' den I'll git up an' eat 'im, an' I'll git de good uv dat 'possum bofe times dat a-way."

So he lay down on the floor, and in



"Ef I did eat 'im, he sets lighter on my constitution an' has less influence wid me dan any 'possum I evah has eat in my bawn days."

a moment he was sleeping as none but the old-time darky could sleep, as sweetly as a babe in its mother's arms.

Old Cy was another old darky in the neighborhood, prowling around. He poked his head in at " Ephraham's " door ajar, and took in the whole situation at a glance. Cy merely remarked to himself:

" I loves 'possum myself."

And he slipped in on his tiptoes, and picked up the 'possum, and ate him from tip to tail, and piled the bones down by sleeping " Ephraham;" he ate the sweet potatoes, and piled the hulls down by the bones; then he reached into the oven and got his hand full of 'possum

grease and rubbed it on "Ephraham's" lips and cheeks and chin, and then folded his tent and silently stole away.

At length "Ephraham" awoke: "Sho' nuff, sho' nuff—jis's I expected; I dreamt 'bout eat'n' dat 'possum, an' it wuz de sweetest dream I evah has had yit." He looked around, but empty was the oven—"'possum gone." "Sho'ly to de Lo'd," said "Ephraham," "I nuvvah eat dat 'possum while I wuz a-dreamin' 'bout eat'n' 'im."

"Let de whole circumstances of dis occasion come to a stan'still till I finds out who it is a-scram'lin' eggs aroun' heah!"

He poked his tongue out. "Yes, dat's 'possum grease sho'. I s'pose I et dat 'possum while I wuz a-dreamin' 'bout eat'n' 'im; but ef I did eat 'im, he sets lighter on my constitution an' has less influence wid me dan any 'possum I evah has eat in my bawn days."

* * *

Old Uncle "Ephraham" was present at the country dance in all his glory. He was attired in his master's old claw-hammer coat, a very

buff vest, a high standing collar, the corners of which stood out six inches from his face, striped pantaloons that fitted as tightly as a kid glove, and he wore number fourteen shoes. He looked as though he were born to call the figures of the dance. The fiddler was a young man, with long legs, a curving back, and a neck of the crane fashion, embellished with an Adam's apple, which made him look as though he had made an unsuccessful effort to swallow his own head. But he was a very important personage at the dance. With great dignity he unwound his bandanna handkerchief from his old fiddle and proceeded to tune for the fray.

♣ ♣ ♣

Did you never hear a country fiddler tune his fiddle? He tuned, and he tuned, and he tuned. He tuned for fifteen minutes, and it was like a melodious frog pond during a shower of rain.

At length Uncle " Ephraham " shouted:

" Git yo' pardners for a cowtillion! "

The fiddler struck an attitude; and after countless yelps from his eager strings, he glided off into the sweet old Southern air of " Old Uncle Ned " as though he was mauling rails or feeding a thrashing machine. Uncle " Ephraham " sang the chorus with the fiddle before he began to call the figures of the dance:

" Lay down de shovel an' de hoe—hoe—hoe; hang up de fiddle an' de bow;
For dar's no mo' work for poor ol' Ned—he's gone whar de good niggahs go."

Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he began:

" Honah yo' pardnahs! swing dem cawnahs! swing yo' pardnahs! fust couple for'd an' back! ha'f right an' leff fru! back ag'in! swing dem cawnahs! swing yo' pardnahs! nex' couple for'd an' back! ha'f right an' leff fru! back ag'in! swing dem cawnahs! swing yo' pardnahs! fust couple to de right—lady in de centah—han's all around—suhwing!!! nex' couple suhwing!!! *nex'* couple suhwing!!! suh-wing, suh-wing, *suh-wing!!!* "

♣ ♣ ♣

About this time an angry lad, who had been jilted by his sweetheart, shied a fresh egg from without. It struck " Ephraham " square between the eyes, and broke and landed on his upper lip. Uncle " Ephraham " yelled:

"Stop de music! stop de dance! let de whole circumstances of dis occasion come to a stan'still till I finds out who it is a-scram'lin' eggs aroun' heah!"

And then the dance subsided for the candy pulling.

♣ ♣ ♣

PART IX.

The sugar was boiling in the kettles; and while it boiled, the boys and girls played "snap," and "eleven hand," and "thimble," and "blindfold," and another old play which some of our elder people will remember:

"O! Sister Phœbe, how merry were we,
When we sat under the juniper tree—
The juniper tree—I-O!"

And when the sugar had boiled down into candy, they emptied it into greased saucers, or, as the mountain folks called them, "greased sassers," and set it out to cool; and when it had cooled, each boy and girl took a saucer; and they pulled the taffy out and patted it and

"They pulled it out, . . . and doubled it back."

rolled it till it hung well together; and then they pulled it out a foot long—they pulled it out a yard long—and they doubled it back and pulled it out; and when it began to look like gold, the sweethearts paired off and consolidated their taffy and pulled against each other. They pulled it out, and doubled it back, and looped it over, and pulled it out; and sometimes a peachblow cheek touched a bronzed one, and sometimes a sweet little voice spluttered out, "You, Jack!" and there was a suspicious smack like a cow pulling her foot out of stiff mud.

They pulled the candy and laughed and frolicked. The girls got taffy on their hair, the boys got taffy on their chins; the girls got taffy on their waists, the boys got taffy on their coat sleeves. They pulled it till it was as bright as a moonbeam, and then they platted it and coiled it into fantastic shapes and set it out in the crisp air to cool.

♣ ♣ ♣

Then the courting began in earnest. They did not court then as the young folks court now. The young man led his sweetheart back into a dark corner, and sat down by her and held her hand for an hour, and never said a word. But it resulted next year in more cabins on the hillsides and in the hollows; and in the years that followed the cabins were full of candy-haired children, who grew up into a race of the best, the bravest, and the noblest people the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

♣ ♣ ♣

In the bright, bright hereafter, when all the joys of all the ages are gathered up and condensed into globules of transcendent ecstasy, I doubt whether there will be anything half so sweet as were the candy-smeared, ruby lips of the country maidens to the jeans-jacketed swains who tasted them at the candy pulling in the happy long ago.

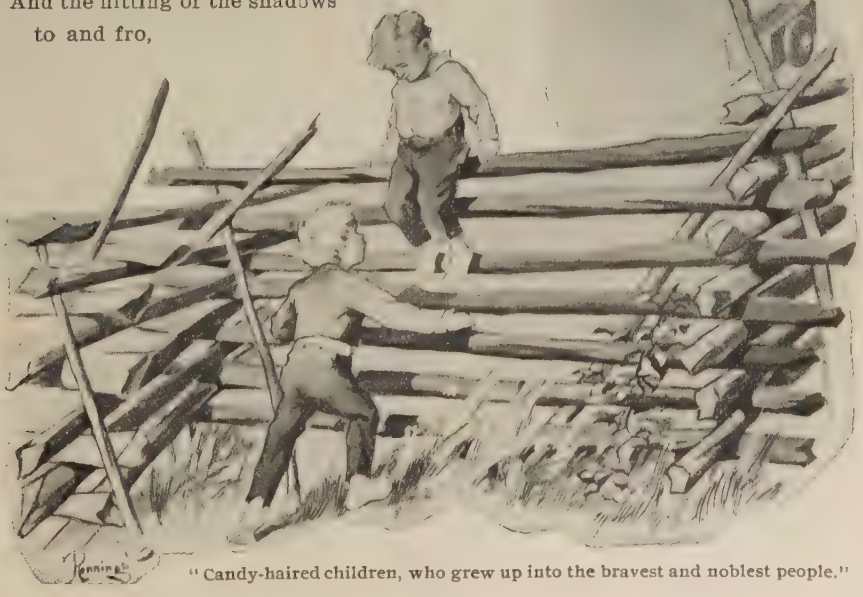
[Sung by Governor Taylor to air of "Down on the Farm."]

"In the happy long ago,
When I used to draw the bow,
At the old log cabin hearthstone all aglow,
O, the fiddle laughed and sung,
And the puncheons fairly rung
With the clatter of the shoe sole long ago.

"O, the merry swings and whirls
Of the happy boys and girls,
In the good old-time cotillion long ago!

O, they danced the Highland fling,
And they cut the pigeon wing,
To the music of the fiddle and the bow.

"But the mischief and the mirth,
And the frolics 'round the hearth,
And the flitting of the shadows to and fro,



"Candy-haired children, who grew up into the bravest and noblest people."

Old Virginia reel.

Like a dream have passed away.
Now I'm growing old and gray,
And I'll soon hang up the fiddle and the bow.

"When a few more notes I've made,
When a few more tunes I've played,
I'll be sleeping where the snowy daisies grow.
But my griefs will all be o'er
When I reach the happy shore,
Where I'll greet the friends who loved me long ago."

O, how sweet, how precious to us all are the memories of the happy long ago!

♠ ♠ ♠

PART X.

Let us leave the "egg flip" of the country dance and take a bowl of eggnog at the banquet. It was a modern banquet for men only. Music flowed, wine sparkled; the night was far spent; it was in the wee sma' hours. The banquet was given by Colonel Punk, who was the promoter of a town boom, and who had persuaded the banqueters that "there were millions in it." He had purchased some old sedge fields on the outskirts of creation, from an old squatter on the

"Countless yarns were spun."

domain of Dixie, at three dollars an acre, and had stocked them at three hundred dollars an acre. The old squatter was a partner with the Colonel, and, with his part of the boodle nicely done up in his wallet, was present with buoyant hopes and feelings high. Countless yarns were spun, numberless jokes passed 'round the table, until, in the ecstasy of their joy, the banqueters rose from the table, and clinked their glasses together, and sang in chorus:

"Colonel Punk, who . . . persuaded the banqueters that 'there were millions in it.'"

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over;
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over;
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be;
And to-morrow we'll get sober."

The whole banquet was drunk (as banquets usually are), and the principal stockholders finally succumbed to the music of "Old Kentucky Bourbon," and sank to sleep under the table.

The last toast on the programme was announced. It was a wonderful toast—"Our Mineral Resources." The old squatter rose in his glory, about three o'clock in the morning, to respond to this toast, and thus he responded:

"Mizzer Churman and Gent-tul-men of the Banquet: I have never made minerology a study, nor zoölogy, nor any other kind of 'ology;' but if there hain't m-i-n-e-r-l in the deestrick which you gent-tul-men have jist purchased from me at sich magnifercent figgers, then the imagernation of man is a deception an' a snare. But, gent-tul-men, you can't expect to find m-i-n-e-r-l without plenty uv diggin'. I have been diggin' thar fur the past forty year fur it, an' hain't never struck it yit. I hope you gent-tul-men will strike it some time endurin' the next forty year."

"The old squatter rose in his glory, about three o'clock in the morning."

Here, with winks and blinks and clinched teeth, the old Colonel pulled his coal tail. He was spoiling the town boom. But he would not down. He continued in the same eloquent strain:

"The old squatter."

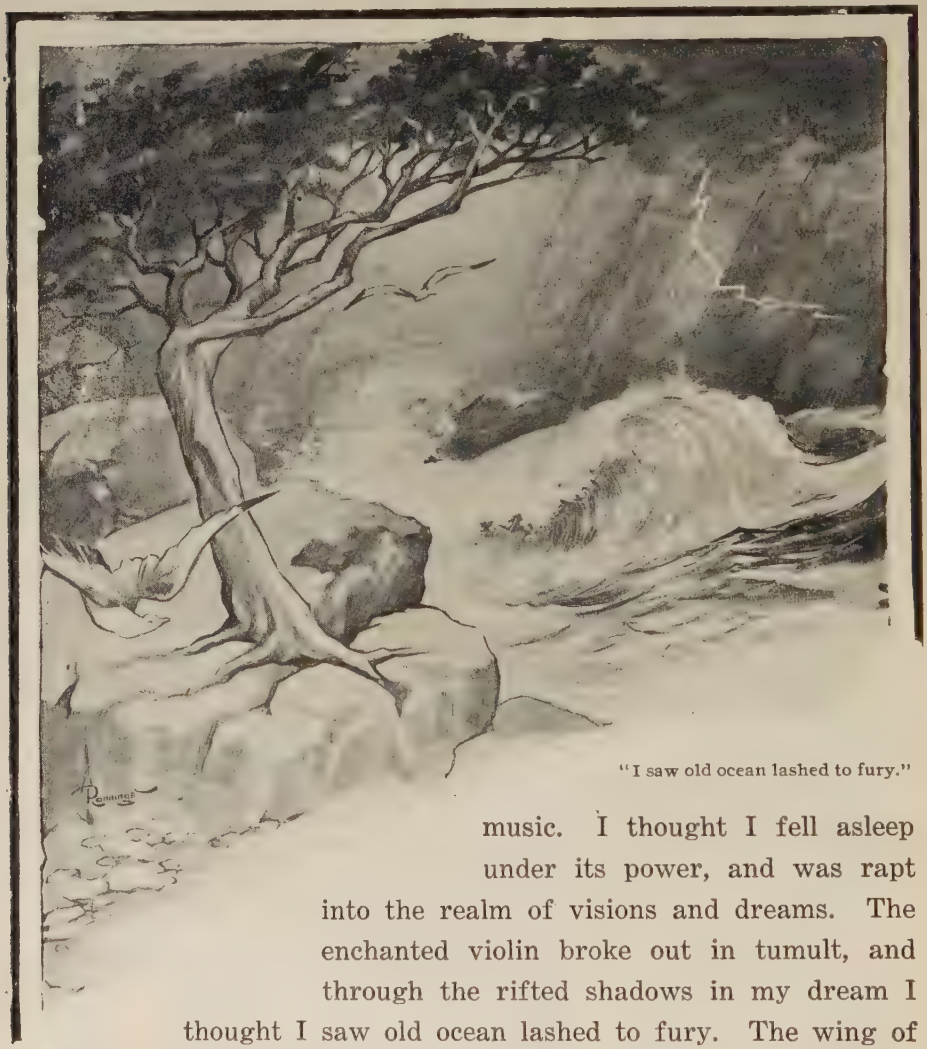
"Gent-tul-men, you cain't expect to find m-i-n-e-r-l without plenty uv diggin'. You can't expect to find nothin' in this world without plenty uv diggin'. There is no excellence without labor, gent-tul-men. If old Vanderbilt hadn't a-been perseverin' in his pertickler kind uv diggin', whar would he be to-day? He wouldn't now be a rich man, a-ridin' the billers of old ocean in his magnifercent yatchet. If I hadn't a-been perseverin', an' hadn't a-kep' on a-diggin' an' a-diggin', whar would I have been to-day? I mout have been seated, like you gent-tul-men, at this stupenduous banquet, with my pockets full of watered stock, and some other old American citizen mout have been deliverin' this eulogy on our m-i-n-e-r-l resources. Gent-tul-men, my injunction to you is never to stop diggin'; and while you're a-diggin', cultivate a love for the beautiful, the true, and the good. Speakin' of the beautiful, the true, and the good, gent-tul-men, let us not forgit woman at this magnifercent banquet. O, woman, woman, woman! When the mornin' stars sung together for joy—an' woman—God bless 'er—great God, feller-citerzens, cain't you understand!!!"

At the close of this great speech the curtain fell to slow music, and there was a panic in land stocks.

PART XI.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

I heard a great master play on the wondrous violin. His bow quivered like the wing of a bird. In every quiver there was a melody, and every melody breathed a thought in language sweeter than was ever uttered by human tongue. I was conjured, I was mesmerized, by his



"I saw old ocean lashed to fury."

music. I thought I fell asleep under its power, and was rapt into the realm of visions and dreams. The enchanted violin broke out in tumult, and through the rifted shadows in my dream I thought I saw old ocean lashed to fury. The wing of the storm god brooded above it, dark and lowering with night and tempest and war. I heard the shriek of the angry hurricane; the loud, rattling musketry of rain and hail; and the louder and deadlier crash and roar of the red artillery on high. Its rumbling batteries,

unlimbered on the vapory heights and manned by the fiery gunners of the storm, boomed their volleying thunders to the terrible rhythm of the strife below; and in every stroke of the bow fierce lightnings leaped

"I saw a happy husband and father return from his labors in the evening and kiss his happy wife."

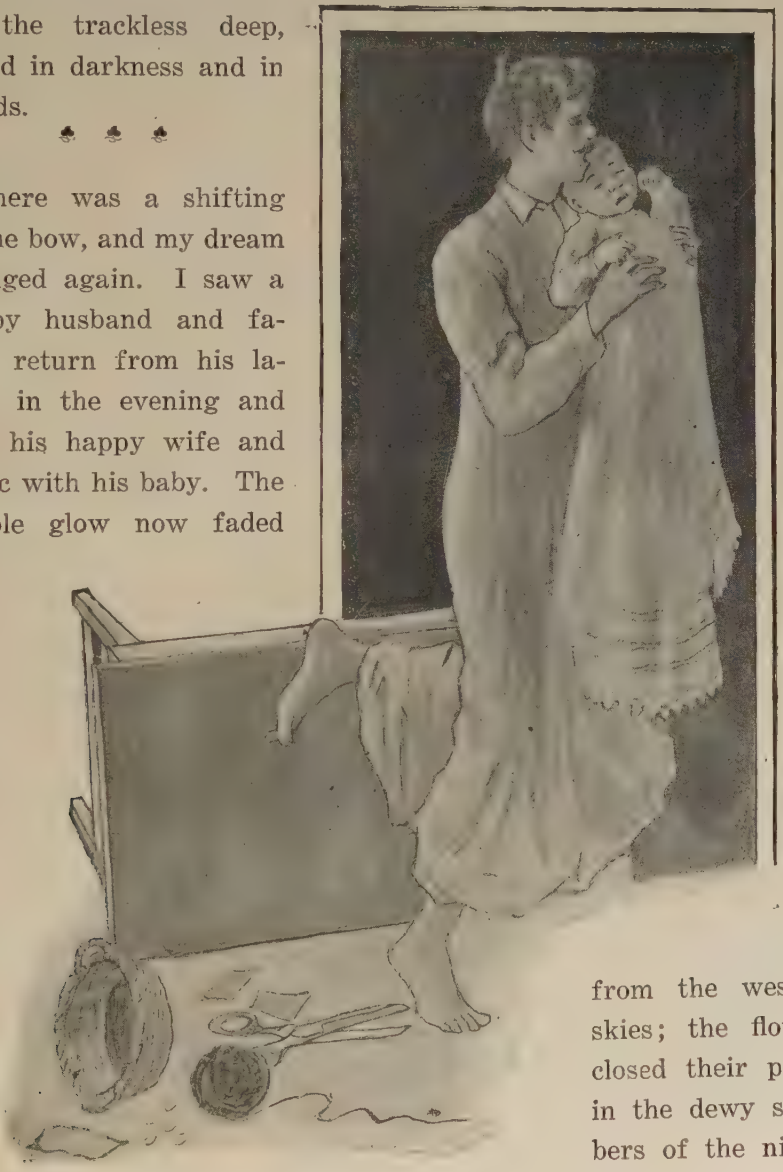
down from their dark pavilions of cloud, and, like armed angels of light, flashed their trenchant blades among the phantom squadrons marshaling for battle on the field of the deep. I heard the bugle blast and battle cry of the charging winds, wild and exultant; and then I saw the billowy monsters rise, like an army of Titans, to scale and carry the hostile heights of heaven. Assailing again and again, as often hurled back headlong into the ocean's abyss,

"In his bosom an aching heart, in his arms the squalling baby."

they rolled, and surged, and writhed, and raged, till the affrighted earth trembled at the uproar of the warring elements. I saw the awful majesty and might of Jehovah flying on the wings of the tempest, planting his footsteps on the trackless deep, veiled in darkness and in clouds.

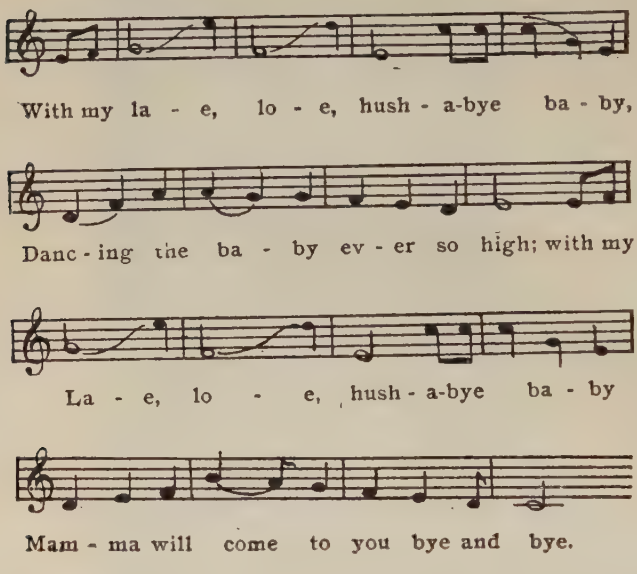
♣ ♣ ♣

There was a shifting of the bow, and my dream changed again. I saw a happy husband and father return from his labors in the evening and kiss his happy wife and frolic with his baby. The purple glow now faded from the western skies; the flowers closed their petals in the dewy slumbers of the night; every wing was folded in the bower; every voice was hushed; the full-orbed moon poured silver from the east, and God's eternal jewels flashed on the brow of night.



"Down went a naked heel square on an inverted tack."

The scene changed again while the great master played, and at midnight's holy hour, in the light of a lamp dimly burning, clad in his long, white Mother-Hubbard, I saw the disconsolate victim of love's dream nervously walking the floor, in his bosom an aching heart, in his arms a squalling baby. On the drowsy air, like the sad wails of a lost spirit, fell his woeful voice, singing:



It was a battle with King Colic. But this ancient invader of the empire of babyhood had sounded a precipitate retreat; the curly head had fallen over on the paternal shoulder; the tear-stained little face was almost calm in repose, when down went a naked heel square on an inverted tack. Over went the work table; down came the work basket, scissors and all; up went the heel, with the tack sticking in it; and the hero of the daffodils and pansies, with a yell like an Indian war whoop, and with his Mother-Hubbard now floating at half-mast, hopped in agony to a lounge in the rear.

There was "weeping and gnashing of teeth;" there were hoarse mutterings; there was an angry shake of the screaming baby, which had awakened again.

Then I heard an explosion of wrath from the warm blankets of the conjugal couch, eloquent with the music of "How dare you shake my little baby that way! I'll tell pa to-morrow!" which instantly brought the trained husband into line again, singing:

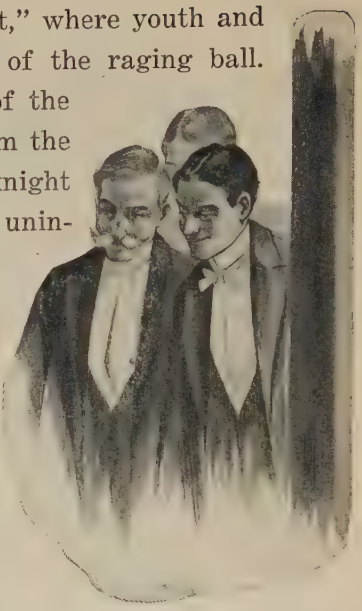
"La-e, lo-e, hush-a-by baby, dancing the baby ever so high;
With my la-e, lo-e, hush-a-by baby, mamma will come to you bye and bye."

The paregoric period of life is full of spoons and midnight squalls; but what is home without a baby?

PART XII.

Music is the wine of the soul. It is the exhilaration of the palace; it is the joy of the humblest home; it sparkles and glows in the banquet hall; it is the inspiration of the church. Music inspires every gradation of humanity, from the orang-outang and the cane-sucking dude with the single eyeglass *up to man.*

"There was a sound of revelry by night," where youth and beauty were gathered in the excitement of the raging ball. The ravishing music of the orchestra charmed from the street a red-nosed old knight of the demijohn, and, uninvited, he staggered into the brilliant assemblage and made an effort to get a partner for the next set. Failing in this, he concluded to exhibit his powers as a dancer, and galloped around the hall till he galloped into the arms of a strong man, who quickly ushered him to the head of the stairs and gave him a kick and a push. He went revolving down to the street below, and fell flat on his back in the mud. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again." He rose, and, standing with his back against a lamp-post, he looked up into the faces that were gazing down, and said in an injured tone:



"I know what made you kick me down them stairs."

"Gentlemen (hic), you may be able to fool some people, but (hic) you can't fool me (hic). I know what made you kick me down them

stairs (hic, hic). You don't want me up there; that's the reason!"

So life hath its discords as well as its harmonies.

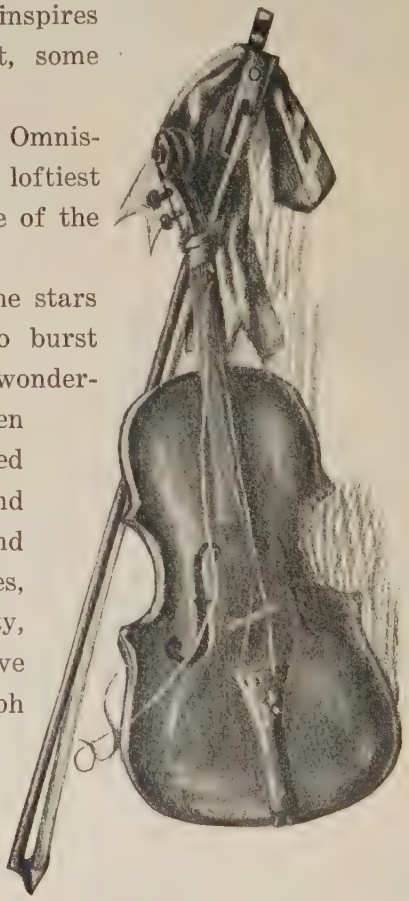
There was music in the magnificent parlor of a modern Chesterfield. It was thronged with elegant ladies and gentlemen. The daughter of the happy household was playing and singing Verdi's "Ah, I Have Sighed to Rest Me;" the fond mother was turning the pages; the fond father was sighing and resting upstairs, in a state of innocuous desuetude, produced by the "music" of old Kentucky Bourbon, but he could not withstand the power of the melody below. Quickly he donned his clothing. He put his vest on over his coat, put his collar on hind side foremost, buttoned the lower buttonhole of his coat on the top button, stood before the mirror and arranged his hair, and

"Turned a somersault into the midst of the astonished ladies."

started down to see the ladies and listen to the music. But he stumped his toe at the top of the stairs, and slid down headforemost, and turned a somersault into the midst of the astonished ladies. The ladies screamed and helped him to his feet, all crying at once: "Are you hurt, Mr. Rickety? Are you hurt?"

Standing with his back against the piano, he exclaimed in an assuring tone: "Why (hic), of course not, ladies; go on with your mushic (hic); tha'sh way I always come down!"

The spirit of Music, like an archangel, presides over mankind and all visible creation. Her afflatus, divinely sweet, divinely powerful, is breathed on every human heart, and inspires every soul to some nobler sentiment, some higher thought, some greater action.



O, music, sweetest, sublimest ideal of Omniscience, firstborn of God, fairest and loftiest seraph of the celestial hierarchy, muse of the beautiful, daughter of the universe!

In the morning of eternity, when the stars were young, her first grand oratorio burst upon raptured Deity and thrilled the wondering angels; all heaven shouted; ten thousand times ten thousand jeweled harps, ten thousand times ten thousand angel tongues caught up the song; and ever since, through all the golden cycles, its breathing melodies, old as eternity, yet ever new as the flitting hours, have floated on the air of heaven. The Seraph stood, with outstretched wings, on the horizon of heaven, clothed in light, ablaze with gems, and, with voice attuned, swept her burning harp strings, and—lo!—the blue infinite thrilled with her sweetest note. The far-off Milky Way, bright gulf stream of astral glories, spanning the ethereal deep, resounded with its harmonies, and the star-dust isles, floating in that river of opal, re-echoed the happy chorus from every sparkling strand.

Castles in the Air.

One bright summer morning, when I was a barefooted country boy, I stole my mother's washbowl and my father's new clay pipe out into the back yard and blew soap bubbles in the air. As they floated away in the sunlight, reflecting in iridescent colors the images of earth and sky, I could not restrain a yell of delight, for I imagined I was creating a universe of worlds and sending them out into space all aglow with ineffable beauty. I dreamed I saw castles of gold in their emerald groves and bright wings cleaving their crystal atmosphere. I dreamed I saw countless sails on their far-away summer seas, and in the ecstasy of my dream I pulled off my cap and shouted for joy as the glories of each new bubble fell upon my eyes.

But when I broke the washbowl and felt the tropical strokes of my mother's slipper on the equator of my anatomy, my dream exploded amid the splash of soapsuds and the wreck of worlds, and there was a hot time in the back yard that day. But pity followed her wrath as the dew follows the burning heat of the sun, and, with a mother's love, which so soon forgives, she took me on her lap and brushed away my tears and pressed me to her throbbing heart; and, sobbing there, I fell asleep.

♣ ♣ ♣

Little did I then dream that this childish experience was the symbol of all human life; for do we not blow soap bubbles and break washbowls from the cradle to the grave? Now while I blow a few to-night for your amusement and entertainment, if it shall be my misfortune to break the washbowl of your patience and waste my soapsuds on the desert air, I trust that these ugly men who have come here under duress will suffer in silence, and that the ladies—God bless them!—will spare the slipper and in pity press me to their loving hearts.

Then lend me your ears, as the fox said to the goose, and I will bear you away in triumph and make your feathers fly and your bones bleach in my den of dreams. Is not human life a den of dreams full

of goose feathers and bleaching bones? Is not the human brain a bucket in a well of dreams?

♣ ♣ ♣

Let me tell you a story of Uncle Rastus and his philosophy of Br'er 'Possum and Br'er Wolf as he unwound it to a barefooted boy down in his cabin at the foot of the hill. He said:

"Br'er 'Possum went to de well to git him a drink uv water. It wuz one uv dese here kind uv wells wid a pulley over it an' a chain over de pulley, wid a bucket on each end, so dat as one bucket went down de udder cum up, an' vussey-visah. Br'er 'Possum jumped in de bucket dat wuz up to git him a drink, an', lo and behold, it went down wid 'im; an' dar he wuz in de bottom uv de well, a-paddlin' aroun', screamin' fur he'p.

"Br'er Wolf, he trotted down to de well to git him a drink, an' he heerd Br'er 'Possum a-yellin', an' he peep down in de well an' ax Br'er 'Possum what he's doin' down dar.

"'Fishin'!' Br'er 'Possum shouted back. 'Dis here well's full uv fish, Br'er Wolf; cum down here.' So Br'er Wolf jumped in de bucket dat wuz up an' started down. Br'er 'Possum, he jumped into de bucket dat wuz down in de well an' started up; an' as he passed Br'er Wolf about de middle uv de well, he grinned an' said:

"'Ah! Br'er Wolf, dis world goes roun' an' roun',
An' some goes up an' some goes down!'"

♣ ♣ ♣

What a splendid illustration of the dreams of men! For whether it be the child at its mother's knee or the man of maturer years,

"The world goes roun' an' roun,'
Sometimes we're up an' sometimes we're down."

We are a race of dreamers, and we pass from the miracle of birth to the miracle of death, building castles in the air.

We build them not of granite and marble, but of the imponderable material quarried from the brain and the heart, and we fashion them into our ideals of the beautiful. They are our dreams of happiness.

We are inhabitants of two worlds. One is the old, material world, which is the home and heritage of our bodies—the banquet hall of the senses, in whose back yard of sunshine and shadow we blow soap bubbles and break the washbowl of Nature's laws until she lays us across her lap and pounds us with her avenging slipper, and then, at last, she takes us gently in her loving arms, and we fall asleep forever on her bosom. The other is the dream world of the soul, where Love wakes and Hope hangs a rainbow on the cloud; where Fancy takes wing and Music opens the windows of heaven; where Science, with golden keys, unlocks the doors of mystery and Art unveils the beautiful. In this fantastic world of dreams all human progress begins, all civilizations are born. In its fields we gather every flower of sentiment and every sheaf of thought, and out of its hidden mines we bring the jewels of discovery and invention to adorn the soul and enrich every station in human life. In it, wherever we turn, the angels of happiness beckon to us from every horizon of light. Their wings flutter in every stream of life and break the sunshine into stars. They dance on every hilltop and mountain crest of promise, and we pursue their vanishing forms through many a wilderness of trouble, where the lions and tigers of passion crouch and spring and frowning crags of peril block our way; we follow them through many a dark and dismal swamp of sorrow, spanning chasms of doubt with cables of hope and rivers of tears with bridges of dreams; we follow them through all the myriad paths of duty and endeavor—paths which ever and anon break out into strange and mysterious lands of the beautiful, where, footsore and weary, we rest in some sweet castle in the air. It may be a dream of childhood, on the brink of the river of Song, where no blight ever touches the blossoming fields, no storm ever tosses the glittering tides. It may be a dream of youth, where lazy flocks bleat and browse and happy birds tangle their roundelays with the yodel of the shepherd boy in many a dusky hollow of delight, where swirling brooks leap from far-away purple cliffs of laughter and come romping and frolicking through flowery meads and scented groves and break into pearls and the silvery foam of pleasure at our feet. It may be a dream of old age, where phantom keels, with tinted sails, come floating down to us from the distant Isle of Memory; and

we loiter in cooling shades with old loves, and see once more the glorified faces of long ago, and feel the touch of vanished hands and the rapturous thrill of kisses from lips that now are dust.

♠ ♠ ♠

And—O!—one feast of the soul in the blissful Aidenn of a dream, one smile that parts the lips of Joy, one tear that trembles in the eye of Love, one swooning note from the river of Song, is reward enough for every drop of sweat that trickles from the brow of Anguish and every bloody track that Suffering leaves on the rugged trail of life.

Let us not forget that Happiness is the ultimate object of all human action, and that Hope and Love are the angels that lead us on toward the misty summits of the future. And are not the victories worth the struggle?

Who would not press through the piercing thorns of strife to pluck a flower of triumph! Who would not cross swords with Adversity to win the jeweled hand of Fortune! Who would not dare the desert waste of death to taste the sweets of glory! Who would not bear the burdens and heartaches of the day for one evening in the sacred dream castle of home, where the vestal fires of virtue burn and where confiding innocence gives welcome with heaving bosom and tender arms!

♠ ♠ ♠

Home, sweet home, the blessed shrine of precious memories! The very word rings with laughter and echoes with song. It glows with love and breathes the name of mother, the sweetest name ever spoken by mortal tongue. Is it not the open gate of paradise? Is it not the vestibule of heaven? Is it not glorious, after all, to live in this beautiful world and face the storms that rise dark o'er the way? Does not the burnished crest of the cloud reflect in golden arcs the splendors of the sun? And do not the angels hang a rainbow on its bosom? When the angry furies of tempest rush out from the vapory vaults and harness their thunder-clad steeds to the chariot of the winds, does not Love whisper on the Galilee of every troubled heart: "Peace, be still?"

When Sin and Temptation slip into the paradise of the heart and break the spell of a beautiful dream, does not Hope lead us into the Eden of another dream? Does not all Nature around us glow and throb with dreams? When Winter folds his tent of snow and silently steals away, O, how sweet are the lips of Spring! I have seen her kiss the naked earth, and the hills shouted for joy and built their castles of leaf and tree and flower, and the valleys woke as from the dead and put on garments of the lily and the rose. There's a poem in the garden when the tulips drink the dew and the crimson poppies blow; there's a volume of romantic beauty in the woodlands when the wild flowers bloom; there is music in the meadow when the chorus of a thousand larks, on thrilling wing, is tangled with the passion song of bobolink in the purple of the dawn.

I have seen the world turn somersaults of joy when Summer touched the vernal fields and turned them into seas of sunset gold, and the air was full of melody and the forest broke out into laughter and song, and everywhere there was but one sweet story told; it was the old, old story of love. I heard it at noontide when the redbird turned the thicket into music and the oriole warbled to his mate in the treetop as they built their swinging castle in the air. I heard it where the mocking bird chuckled and laughed in the gathering twilight of evening and the katydid crooned in the orchard and the cricket sang on the hearth, and there was the laughter of happy children on the lawn, and down under the old oak tree the sweethearts were swinging and singing:

"Let the world ebb, let the world flow,
Sweeter the hour, sooner to go;
Swing, swing, now high, now low,
Lazily, dreamily to and fro."

And there was the sound of a kiss in the swing as they swung.

"And the doves in the old oak tree overhead
Cooed and billed, and billed and cooed!
And Uncle Rastus kissed Aunt Dinah, and said
He was sho' hoodooed, sho' hoodooed!"

And the stars came out on the balcony of heaven and winked at the man in the moon.

What is this world but a beautiful swing, where all the sweet stories of love are told—a shadowy swing full of laughter and tears, a dreamy old swing that sweeps between two eternities pushed by the hand of Destiny? We swing out of darkness into the light, and then into darkness again—

"From snowdrift to flower,
From sunshine to shower,"

through the changing seasons of the vanishing years; longing for joys that will never come; coveting power we can never reach; striving for glory we can never win; consumed with ambition, overwhelmed with desire, delirious with passion, and racked with pain; hoping and fearing, sighing and dreaming, gathering garlands that wither and die, growing weaker and weaker as the fatal swing sways to and fro, until at last the candle flickers in the socket and shadows and silence hover about our pillows, the dreams of life dissolve, and to-morrow a new generation will laugh and weep in the swing. They will come into the world as we came—helpless and ignorant, wondering at the mysteries of shape and substance, of shadow and change; and the kind old Stork will tenderly lay them in loving arms, and toss to each one, as she did to us, a little knot of dreams to unravel until they are strong enough to enter the football game of real life.

♠ ♠ ♠

Look how the dimpled baby, with heaven in his eyes, kicks and coos and flutters in his cradle, reaching after the flowers on the mantel or the pictures on the wall, and holding out his chubby hands to grasp the sunshine that streams through the window as if it were an angel's wing!

What is this world to him but a vision of the beautiful—a tinted castle in the air? Lured by light and color and following with startled eyes the forms that come and go; kissed and pinched and petted and almost devoured by the cannibals of love, he soon grows weary of his little knot of dreams and frets and squirms upon his pillow until his eyelids grow heavy as he lingers there on the sweet frontier of slumber.

Now look how the fond young mother, with dainty foot upon the

rocker, lulls him with her cradle song into the fairyland of dreams—that blissful land where the angels dwell, far away among the stars!

One blissful hour he lingers there among the starry castles of the sky, when—lo!—he wakes with startled eyes again and cracks the welkin with lusty yells for his castle in the Milky Way.

"And so he sleeps and wakes and squalls. What then?
He sleeps and wakes and squalls again!"

Sometimes trying to swallow his fists and sometimes his little pink toes, running the gantlet of hives, croup, colic, measles, and the jabs of safety pins, till finally he crawls out of his cradle to play with painted toys and tumble down the stairs and bump his nose and stump his toes, yelling between bumps and bumping between yells, until he sheds his kilts and his front teeth and jumps into knee breeches, to be his father's irrepressible outlaw and his mother's darling savage; riding stick horses through the mud puddle and then through the house, just to leave his trail; tying firecrackers to the dog's tail and setting them off with matches, just to see him run and to hear him yelp; throwing mice among the ladies, just to see them stand with elevated skirts on the sofas and the chairs; hiding toad frogs in his sister's slippers before she rises in the morning, just to hear her scream; filling his grandfather's pipe with gunpowder, just to see it flash when the old man starts to smoke;

"Always hungry, always eating,
Always dirty, always bad;
Every day his crimes repeating,
Always dodging from his dad.

"Always scouting, always scheming,
Always happy everywhere;
Always shouting, always dreaming,
Building castles in the air."

♣ ♣ ♣

"How many are twice twenty, my son?" asked his teacher. But he scratched his head and couldn't tell.

"Well," said the teacher, "suppose your father should come home to-night and give your mother two twenty-dollar bills, what would she have?"

"She'd have a fit!"

The good old preacher patted him on the head and said: "My son, be a good boy, and always honor the gray hairs of the old."

"Well," said the boy, "that's all right; but *pa* don't; he dyes his whiskers."

♣ ♣ ♣

His father became feeble, and was thoroughly examined by the doctor. "Why," said the doctor, "you have no organic trouble whatever; you are only weak and debilitated; and I prescribe for you a stiff hot toddy every morning."

"O, no!" said the old man. "I can't do that. I never took a drink of whisky in my life. I despise the accursed stuff. And, besides that, I wouldn't have my wife and little boy to see me take a drink for ten thousand dollars."

"But," said the doctor, "you must take it. Get a glass of hot water every morning and tell them you are going to shave, pour the whisky into it and drink it down, and they will never know it."

In about three weeks the boy went in a dead run for the doctor.

"What's the matter now?" said the doctor.

"We want you to come and see pa; he's losin' his mind; he shaves six or seven times a day!"

♣ ♣ ♣

O, spare the slipper and be patient with your little bouncing laugh and bounding yell, for he will bound away from you soon enough! If the world does not claim him, the angels will, and then you will know the meaning of the Hoosier poet's story:

"Here's his ragged roundabout,
Turn the pockets inside out;
See, his penknife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple juice.
Here, with marbles, top, and string,
Is his deadly devil sling,
With its rubber, limp at last,
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax, buckles, leather straps,
Bullets, and a box of caps—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness;

E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible verses said;
Such as this his mem'ry kept:
'Jesus wept.'

Here's a fishing hook and line
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angleworms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here a soiled, yet dainty, note
That some little sweetheart wrote,
Dotting 'vine grows round the stump'
And 'my sweetest sugar lump!'
Wrapped in this—a padlock key,
Where he's filed a touchhole—see!
And some powder in a quill
Corked up with a liver pill;
And a spongy little chunk
Of punk.

Here's the little coat, but—O!—
Where is he we've censured so?
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! come back, and never fear;
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field, and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss,
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead;
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more; but, absent, thus
Beckon us."

♣ ♣ ♣

Be tender with the boy; for if the angels do not take him, Nature will soon lead him away from his toys and his marbles and his childish fun and frolic, and they will soon be to him only precious memories.

He will soon dream and sigh in Cupid's castle in the air, on the boundary line of real life. His gosling voice will soon oscillate between a fife and a bass drum, and his upper lip will soon be sprinkled with hair, and he will be eager for the fray. He said to his first sweetheart as he entered the parlor one evening: "I'm going to kiss you before I leave this house." And she pouted her lips and answered: "Leave this house instantly!"

He looked dreamily at his mother's new sewing machine one morning in May and involuntarily said: "I saw a prettier sewing machine than that last night. It was about sixteen years old, dressed in white, with low neck and short sleeves, and wore white slippers." And his mother looked over her glasses and said: "My son, beware of the high-flying society machine. It is worthless; it won't sew."

♣ ♣ ♣

I cannot repress a little story of my youth:

When I was a gay country boy in my teens and my jeans, I was as green as green could be—I was as green as turnip greens. And I had two cronies who were just as green as I, if not a little greener. But we were in that dreamy period of watery-jointed sentimentality which comes in the life of every boy. The world to us was a honeysuckle, and we were in search of honey. Three little girls who had once lived in the neighborhood were our sweethearts from babyhood. But their father, who was a prosperous merchant, had long since moved to the city—a hundred miles away—and we had not seen our little "tootsey wootseys" for years and years; but the report came back to us that they still loved us and wished us to visit them. And so, with butternut suits and squeaking boots and our little wool hats with brims pushed up in front, we boarded the cars and were soon primping and perspiring within five blocks of the flounced and powdered enemy. One of my chums had a bull's-eye watch about the size of a saucer, and we kept our eyes on its hands and our ears on its ticks until the hour for action arrived. We felt that we were not dressed well enough, and so we entered a store and each bought a pair of kid gloves to match the color of our little ribbon neckties. One bought white; another, green; and I took "yaller." It took us

an hour and a half to get them on; and when we buttoned them over our wrists, it stopped the circulation, and our hands swelled and our fingers strutted, and we walked up the street with our fingers strutting out and our boots squeaking until they could have been heard a quarter of a mile.

Far out among the hills where we lived there was no such a thing as a doorbell. And soon there was a tapping as of some one loudly rapping, rapping hard upon the door; and the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of our sweethearts' skirts within thrilled us and filled us with fantastic terrors no mortal ever felt before. But open swung the heavy door, when we began to execute our studied and practiced bows, and the century reeled as we paused in the hall. It was only a pause, for in our excitement we made a rush to the parlor and flung ourselves into three chairs in the most distant corner, and sat there blushing and perspiring in front of three sofas far away in another corner, occupied by three little slippered and skirted dreams of beauty, who beckoned and begged us to come across; but we only answered the challenge with more blushes and more perspiration. We had discovered that little country sweethearts had grown up into refined and cultured young ladies, with not a single trace of the unsophisticated children we used to know. And so we grinned and answered their questions in monosyllables, with more blushes and more perspiration, until the paper collar of one of my cronies came in two, and he sprang to his feet and broke for the hall, closely followed by his two demoralized and completely routed comrades; and, amid the appeals of the girls, we opened wide the oaken door. With many a flirt and flutter, not the least obeisance made we, not a minute stopped or stayed we; but we flew as never birds had flown before—out into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore—and the velvet violet carpet, with the lamplight gloating o'er, our feet have pressed—ah, nevermore!

* * *

The first battle of life is on the perilous field of love around Cupid's castle in the air. And there is no peace until some fair maiden's heart is stormed and taken and she surrenders unconditionally to the knight of the grapevine swing, when two souls will heave a single sigh, two

hearts will swing as one. And so the trouble begins in the romantic swing of a dream. He sees a little brown cot, with a willowy form of beauty in it, somewhere in the love-embowered future.

"She builds her rosy castle in the air,
And its corner stone is a solitaire."

Is there any dream in life half so sweet as this? Is there any castle half so fair? Is it not the springtime of the heart—the full-blown rose of happiness?

How glorious the world would be if youth could last forever!

"Yet—ah!—that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

Ah, that the thunder heads of trouble should rise to darken life's happy morning! For when the solemn vows are spoken at the altar and they start in real life together, we know there is walking ahead of him and worry waiting for her. His little knot of dreams may unwind in the presidential chair; it *may* untangle into a plow line. Hers may be woven into the silken gowns of a social queen; it *may* unravel in a washtub.

♣ ♣ ♣

But if Fate clips a man's pinions and casts his lot on the humblest plane of life, let him be a *hero* there, and add the wealth of a good name to the sum of human happiness; for it is the climax of folly to grieve for stations we cannot attain and for pleasures we cannot enjoy. It is glorious to aspire, but it is cowardly to shoot the arrows of envy at those above us; and yet we all carry the arrows and the bow, and many an unoffending wing is broken by some heartless vandal who himself is powerless to fly in the higher firmaments of happiness.

Ah, we forget that humanity is only a link in the endless chain of life, and that there is a horizon of intelligence for every individual of the race, which defines his field of endeavor. And we forget that happiness may be as full and complete on the smallest and narrowest horizon as it is on the broadest and the grandest; and does not Nature teem with lessons to rivet this truth on every brain and impress it on every heart? Is not the little fish that flutters along the shore among the tinted shells in his shallow world of rippling waves as

happy as the whale, whose throne is the billow and whose empire is the ocean? Is not the flea, whose tent is a shirt, as happy on an itching back as the elephant that performs in the circus? And is not the divine mosquito as vain of her voice as Patti is of hers? And as she buzzes above your pillow on a quiet summer evening, is she not singing to that frolicsome flea an old war song:

"'Hurrah, hurree!' says the skeeter to the flea.
'Hurrah, hurree! We'll sing a jubilee.
You bite him on the back
And I'll bite him on the knee,
As I go buzzing through Georgia!'"

♣ ♣ ♣

Is not that radiant star we call Venus, which we sometimes see dancing in the dusk above the horizon, as beautiful as the setting sun is glorious? Is not the monkey in his native cocoanut castle in the air as important in his own estimation and as fond of *his* sweet little chimpanzee as the modern society swell who shakes his ambrosial locks and softly sings to his "gazelle" a little snatch from a love song?

"My little chimpanzee,
You're all this world to me;
A branch I'll find for thee
In my old family tree.

"No monkey shine for me;
A wedding fine there'll be
In high society,
In Zanzibar."

♣ ♣ ♣

And surely that barefooted boy who blows soap bubbles and breaks washbowls in the back yard would not give one hour of his boyish sports and pleasures for three terms as Governor of his State. Nor would that impecunious youth in the swing exchange his little armful of heaving organdie and quivering ribbons,

"With face as fair and lips as sweet
As when the lilies and the roses meet,

for two seats in the United States Senate.

Surely the plowman that homeward plods his weary way to find rest and curtain lectures from his wife and the pandemonium of a cabin full of children is as happy in his humble sphere as the millionaire, with his engines puffing and tooting through the icebergs of his heart, with his restless days, his sleepless nights, his society wife, and no children at all to yell around him and pull his leg and tousle his whiskers.

There is happiness enough for us all if we would only recognize it when we meet it. There is contentment enough if we would only be contented.

♣ ♣ ♣

If life is only a dream, why not make it a joyful dream? If you laugh and the world laughs with you, why not keep it always laughing? If you weep, why not weep alone? Why ask the world to blubber with you? If you stumble and break your dream, pocket the pieces with a smile, and blow another bubble in the air, and get on it and float away in the sunlight of laughter and song. If Fortune forbids you a palace, be contented to dwell in Paradise Alley and tell as much of the truth as you can. Keep your eyes wide open by day and don't talk in your sleep.

♣ ♣ ♣

An old-time darky was closing his sermon one night in Paradise Alley, and Uncle Rastus, who had been playing cards the night before, was seated in the amen corner sound asleep, dreaming of his favorite game. The old preacher said:

"We will now close dis meetin' wid pra'r, an' we will ax Br'er Rastus to lead."

Uncle Rastus suddenly aroused from his slumber and shouted: "It hain't my lead; I jist dealt!"

♣ ♣ ♣

Aunt Dinah came home from meeting in Paradise Alley with one of her eyes badly swollen.

"What is de matter wid dat eye, Dinah?" asked Uncle Nicodemus.

"Well, sah, dar wuz a great big nigger 'oman shouted to-night, named Chloe, an' she come down de aisle uv de church slingin' her

arms powerful keerless an' struck me right in de eye an' knocked me senseless. She nebber stopped to ax my 'pologies, but jis' kep' on shoutin'—she doan like me nohow. I'se gwine ter shout myself nex' Sunday night, an' I'se a-gwine ter put a razzer in my bosom, an' I'se gwine ter shout in de direction uv dat nigger."

Let us all remember as we pass through this vale of tears that if we don't take care of ourselves, nobody else in this world will take care of us.

♣ ♣ ♣

Two old Tennessee colonels were lying on a back porch one hot summer evening, as drunk as drunk could be. The bald head of one of them was hanging over the edge of the floor and covered with flies. A gang of young ducks in the yard spied it and made a charge on the flies. Every time they pecked they made a blue spot on the old bald head. He was too drunk to shoo them away, and mumbled to his companion:

"Colonel, I wish you'd drive these durn ducks away; they're catch'n' flies on my head."

"But his friend turned over and mumbled back: "Hic, every feller takes care of his own flies, Colonel."

♣ ♣ ♣

A shrewd and wily horse trader asked an old farmer one day, down in Paradise Alley, the price of his old sorrel horse. The farmer told him, and warned him that the horse had two grievous faults. "One of them is this," said the old man: "when you turn him loose in the pasture, you can't catch him." Said the horse trader: "That's all right; I'll keep him up. What is the other?" "I'll not tell you," said the old farmer, "until after you have paid for him." The trade was quickly made. "Now, what is the other fault?" asked the horse trader. "Well," said the old farmer, "he ain't worth a durn after you catch him." And so it is with most of the pleasures of this world; they are not worth the trouble of catching them. The greatest happiness we get out of life lies in contentment with our lot and in honest, hard work, for it is the law of God.

Love kisses us from the unconscious dust into conscious being, and endows us with the powers of mind and soul to dream, each in his own firmament, and to search for happiness, each within his own horizon—some for science and some for art, some to command and some to execute, some to think and some to labor with their hands—differing all as one star differeth from another in glory, yet all designed to be harmonious for the fulfillment of the sublime dream of God.

♣ ♣ ♣

We are not all born for the learned professions. We cannot all sail our kites above the tall timber. We cannot all fly in the higher firmaments. And what a dangerous thing it is to rise to dizzy heights on somebody else's wings!

♣ ♣ ♣

The birds of the world held a convention once to see which could fly the highest. The blackbird was there, and the bluebird and the woodpecker, and all the feathered creation was assembled to settle the question as to who should be king of the air. The word was given, and the swarms of birds began to circle upward. But the eagle cut a broader circle than the rest, and up and up and up he soared, until at last he stood trembling on poised wings in midair and gave a scream of triumph far above the highest bird of them all. But he heard a chirp above him and looked around, and—lo!—a tomtit had nestled under his feathers on his back, and was chirping out: "I am higher than you are, Mr. Eagle; *I* am king of the air!" And the old eagle reached around with his beak and pulled him off and let him drop to earth; and from that day to this the tomtit has never roosted higher than the top rail of a fence.

Young man, if the Lord has made you a tomtit, be contented with your little worm among the cedar berries and apple blossoms, and don't try to soar with the eagles; if you are a woodcock, roost low and keep your eye on the hawk; if you are a bat, take to your hole when the owls are in the air; if you are a robin, sing in your own cherry tree.

There is more music in a mocking bird's throat than in all the ravens that ever blackened the sky; there is more laughter and song in the humblest cottage, where the roses bloom by the door and love abides within, than in all the palaces of this world where love is not. The sweetest song birds do not sing above the clouds, nor do they build their nests among the crags. I would rather be a dove in the world of dreams and fly close to the meadow and the stream than to be a vulture among the Alps, preying upon the helpless and the innocent. What's the use to fret and frown under the tree of knowledge if your pole is too short to knock the highest persimmon? What's the use to peck and claw at the Temple of Fame because you cannot roost on its dome? What's the use to curse the fish of Fortune because you can't get a bite? You are fishing in deep water, and your line is too short. Move down to the shoals among the chubs and suckers, where you belong, and enjoy yourself, or steal away to some smaller stream. Remember that speckled trout do not swim in the mighty river, but glint and glance in the crystal pools of the mountain brook under the laurel bloom.

* * *

Be a leader in your own firmament. Blow your bubbles according to the size of your pipe and the quality of your soapsuds, and be *sure* you don't break the washbowl. Don't try to fly your little feeble kite among the high snags of glory. There are persimmons of honor enough for us all, and fish of Fortune enough; there is room for every wing in the glorious realm of dreams.

Are you poor? Thank God, poverty cannot fetter the soul! Rags cannot humble the intellect. Destiny may have made you a slave, but rejoice in the dream that in your cabin there may be a fledgeling that will some day rise above Adversity and fly away to the summer land of Prosperity; and, in *his* triumph, Happiness will bubble in your own heart like a spring. If you bear the burden faithfully for the sake of love and duty, every pain will turn into a pleasure and every agony into a joy. We all have as much trouble as we can bear, but Heaven despises the miserable wretch who unloads his woes like a skunk wherever he goes and makes humanity hold its nose with his

putrid stories of sad misfortune, hard times, and the cold realities of this unfriendly world. Heaven despises a walking nightmare and calamity howler. Let us remember that this life is not real; it is only the symbol of reality; it is the shadow of the substance; it is a mysterious castle in the air built of dreams—dreams which prophesy immortality. Let us sit steady in the boat, for we are floating down a river of dreams. We dream, and all Nature dreams with us. When the frosty winds begin to whisper of approaching winter, what makes the swallows circle upward and southward take their flight? Are they not dreaming of softer skies that bend above the land of the orange and the palm? Are they not building castles of sunshine around the gorgeous Ponce de Leon, where the migratory snobs of the blue feather flock, or among the groves of Palm Beach, where soft billows kiss the sands and swallow-tailed Yankees fly high?

And when the snows of winter melt away, what makes the orchards and the meadows bloom? Are they not building fragrant castles in the air? Who are those winged minstrels that sing among the apple blossoms? Are they not dreaming of happiness? What makes prodigal June fill the world with blossoms and the Frost King of Autumn flaunt his banners of purple and gold in the face of the sun? Are they not dreaming of the beautiful? Do we not drink music from the bubbling fountains of the air and cull the dreams of God from the epic poems that lie scattered all around us? Does not all life aspire to God, and does not every plant and flower teach us to dream within our own spheres?

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We cannot all be Newtons and Keplers, Miltons and Shakespeares, Calhouns and Websters; but we can be great in the spheres for which God created us.

If the wrecked hopes and shattered dreams that strew the pathway of mankind teach us anything, it is that discontentment with our lot and the envy of spirits that soar above us are the serpents that destroy the Edens of so many human hearts. We forget that whoever enters the lists for the laurel wreath of renown must bare his head for a crown of thorns and prepare to drink of the bitter cup which Sorrow has pressed to the lips of genius in every age.

There never was a victory won in this world that did not cost human suffering; there never was a pearl of truth that was not the price of agony. Socrates taught the immortality of the soul, and a cup of hemlock was the reward of his dream; Paul preached it, and was paid with the dungeon and death; Christ demonstrated it, and perished on the cross that our fallen race might taste the sweets of eternal life and eternal happiness. All the blessings we enjoy have come to us through blood and tears.

Brave old Gutenberg invented movable type under the lash of injustice, and even in the face of exile and death; and what floods of light have flowed from his dream of the printing press! What rivers of knowledge! What Niagaras of happiness!

The wisdom and experience, the philosophy and learning, of every land and every clime are ours. Every library is a treasure house of wisdom and experience, and every book is a volume of dreams. We open them and turn the leaves, and the shadows of vanished centuries pass before our eyes. We look across the continent of two thousand years and behold Phidias standing like a god and dreaming in marble among the columns of the Parthenon. Lo, Galileo conjures his dreams into a lens and unveils new heavens above to the astonished gaze of all mankind; conjures his dreams into another lens and reveals new firmaments below us—each drop of water a world, each cubic foot of earth and air a universe teeming with energy and panting with life!

There is Herschel looking through the telescope and discovering innumerable suns of many colors never dreamed of before—white and yellow and ruby and emerald suns—vast systems of flaming orbs, moving in every conceivable direction, yet all in eternal harmony, until the shining pageant melts away into patches of filmy light on the dark profound beyond. Lo, Columbus, amid the mutiny of his men and the dangers of unknown seas, discovers a new world, which is to be the birthplace of human liberty and whose stalwart sons shall lead the old world into the light of a new and grander civilization!

Yonder is Dante painting the horrors of seven hells and still dreaming of his angelic Beatrice in song that will never die; and Raphael dreaming in colors and calling forth his charming phantoms of light

and shadow on the canvas to set the whole world to dreaming; and Liszt and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Handel and Haydn and Beethoven and Paganini dreaming in harmony, and with nimble fingers tripping and dancing on ivory keys or deftly touching the strings of harp or violin, building castles of music in the air and bearing our souls away to their misty halls of melody, where the gates of heaven stand ajar, and we listen to the symphonies stolen from the seraphim and cherubim of God.

But look how the sword of some Alexander the Great gleams on every leaf and stains almost every page with human blood! Look how the grim specter of some Napoleon rises on the horizon of war, blasting the hopes of his fellow-man, and then vanishes in the darkness of disaster—the somnambulist of a vast shattered dream!

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I would rather be a Stephenson in history, harnessing steam power to the imperial car of civilization, than to be a Cæsar, with some Antony standing above my corpse, with my bloody mantle in his hand, and say to the horrified multitude:

> "See what a rent the envious Casca made!
> Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
> And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!"

I would rather be a Franklin or an Edison, holding the lightnings like chained hounds crouching and cowering at my feet, than to be a George the Third, with the crown of an empire upon my brow and the boot of General Washington under my coat tail.

I would rather be an Agassiz, interpreting the mind of God and wrenching his secrets out from his cabinet of rocks or tearing away the veil of mystery from the hidden wonders of earth and air, than to be Edward VII., tearing my shirt in South Africa, or the President of the United States, snagging my pants on a bolo in the Philippines.

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We turn the pages and read and wonder at the bubbles the world has blown and the washbowls it has broken and the soap it has wasted.

All that we gather from the vanished past is a harvest of dreams, a few golden sheaves of thought, a few echoes of music from harp strings that are broken, a few lines and curves of beauty traced on dismantled walls and fallen columns, a few deeds of chivalry to tell the story of some departed Don Quixote charging the windmill of earthly glory and some devoted Sancho Panza hugging the jackass of Fame.

♣ ♣ ♣

Where are all the triumphs of the nations that now are dust? Where are all their dreams of happiness? And the dreamers—O, where are they?

Ask the pilgrim waters of the Nile: Where are Egypt's pride and glory? Where are Thebes and Memphis? Tell us, O Nile, where is old Pharaoh and his plagues of locusts and lice, his showers of grasshoppers and his frogs on a thousand hills? Where is the royal maiden who went out to swim and hung her clothes on a hickory limb and ran up on Moses in the bulrushes? Where is Joseph and his "corner" on corn? And where, O where, is beautiful Cleopatra, who cornered Mark Antony on the Wall street of love, and, when the panic came, took snake "pizen" and skipped by the light of the moon to the Canada of the great unknown? And the Nile will ripple with laughter as it murmurs back the answer: "Look upon the Sphinx and the pyramids and gaze upon the mummies; for all that is left of Egypt's castles in the air is a rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair!"

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Then turn another leaf in the dream book of time, and ask the wind that once whistled through the whiskers of ancient Greece: Tell us, O Classic Breeze, where are all those white-robed dreamers who once flocked on the Ægean shores? Where are Pericles and Socrates, Demosthenes and Euripides, Thucydides and Aristophanes, and all that long list of immortal "eses" who dipped and dyed and shook their wings in literature and philosophy long ago? Where is Hippocrates, and where is Damocles? Where is Diogenes, that wise old gander who carried a lantern around in broad daylight hunting for an honest

man—that solemn old gander who hissed at Alexander: "Why don't you get out of my sunshine?"

"Are all these mighty Hellenes
Now in the heaven of blissful ease,
At rest from fools and flies and fleas,
Beyond the shining Pleiades?
And the wind will wheeze across the seas;
There's nothing left of these old geese
But a few tail feathers and a spot of Greece."

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Now turn another leaf and let the curtain rise on Rome.

O, R-rome! R-rome! R-rome! Who ground thy frowning walls of Aurelian and Honorus into snuff? Who pulverized thy Forum Magnum and Forum Transitorium? Who pounded thy palaces and statues and triumphal arches into dust and made phosphate of thy Pantheon, where once thy proud Cæsars bowed their jeweled heads before the gods? Whose foot tramped on thy amphitheaters and made pulp of thy gladiators? Who dissolved thy shouting multitudes into ashes and snatched thy seven hills baldheaded? O, R-rome, thou didst drain the poison cup of unsanctified power and stagger off the planet! Thy dreams are bursted bubbles, thy glory is a broken bowl.

Woe unto the nation that wabbles out of the orbit of righteousness! Woe unto the man who staggers away from the problems which God intended him to solve! There is no room in the glorious castle of civilization for idle brains and idle hands. We are not all born for intellectual endeavor, and this is the snag on which so many kites get hung. It is the shady summer resort of Laziness, which imagines it has brains. We are all striving to dodge the plow handles. The prayer is not, "Where shall I labor, O Lord?" but: "O God, how shall I escape the plow handles?" The dread of the corn field has driven many an idiot to the pulpit and the bar and many a fool into politics.

A gawky boy expressed it when he boasted: "My mamma says I'm a-goin' to live without workin'." "How so?" said his companion. "Why, she says I'm goin' to be a politician."

A lazy, good-for-nothing wretch read an advertisement proposing to any one who would inclose a dollar to reveal the secret of how to get through life without work. The dollar was promptly sent, and in due time he received a card, on which were these words:

"Go out in the woods and hang yourself."

I have seen young men who would lose sleep all night serenading their sweethearts and were too lazy to get up early enough in the morning to make fires for them after they had married them.

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"Uncle Rastus," said the colonel, "you promised to begin this work to-day. What's the matter?"

"Well, boss," said Uncle Rastus, "I'se got a mighty tired feelin' dis mornin', an' I'se been sot back in beginnin', an' I jis' 'cluded I'd put it off till nex' week."

"Why," said the colonel, "this is Monday."

"Well, I knows dat's so, boss; but de mornin's half gone, an' it's only a few days till Friday, an' dat's bad luck, an' I sho' ain't gwine to work on a Sunday; an' so I jis' 'cluded to wait till I gits a good fresh start nex' week, sah."

Work is the only antitoxin for human woe, is the only hope of happiness in this world and of eternal happiness when we shall have passed from the shadow to the substance, from the dream to the reality.

The microbe of indolence is the great destroyer not only of men, but of nations. It breaks down the tissue of every rapturous dream and stills the heart of every laudable ambition. It is the bacillus of Poverty and the germ of Corruption and Crime.

When Caius Gracchus infused it into the blood of the Roman Empire by the free distribution of corn among his people, which had been extorted from conquered nations around him, under the delusion that he was promoting the welfare and happiness of his country, he did not dream that he was giving Rome a torpid liver which would finally "turn her toes to the daisies." O, that he could have reigned in old Kentucky,

"Where life itself in sluices
Flows in mellow, amber juices,
And the corn is full of kernels,
And the Colonels full of corn;

where the beauty of the women intoxicates the soul; where the trim and dashing thoroughbreds move like meteors, with their tails over the moon and their chins over the stars, and the men go like they were shot—out of a gun.

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An old Tennessee colonel went staggering down the street one night full of corn, and saw the moon rise in her glory, and he suddenly paused and looked her full in the face and said:

"Hic, you needn't be laugh'n' at me; you get full *yourself* once a month!"

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An old Virginia colonel, whose wife broke loose in a storm of wrath every time he came home late full of corn, slipped in one night, with his boots in his hand, and entered her room and found her sleeping sweetly there. Silently he sat down in the middle of the floor and hoisted his umbrella, and remained silent till she awoke and raised up on her elbow and shouted: "For the land's sake, Colonel, what are you doin'?"

"Nothin', my dear—jist waitin' fur the storm."

In about two seconds the umbrella was in shreds, and the colonel slept in the barn that night, dreaming of earthquakes and cyclones.

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An old Carolina colonel, one cold, frosty morning, found his way to a stillhouse, and, knowing the proprietor well, said:

"William, I never was as nigh dead in my life. I laid in a fence corner all night last night with an overdose of corn, and I'm almost froze, and I'm on the verge of paralysis. For the Lord's sake, give me a good toddy as quick as you can, or I'll die in fifteen minutes."

William had two little goats that had got separated, and one of them was running around the stillhouse bleating for the other; and he turned and said to the colonel:

"If you'll bleat right pretty like that goat, I'll give you a tumbler full of good old corn."

The colonel said:

"William, I'm nothing but an old drunkard; but before I'll humiliate myself by bleatin' like a durn goat fur a drink of liquor, I'll die right here."

"All right," William said. "Catch my horse, Rastus; I must go to town."

The colonel said: "William, don't devil an old man that way. Let me have one. I'll die before I'll bleat."

William put his foot in the stirrup and said: "Colonel, are you goin' to town?"

"O," said the colonel, "please, William, let me have a drink; I'm dying! No use talkin' about my bleatin'."

"Good mornin', Colonel!" shouted William, as he vaulted in the saddle and started in the direction of town.

The colonel first looked at William and then at the goat, and said:

"Bla-ha-ha!! Durn you!!!"

And soon the world was full of music, for the colonel was full of corn.

But liquid corn is not the main question involved in this discussion, although it is a siren that woos but to destroy; for its excessive use makes it the energy of hell that sets the brain on fire and burns all the beautiful castles of love and hope and happiness into ashes and swells the ranks of idleness and floods the world with tears.

God pity the man who has brain power and does not dream on the right side of life, and who does not do his part in the great hive of human endeavor!

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The wealth of ages is our heritage—wealth of which countless generations have dreamed and in the struggle for which unnumbered millions have suffered and died; the wealth of liberty and law that make every home the castle and palace of a prince and every citizen a sovereign; the wealth of the library to enlighten us and of the Christian religion to guide us; the wealth of opportunity to utilize not only our

own, but the dreams of all who have dreamed before us, and to work in harmony for the upbuilding of our race.

It is the province of unfettered Thought to invent and discover, of Art to design, and of Labor to execute; and when this triumvirate of power moves, the whole world moves with it. It is this imperial triumvirate that pulls down the hills and drags forth their treasures, that makes the ax gleam in the forest and the plowshare flash in the furrow, that makes the dynamite thunder among the cliffs and the furnaces flame with melting ores. It is the union of hearts and the union of hands that builds bridges and launches ships and heaves the domes and spires of civilization in the air above the sheaves and shocks of plenty.

John Howard Payne touched the tenderest chord that vibrates in the great throbbing heart of all humankind when he gave to the world his song of "Home, Sweet Home;" for within the heaven of its four blessed walls the first bright and bouyant soap bubbles of hope are blown and about its sacred hearthstones are built the love-illumined castles of memory.

What is man but a mystery of mud and mind, a miracle of dust and dream, a spirit bird in a cage of clay, brother to the parrot, akin to the angels, forever beating his wings against the prison bars of flesh and bone, and crying out in plaintive tones from the cradle to the grave. "Polly wants a cracker!" forever praying to the Lord to take poor Polly home; but let the grim messenger come and with skeleton hand begin to unlatch the door, and instantly Brother Parrot will drop from his perch and plead with trembling voice:

"O, please let poor Polly stay a little longer!"

What a strange infatuation of the jewel for its casket, of the spirit for its crumbling castle in the air! What a marvelous alliance of music and muscle, of love with ligament, and of soul with common clay! But banish the castle-building power of the mind of man, take away the soul, and make him only an animal, and the humblest creatures around him are his superiors. In length of life the camel and the swan become, compared to him, Methuselahs; in size and strength the ox and the elephant become Samsons and Goliaths; the hound can outsmell him, the deer can outrun him, the grand-daddy-long-legs can

outleap him, the eagle and condor can outsee him—except when it comes to searching for a dollar. He can then outsee all the eagles and condors in the world.

Did you ever watch an ant drag a dead grasshopper to his little hotel on the European plan? If man had the strength of an ant in proportion to his size, he could lay hold of the pillars of the Capitol at Washington and instantly adjourn Congress to meet beyond this vale of tears in the summer land of song. He could roll the dome of St. Peter's up the steeps of Vesuvius and tumble it into the crater.

A Jeffries in the prize ring sets the sporting world agog when he puts some Fitzsimmons or Corbett to sleep in fifteen brutal rounds; but I have seen a mad hornet in a blackberry patch knock out a meddlesome boy with a single blow delivered straight from his business end, and the boy got up and skedaddled, with a knot on his head, and the hornet returned in triumph, with blood on his glove, to his swinging castle in the air.

And yet this union of dirt and divinity, this marriage of mortality to immortality, makes man next to the noblest work of God. Woman is the noblest, thank the Lord; but man embraces woman, and the twain are the highest types of this glorious creation.

When this world of ours had rolled out from among the dark and warring elements of chaos and the hand of Almighty Power had stamped the face of infant nature with ineffable beauty—it was then the Lord God himself built castles in the air, and dreamed of a ruler for the land and the sea; and, making Himself the model, He fashioned an image out of the unconscious dust and called it man. The young earth offered her purest marbles, her finest gold; yet He passed these by and chose the ignoble clay. Never was matter exalted to such a station by such an artist in all the tide of time; for when He had given it the last divine touches of majesty and glory, He left it not as Praxiteles left his image of the lovely Aphrodite—cold, insensate marble still; nor as Michael Angelo left his beautiful young David, which he could not inspire with the music and the dream; but the Divine Sculptor breathed upon His masterpiece, and—lo!—it awoke; and the warm, red tides leaped and throbbed through every vein; the springs of action quickened in every muscle; the subtle currents of vital force

flashed and thrilled through every nerve; the sightless eyes received the focused light and looked out on the dazzling splendors of earth and sky; the dull, immobile features glowed with the divinity of soul and thought—and the first likeness of the living God stepped forth a living man.

Filled with wonderment, he walked in a garden of perennial bloom and strayed by a crystal river. It was an Eden untainted by sin, untouched by death—a poem of light and color, a lyric of love and melody, an open volume fragrant with the dreams of God, whose numbers, smooth as the rhythm of the tripping hours, murmured in all its joyous waters, bubbled in every feathered throat, fluttered in every painted wing, and trembled in every leaf and flower.

The soft air was aflame with gorgeous wings and resonant with rapturous songs for the happiness of earth's first son. Tigers, lithe and sinuous, crouched and purred their pleasures at his feet; lions licked his fondling hand; and spotted fawns and snow-white lambs gamboled the daisied fields around him. The great giraffe, bending his neck, browsed the tree tops below, and then, towering like the Matterhorn, poked his little head between the stars and nodded to the music of the spheres. The grotesque antics of the puzzled elephant, in his bewildered efforts to determine whether he had two tails or two trunks, plunged Adam into a fit of laughter, which spread throughout all Paradise.

"The gray monkey grinned in the cocoanut tree,
And the meadow lark chuckled in the clover;
The grassnopper giggled and winked at the flea,
While the kangaroo laughed all over.

"All Eden rang with a weird, wild laugh,
Which lasted the livelong day;
They laughed and they laughed till the big giraffe
Led the two-tailed elephant away."

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But this excess of mirth and joy around him and this prodigality of beauty, with none to share it, turned his laughter into sighs and tortured him with a vague and discontented longing for another self. In his dreams by night, in his reveries by day, he caught glimpses of a

being so fair that even the angels must fall down and worship at her feet. He apostrophized her loveliness in every rose, her purity in every lily, her modesty in every violet. If he loitered under the great palms, he heard her sigh in every passing zephyr, her whisper in every rustling leaf; if he wandered by the stream where the spreading willows hung their green Niagaras above the placid waters, he looked down and saw her smiling from a mirrored heaven and heard her laughter rippling forth from every tinkling wave.

If he sat at eventide in some sweet, dusky bower, listening to the waking orchestra of the night, he felt the charm of her presence in the twilight witchery and beheld her lovelit eyes in every liquid star. And while he walked and wandered, building castles in the air, the spirit bird within his bosom never ceased his plaintive monologue: "Polly wants a cracker."

But one bright, smiling morning the smiling Adam woke and found his smiling Eve, and life to them was one perpetual smile until, in an evil hour, they were tempted to change their diet, and the angels led them out and made them the children of sorrow. But Paradise lost did not mean the destruction of its images and memories in the brain of man, nor did it crush his power to dream.

They went from Eden into a strange, new world, and, with God-given imagination, they filled its waste places with brilliant, beautiful castles in the air.

Addresses.

While Senator Robert L. Taylor was serving his third term as Governor of Tennessee, the State celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its admission into the Union. It devolved on him as "Centennial Governor" to welcome distinguished visitors from other States and deliver addresses on important occasions. His speeches created so much enthusiasm at the time, and were so favorably commented on by the press and the people, it has been decided to include them in this volume, with some other notable speeches.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, AT NASHVILLE, MAY 1, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first century in the history of the Commonwealth of Tennessee, glorious with the deeds of heroes and rich with achievements in all the arts of peace, has been garnered in eternity; and as I stand here to join you in this jubilee, the stirring scenes of a hundred eventful years pass in review before me. I see the blue smoke curling heavenward from the rude cabins of the pioneers, and hear the first song of civilization along the banks of the Watauga. I see the red glare in the sky at night proclaiming the approach of torch and tomahawk. I see the peerless "Bonnie Kate," like a frightened mountain fawn, outstripping the painted warriors in her race for life; and amid the flames and smoke from Deckard rifles, which baffle the savage foe, I see her scale the parapets of the beleaguered fort and fall fainting into the arms of John Sevier. I see a thousand coon-skin caps gathering at Sycamore Shoals, and a thousand rifles reflecting a thousand sparkling images of rising sun. I see a thousand stalwart mountaineers suddenly vanish into the forest, and now I see them emerge around

the base of King's Mountain. Winding upward toward its summit like a serpent of fire, they pour their withering volleys into the faces of the foe. The brave redcoats fall like the leaves of autumn, the battle is won, and the tide of the Revolution is turned. The scene changes; and now I see the ax gleaming in the hands of these sturdy men; the forest falls, and fruitful fields spread westward from the mountains to the Mississippi. A new State is carved from the heart of the wilderness, the sixteenth star glorifies the flag of the Union, and Tennessee is born.

The years roll on, and the young republic of civil liberty gives birth to a new republic of thought. Men like Jefferson and Jackson rise up and revolutionize the political ideas of the world; men like Franklin, and Fulton, and Morse, and Howe, and Hoe, and Whitney, and Bell, and Tesla, and Edison, open up new highways for the march of civilization.

I see the vast wilderness of America, the dominion of savage Indian and wild beast, yielding to the brain and prowess of the Anglo-Saxon race, until forty-five stars on our national flag symbolize the strength and power and unity of the greatest republic this world has ever known. I see the achievements of a thousand years crowded into a single century. I see American genius walking in the gardens of the intellectual gods, gathering sweets for the soul from a thousand unwithering flowers, catching music from the spheres and beauty from ten thousand fields of light.

If our fathers, who died a hundred years ago, could come back from "the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust" and see the miracles that have been wrought; if they could see their children talking across the ocean and sweeping across continents in palace cars swifter than the swiftest wing; if they could see the modern reapers sweeping like phantom ships through seas of sunset gold and hear the music of the harvest song; if they could catch glimpses of the myriads of cities and towns and country homes, which are the habitations of seventy millions of people; if they could look upon this beautiful White Centennial City, rising like a beautiful dream here in the heart of Tennessee, under whose wings the nations of the earth are gathering to join us in this glorious jubilee, I doubt not they would shout for joy and sing with us: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON TENNESSEE AND GOVERNOR'S DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, JUNE 1, 1897.

This is the natal day of Tennessee. This day, one hundred and one years ago, the sixteenth child of the Union was born. No flag ever floated over a fairer land. History does not record the deeds of braver men, and poets have never sung of women more beautiful than those of Tennessee. When I am in the North, I sigh for the warmer sunshine and sweeter flowers of Tennessee; when I am in the far South, I sigh to rest me again in the cool shades of my native Tennessee mountains, where the balmy breezes blow and where bright streams fall from lofty heights and sing to the rivers, and the rivers sing on to the sea.

Tennessee lies on the happiest lines of latitude and longitude that girdle the globe. It lies on the dividing line between the North and the South, and it combines the climate and products of both. I sometimes think that when the Lord God Almighty banished Adam and Eve from Paradise, loath to destroy its glories and its beauties, He transferred them all to Tennessee; and here, amid its luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers, I greet this happy throng and give them a hearty welcome to the birthday party of the fairest queen in all the royal sisterhood of States.

I would not wound the heart of any other State, but this is Tennessee Day and I am a Tennessean. I believe in local patriotism, which loves home better than any other spot on earth. I love Tennessee better than any other State in the Union because it is my home.

But I must not forget my delightful duty. I must not forget the pleasing proprieties of this glorious occasion. My duty is to welcome, with open arms, in the name of Tennessee, our guests—especially the ladies. The proprieties of the occasion demand that while we pay tribute to Tennessee, we must give honor and praise and glory to the great Commonwealths whose distinguished sons and daughters have come to join us in our jubilee. Although the first month of our great Exposition, like the first happy hour of the banquet, has passed away, the festivities have only begun. Only the first course has been served. The viands and delicious herbs, the rapturous wines, the kisses, the

cakes and creams, all come to-day. For North Carolina, cakes and creams and kisses; for South Carolina, creams, kisses, and cakes; and for all the other States represented here to-day, kisses, and cakes, and creams, and kisses, and kisses, and kisses; and for each and every one, old and young, big and little, rich and poor alike, a genuine, old-fashioned Tennessee welcome.

The past, with all its discoveries and all its glorious achievements, lies spread out here before us in epitome. Who can tell what another century will unfold? I think I see a vision of the future opening before me. I see triumphs in art and achievements in science undreamed of by the artisans and philosophers of the past. I see the sun darkened by clouds of men and women flying in the air. I see throngs of passengers entering electric tubes in New York and emerging in San Francisco two hours before they started. I see the gloved and umbrellaed leaders of the Populist party sitting in their horseless carriages and singing the harvest song, while the self-adjusting automatic reapers sweep unattended through the fields, cutting and binding and shocking the golden grain. I see swarms of foreign pauper dukes and counts kissing American millionaire girls across the ocean, through the kissophone. I see the women marching in bloomers to the ballot box and the men at home singing lullabies to the squalling babies. I see every Republican in America drawing a pension, every Democrat holding an office, and every "cullud pusson" riding on a free pass; and then I think the millennium will be near at hand.

But I am again about to forget my duty; I am again about to forget the proprieties of the occasion. My duty is to welcome our distinguished guests, and the rules of the occasion are to make them happy.

South Carolina, the land of the brave and true! God pours out his floods and sunshine upon her hills and fields. In her shady coves the mocking bird sings his sweetest song, the bright waters ripple in eternal melody, and the Milky Way is only the picture on the sky of the rice and cotton fields of South Carolina.

But who will chide me if I speak tenderly of North Carolina, the mother of Tennessee? We love her for the history she has made; we love her for the statesmen she has produced; we love her for her heroes, whose names shall live forever in song and story; we love her for the

sake of her orators and poets, who have enriched the literature of the world; we love her because our people are bound to her people by the sacred ties of blood and because her sons and the sons of Tennessee have suffered and died together on many a battlefield.

"Carolina, Carolina, heaven's blessings defend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her.
Though the scorner may scorn at and writings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Old North State forever!
Hurrah, hurrah—the good Old North State!"

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO THE DRUMMERS, ON NATIONAL TRAVELERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, JUNE 4, 1897.

Gentlemen of the Travelers' Protective Association:

In the name of the whole State of Tennessee, in the name of every man, woman, and child in it, I welcome you to-day with all the cordiality contained in that one word—"welcome." You are traveling men, but you have never traveled over a land where welcomes grew more luxuriantly than in the beautiful land we call Tennessee. You have seen much of this world, but you have never beheld a spot where you were more welcome than the capital city of Tennessee, where every heart throb is a welcome to your coming and where every breath will be a sigh of sorrow when you leave us.

If welcomes were flowers, I would give every traveling man in America an armful of American Beauties; I would pin on every lapel a cape jessamine; and Nashville would be a wilderness of bouquets to-day.

If human hearts were banquet halls, I would welcome every traveling man to mine. I would banquet them on milk and honey—the milk of human kindness and the honey of human happiness; and they should drink deep of the wine of brotherly love. If my heartstrings were harp strings, I would make the music for the traveling men which the angels made for the first happy pair in the Paradise of long ago.

If my words could be coined into silver and gold, I would give every traveling man ten thousand dollars a year at the ratio of sixteen to one.

The traveling men are the advertising agents of all the goods and wares of mankind. They are the advance guards of General Prosperity, but I fear they are now temporarily cut off from the main column by the forces of General Hard Times.

The world does not appreciate the traveling men. They are the very lifeblood of our civilization; they are political economists; they are politicians; they are diplomats; they are expert accountants; they are lawyers; they are working men.

The traveling man can labor all day with his hands and his head, and then put on the swallow tail and patent leathers in the evening, and, with his song and sweet converse, charm the most refined circles of fashionable society. He is the thermometer and barometer of nations. When prosperity follows in his wake, the nations are prosperous; when hard times drive him home, it is a sure sign of poverty among the masses.

I love the drummer for his versatility; I love him for the sacrifices he has made and for the happiness he has given to the world. The women love the drummer, not only because he is brave, and gallant, and genial, but because he is as graceful in overalls as in the swallow tail; and, above all, they love him for the happy homes he has made.

Distance lends enchantment to the view; and, therefore, the wives and sweethearts of the drummers are constantly enchanted by their husbands and their beaux.

Be it said to the honor of the craft that there is less drunkenness among those who carry the grip than in any other profession under the sun, except the preachers. If I were a young lady, I would marry a drummer, not only because he moves the world with his snap, and grip, and push, but because he is the prettiest thing on God's footstool.

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a man. I would make it the figure of a drummer with his grip. If I were a painter, I would paint a picture of Jacob's ladder, and upon its golden rungs I would paint the angelic form of a drummer ascending and descending with the best line of harps on the market to sell to the inhabitants of the celestial world.

God bless the drummers! They are the personification of Christian endeavor, and all they need is pink tights and gauze wings to make them equal to the cherubim and seraphim. Who can imagine a vision more sublime than innumerable drummers flying through the air, with their gripsacks in their hands, diving and snorting among the clouds like porpoises in midocean?

"The drummer wears no golden wings;
Round this merry world he swings,
Sweetly laughs and softly sings,
Sells his goods and wares and things."

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON OHIO AND McKINLEY DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, TO PRESIDENT McKINLEY, MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET, THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO, HIS STAFF, AND VISITORS, JUNE 11, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With uncovered heads and patriotic pride we welcome the President of the United States and all who accompany him to the warm, throbbing heart of Dixie.

It has been whispered abroad that we have too much sunshine in the South, and that its effect is to render the people lazy and thriftless. It is believed by millions of misguided men who dwell in our Northern suburbs, especially in the rural States of Ohio, Michigan, and New York, that, in this warm Southern climate, energy evaporates. But our honored guests shall see to-day a complete refutation of the soft impeachment. They shall see the triumphs of our brain and brawn and the tangible evidences of our activity. And some of them who saw our ruined country thirty years ago will certainly appreciate the fact that we have wrought miracles. If they will only look, they shall be living witnesses of the victories we have won.

The grass now grows green where but a few years ago Death sat on the pale horse beckoning the Blue and the Gray to the opening grave, and the roses now bloom where heroes once bled.

In this land of battlefields and monuments; in this land of memories, touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride; in this land of beauty and of sorrow, where the white tents of armies once shrouded the hills, new cities have been built in a quarter of a century; and this splendid industrial Exposition, which is a prophecy of our glory and power in the future, now blossoms like a beautiful flower in the track of war, and is a token of eternal peace and brotherhood between the two sections.

Tennessee clasps hands with Ohio to-day, and the North and the South are one and inseparable. Mason and Dixon's line is still there; but, thank God, it is no longer the open mouth of death which once swallowed up the best and bravest sons of the nation. Time has closed its bloody lips, and now it is the red scar of honor across the breast of the republic, which marks the unity of our once divided country.

We greet our guests with the ardent hope that every hour of their mingling with our people may be as sweet as a song and delightful as a glass of sparkling wine.

I believe in these industrial expositions. They are the flowers of progress; they are the bouquets of civilization; they are the garlands of peace gathered from the gardens of human brains and human hearts; and they only bloom in the most enlightened centers of the world. They deserve the encouragement of the rulers of nations, because they are the conservators of peace and good will among men.

I congratulate my State, and the South, and the whole country, upon the fact that the ruler of the greatest nation in the world, accompanied by the first lady in the land, and by members of his Cabinet, and others who are distinguished in the councils of the nation, prompted by their loyal zeal for the happiness of the people and the development of our wealth, have stolen away from the patriotic pilgrims who still linger in Washington, pining for the President's autograph, to listen to the music of Southern progress and see the salvation of the Lord.

I pledge them the honor of Tennessee that while they remain in our borders the tariff question shall be outlawed by our hospitality and the money question shall be strangled by our courtesy; and when they depart from us, we will pin upon the lapels of the President and each one of his party a sweet forget-me-not.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON TEXAS DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, JUNE 23, 1897.

As the Centennial Governor of the "Volunteer State," in the name of our two million of people, I give a cordial welcome to Texas. There is not another State in the Union better loved by Tennesseans than

SAM HOUSTON.

the great Empire State of Texas. And why should Tennesseans not love Texas? We are inseparably bound together by the ties of blood. Tennessee gave Texas old Sam Houston to lead the little republic into the sisterhood of States, and Tennessee gave Texas Davy Crockett to teach Texans how to die for their country. A long list of names whose

statesmanship in peace and whose valor in war have added to the glory of this republic has been given by this old mother of great men to that State, which will soon be the richest, the most prosperous, and the most powerful in the Federal Union.

I know whereof I speak, for mine eyes have seen its glory. I have seen Texas from Texarkana to Galveston and from Marshall to Wichita Falls. I have felt the warmth of its sunshine and the rigor of its blizzards. An old Texan once told me it was the quickest climate in the world. He said that an old farmer was driving along one day; his team was composed of oxen; and it was so hot that one of the oxen fell dead from sunstroke, and, while he was skinning him, the other one froze to death.

I have looked out upon the rolling prairies of Texas in the springtime, when the prairie flowers were in bloom, and thought I was sailing through the scented isles of the long-lost Paradise. There I have sailed and sailed and sailed across landscapes of gorgeous beauty, and through cross-timbers of gorgeous length, until I landed upon a typical Texas sand bank, where the fleas are so thick that the engineer pulls his train up and has the flat cars loaded with sand; and when he gets to the place where the sand has to be unloaded, he gives his engine a toot or two and the whole thing hops off.

And then from the sand bank of fleas I have dashed through archipelagoes of fruits and flowers, and over almost boundless fields of coal and exhaustless mines of iron, until I was lost in her great pine forests, which could furnish timber enough for the whole world for a thousand years without making a gap in the forest. I have found my way out of her timber and traveled for a week at a time through the cotton fields, which produce a bale per acre, and the acres are innumerable. I have looked out upon her vast landscapes of oats and corn until I wished I were a horse or a Texas steer, with all the privileges of the aforesaid and the same.

I have seen her cattle on a thousand hills and her herds of horses in the valleys. An old Texan told me that when the Indians were there scalping and killing the settlers, he had the fastest horse in Texas, and his name was Bill. He said that he rode Bill out one day to salt his cattle; and on his return home, he looked over on a rise in the prairie, and there was a band of hostile Indians with their war

JOHN H. REAGAN, IN HIS STUDY, PALESTINE, TEXAS.

paint on, and they gave a whoop and made for him. He said that he wheeled and called on Bill to get out of the wilderness, but he couldn't get Bill out of a lope. He spurred him and beat him with his cattle whip, but Bill wouldn't get out of a lope. He said he got away from the Indians, he knew not how; but that night he got to thinking about it. Bill had never gone back on him before, and he went back next morning and measured the ground, and Bill had jumped forty-two feet every jump.

I am glad to welcome this delegation of Texans to Tennessee, where the horses jump further than old Bill ever jumped and where the women are as beautiful as Mahomet's vision of heaven. Tennessee is especially glad to receive to her bosom the last surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet, whose name will live forever in the history of his country—John H. Reagan—whom Tennessee loaned to Texas, and whom Texas has loved too well to ever return the loan. I trust that the evening of his life may be calm and beautiful, and that the twilight may reach far into the twentieth century.

Ladies and gentlemen of the "Lone Star State," we welcome you to our hearts and homes.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO THE EX-CONFEDERATES, AT EX-CONFEDERATE REUNION, ON CONFEDERATE DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, JUNE 24, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Why need I say welcome to the men of the South? Every heart in Tennessee throbs welcome to you, and every loyal home smiles a welcome. I think if I could draw back the veil which separates immortality from this vale of tears, you would see a vision of your old comrades, who have answered to the roll call of eternity, crowding the air, and you would hear them shout: "Welcome, thrice welcome!"

I love to live in the land of Dixie, under the soft Southern skies, where Summer pours out her flood of sunshine and showers and the generous earth smiles with plenty. I love to live on Southern soil, where the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace and the

wheat fields wave back their banners of gold from the hills and valleys which were once drenched with the blood of heroes. I love to live where the mocking birds flutter and sing in the shadowy coves and bright waters ripple in eternal melody by the graves where our heroes are buried. I love to breathe the Southern air that comes filtered through jungles of roses, whispering the story of Southern deeds of bravery. I love to drink from Southern springs and Southern babbling brooks, which once cooled the lips of Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Gordon, and the worn and weary columns of brave men who wore the gray. I love to live among Southern men and women, where every heart is as warm as the Southern sunshine and every home is a temple of love and liberty.

I love to listen to the sweet old Southern melodies, which touch the soul and melt the heart and awaken to life ten thousand precious memories of the happy long ago, when the old-time darkies used to laugh and sing and when the old-time black " mammy " soothed the children to slumber with her lullabies. But—O!—the music that thrills me most is the melody that died away on the lips of many a Confederate soldier as he sank into the sleep that knows no waking:

" I'm glad I am in Dixie."

I doubt if the world will ever see another civilization as brilliant as that which perished in the South a third of a century ago. Its white-columned mansions under cool, spreading groves; its orange trees waving their sprays of snowy blossoms; its cotton fields stretching away to the horizon, alive with toiling slaves, who sang as they toiled from early morn until the close of day; its pomp and pride and revelry; its splendid manhood and the dazzling beauty of its women, placed it in history as the high tide of earthly glory. But the hurricane of civil war shattered it and swept it away. Billions of wealth dissolved and vanished in smoke and flame. The South lost all save honor. But the Confederate soldier, the purest and proudest type of the Anglo-Saxon race, stood erect amid its charred and blackened ruins. The earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him, his sword was broken, his country was crushed. But without a throne, he was no less a ruler; his palace had perished, he was no less a king.

Slavery was dead; but magnificent in the gloom of defeat, he was

still a master. Has he not mastered adversity? Has he not built the ruined South?

Look yonder at those flashing domes and glittering spires; look at the works of art and all the fabrics and pictured tapestries of beauty; look what Southern brains and Southern hands have wrought; see the victories of peace we have won, all represented within the white columns of our great industrial Exposition, and you will receive an inspiration of the old South, and you will catch glimpses of her future glory.

I trust in God that the struggles of the future will be the struggles of peace, and not of war.

The danger to the republic now lies in the mailed hand of centralized power, and the South will yet be the bulwark of American liberty. If you ask me why, I answer that it is the only section left which is purely American, I answer that anarchy cannot live on Southern soil, I answer that the South has started on a new line of march; and while we love the past for its precious memories, our faces are turned toward the morning. Time has furled the battle flags and smelted the hostile gun; time has torn down the forts and leveled the trenches and rifle pits on the bloody field of glory, where courage and high-born chivalry on prancing chargers once rode to the front with shimmering epaulets and bright swords gleaming; where thousands of charging bayonets, at uniform angles, reflected thousands of suns; where the shrill fife screamed and the kettledrum timed the heavy tramp, tramp of the shining battalions as the infantry deployed into battle line and disappeared in the seething waves of smoke and flame; where double-shotted batteries unlimbered on the bristling edge and hurled fiery vomit into the faces of the reeling columns; where ten thousand drawn sabers flashed and ten thousand cavalry hovered for a moment on the flank and then rushed to the dreadful revelry.

The curtain dropped long ago upon these mournful scenes of carnage, and time has beautified and comforted and healed, until there is nothing left of war but graves, and garlands, and monuments, and veterans, and precious memories. Blow, bugler, blow; but thy shrillest notes can never again call the matchless armies of Grant and Lee to the carnival of death!

Let the silver trumpets sound the jubilee of peace. Let the veterans

shout who wore the blue. Let them kiss the silken folds of the gorgeous ensign of the republic and fling it to the breeze and sing the national hymn. Let the veterans bow who wore the gray, and, with uncovered heads, salute the national flag. It is the flag of the inseparable Union. Let them clasp hands with the brave men who wore the blue and rejoice with them, for time hath adorned the ruined South and robed her fields in rich harvests and gilded her skies with brighter stars of hope. But who will scorn or frown to see the veterans of the South's shattered armies, scattered now like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age and covered with scars, sometimes put on the old worn and faded gray and unfurl for a little while the other banner, the riddled and blood-stained Stars and Bars, to look upon it and weep over it? For it is hallowed with recollections tender as the soldier's last farewell.

They followed it amid the earthquake throes of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston died; they followed it amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell; they saw it flutter in the gloom of the Wilderness, where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other and clinched and fell and rolled together in the bloody mire; they rallied around it at Gettysburg, where it waved above the bayonets, mixed and crossed on those dread heights of destiny; they saw its faded color flaunt defiance for the last time at Appomattox, and then go down forever in a flood of tears. Then who will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to light, sanctified and glorified as it is by the blood and tears of the past, and wave it again in the air and sing once more their old war songs?

"When these heads are white with glory,
When the shadows from the west
Lengthen as you tell your story,
In the vet'ran's ward to rest,
May no ingrate's word of sneering
Reach one heart of all the brave;
But may honor, praise, and cheering
Guard old valor to the grave."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON GEORGIA DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, TO GOVERNOR ATKINSON, HIS STAFF, AND VISITORS, JUNE 26, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Day after day and week after week we have watched with joy the tides of humanity ebb and flow through the gates of this beautiful White City.

To-day a bright wave comes rolling up from Georgia, bearing upon its crest the eloquent and irrepressible Governor of that glorious Commonwealth and his gorgeous staff of colonels, and a bevy of as beautiful women as the sun in heaven ever shone upon. No tide more welcome has ever yet swept through our gates, and we greet our honored guests with smiles and sunshine and music, and with all the warmth and gladness of our Southern hearts and all the hospitality of our homes. It is a beautiful time for Georgia to visit Tennessee. It is the time when Spring pillows her head in the lap of Summer and is lulled to sleep among the roses and honeysuckles by the music of the happy harvest song; it is the time when the souls of lovers melt together in a single thought and their hearts beat in unison to the rapturous melody of love; it is the time when the happy children love to chase the butterflies among the poppies; it is the time when the cows come home in the evening fragrant with the breath of clover blossoms; it is the time when the humming bird hums, and the woodpecker drums, and the bumblebee bumbles around.

Here amid these busy scenes of life, amid the temples of hope and memory, where prophecies of the future blossom among the triumphs of the past, we welcome the sons and daughters of Georgia, the land of monuments and memories, the land whose thought and genius have enriched the literature of the world—Georgia, the home of Robert Toombs, the intellectual giant of the old South; and Alexander Stephens, the idol of the country; and old Ben Hill, the grand incarnation of mind and magnetism; and Howell Cobb, the true and great; and Gordon, the thunderbolt of war and the evangel of peace; and Grady, whose genius blazed but for a moment, like a brilliant star, and then disappeared forever, ere he had reached the full meridian of his glory.

No State in this Union has furnished more brains than Georgia, no State has furnished more courage. If our industrial Exposition is a triumph, we must not forget that Georgia opened the way two years ago with the first great international exposition ever held in the South.

I think that Georgia was the original garden of Eden, and Atlanta was its jasper gate. I think that it is still the love-jasper gate. I still think that it is the loveliest flower in the Southern bouquet, except this " daisy " which we call Tennessee. Georgia is the land of peaches and pears, and watermelons with brittle pulps of deep carnation, and cotton and persimmons, and 'possums and sweet potatoes. It is the land where the grapevine gets drunk on the wine of its own purple clusters and staggers around over whole plantations, and fills to the brim the flowing bowls of majors and colonels. It is the land of literature and culture. Politeness grows on the trees and good manners bloom in every home.

Down in Rome a pompous old justice of the peace used to yell at the darkies when they entered his court: " Take off your hat! " And he had a parrot in the room which learned to yell: " Take off your hat! " An old darky entered one day when the 'Squire was out, and the parrot yelled at him: " Take off your hat! "

The darky looked around in astonishment. The parrot yelled at him again: " Take off your hat! " The darky removed his hat and bowed to the parrot and said: " Excuse me boss; I thought you was a bird."

If ever I leave Tennessee, I will go to Georgia to live. God bless Georgia!

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON NEW ORLEANS AND LOUISIANA DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, AUGUST 10, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our doors and arms and hearts are open wide to-day to receive with joyous welcome the brave men and fair women of the sun-crowned Commonwealth of Louisiana. I have stood here day after day giv-

ing welcome to Governors, Presidents, Cabinets, brotherhoods, to youth and old age, and to the beauty and chivalry of the nation; but the storehouse of our hospitality is still full, and we have reserved the warmest and tenderest welcome for Louisiana, the white-bosomed, sugar-lipped queen of the South, upon whose fair brow, like a jeweled crown, glitters the Crescent City, "The Paree of La Belle Louisiana"—New Orleans, the joy and pride, and the only city in the wide, wide world, in the estimation of every son of a Pelican.

Our brightest flowers bloom to-day for Louisiana, and she shall listen to music as soft and sweet as "summer evening's latest sigh that shuts the rose." Every foot of Tennessee soil shall be under her dominion, and she shall be ruler in our capital and in our hearts; every form of beauty and all these gems of thought and fruits of labor lie spread out here at the feet of Louisiana for her pleasure and enjoyment to-day; and these domes and turrets and snowy gables shall blaze with a million lights for her to-night; and she shall look upon the gorgeous scene and wonder if the angels have spilt a basket of stars.

There has always been a tender tie between Louisiana and Tennessee, ever since "Old Hickory" marched his Tennesseans to New Orleans and at a single blow prostrated the lion of England at the feet of the American eagle and punctuated the last hour of English rule in America with a bloody period. The tie grew stronger when Louisiana's noblest and bravest son, "Old Rough and Ready" Zachary Taylor, led our Tennessee volunteers heart to heart and hip to hip with the volunteers of Louisiana to glory and to victory on the bloody fields of Mexico. The tie grew stronger still when the flower of Louisiana and the flower of Tennessee put on the gray and fought and died together under the Stars and Bars of Dixie.

We know the story of Louisiana's valor and chivalry. It is blended with the fame and glory of Tennessee's heroes on the most pathetic page of history. We know the part that was played by the Washington Artillery in the awful drama of war. The grave of every gallant soldier of that peerless legion who fell in the struggle is a volume within itself of wild and thrilling adventure. It may be a forgotten grave, unmarked and lost forever from mortal eyes; yet wherever it is, it cradles the dust of as knightly a knight as ever died in battle, and I think

the angels of God hover about it, keeping watch until the resurrection morning. All honor to the heroic dead, and may God bless and prosper the living!

This splendid Exposition is not only an object lesson which reveals to the world the triumphs of our courage and energy and the glory of our material wealth, but it is the loadstar which attracts the people of every section hither; and these great gatherings wipe out sectional lines and provincial prejudices and give birth to a better and broader citizenship throughout the length and breadth of our country. It brings the veterans of war together to live over again the dark and dreadful days that tried men's souls and to tell forgotten stories which were once told around the camp fires long ago. It brings the young together to talk about the happy to-morrows, and the glorious years that are to come, and to whisper to each other, not the stories of war, but that other story which was first told in Eden, then handed down through all ages—" the old, old story of love."

Young ladies of this brilliant Louisiana legion, have you never heard the story of love, and have you never told it back again to some shipwrecked brother? If you have not, beware. There are young men, handsome as Apollo, here, and bald-headed bachelors, and widowers, and gondolas, and the light of the moon, all within the confines of this beautiful White City; and I doubt not that before your fair forms and sweet faces shall vanish from our midst you will hear mingling with the soft music of bands and the gentle splash of oars on the silvery waters a song as low and sweet as the song of the dying swan.

[Here Governor Taylor sang:]

" O, tell me that you love me,
For that's the sweetest story ever told! "

And you must tell him! If you don't tell him, there will be several bald-headed swans lying dead around the lake in the morning. But I hope you will listen to his song, and that our handsome Tennesseans, and especially my colonels, or at least some of them, may win the hands and hearts of some of these fair Louisianians, and that we may thus have some more happy homes in Tennessee. And who will deny that the safety of the State must rest in its happy homes? Whether it be youth or old age, the bachelor or the benedict, the busi-

ness man or the professional, the millionaire or the humblest toiler in the land, there is in every heart the pride of country and the love of home.

This splendid Centennial Jubilee of the "Volunteer State" is the celebration of the victories we have won for our country and the peace and blissful pleasures which have blessed our homes; and with patriotic pride we welcome our guests to the richest, most picturesque, and most beautiful Commonwealth ever carved out of the wilderness, and to the sweetest homes this side of heaven.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON KENTUCKY RED MEN'S DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, AUGUST 12, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The almost numberless tribes of North American red men have vanished from the face of the earth in little more than a century, and the great herds of antelope and elk and buffalo have vanished with them and gone forever to the happy hunting ground.

The story of the destruction of this noble race is the saddest story ever told. How they came in possession of this continent is a mystery of the ages, but how they lost it is a revelation. They lost it as the old man lost his chicken during the war. He started to town one day with an old rooster under his arm to sell; and as he passed through the camp, the soldiers tackled him for a game of seven up for that old rooster. The old man agreed to take a hand and put up his rooster as stakes. The game was played, and the soldiers won. The old man mounted his horse and started home; but after he had ridden a few miles, a thought struck him, and he wheeled and galloped back to the camp and demanded his rooster. "Did we not fairly win?" asked the soldiers. "Yes," said the old man, "you won my rooster fa'r; but what in the devil did you have up ag'in' him?"

The soldiers cocked their guns and presented arms, and the old man vanished forevermore.

Civilization has won from the red man this continent; but what did civilization have up against it?

Nevertheless, the game is won; the red man is gone, and the continent is ours.

The establishment of this Improved Order of Red Men, which I have the honor to welcome to-day, is a beautiful tribute to the noble traits of character which belonged to that vanished race.

Gentlemen of the Improved Order of Red Men, I give you a cordial greeting to this Exposition. I will permit you to wear your war paint and feathers on this occasion; but if you get too gay on the "Streets of Cairo" and frighten our women and children with your faces and your war whoop as you "shoot the chute," I shall instantly turn my Gatling guns upon you and give to the world a practical illustration of the process by which your noble predecessors vacated this continent.

But I do not mean to intimate that your presence is as dangerous to "white folks" as if old Sitting Bull or Red Cloud were on the war path among us, for I doubt not that every "John Smith" in your noble order who has not already been captured and conquered by some fair "Pocahontas" is now prowling around the premises of some old "Powhatan," eager to be pierced through the heart by an arrow from Cupid's bow; for a race of white men whose prowess can vanquish a race of red men and then in turn be conquered and held in perpetual captivity by the smiles and tears of a race of fair and innocent women can always be trusted beyond the reach of the rifle, and this is glorious proof that love is mightier than either the pen or the sword.

White man give big Injun welcome—heap welcome!

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON NASHVILLE DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our matchless Centennial Jubilee, sparkling with laughter and song, murmuring with the music of bands, bubbling with the gleeful babble of happy humanity, rippling with the hum of machinery, dash-

ing in the sunshine and splashing in the shadows, still rolls on like the bright waters of a peaceful stream winding its way to the sea; and it bears upon its shining bosom the flotsam of beauty and the foam of mirth and merriment.

Many a squadron of gaudy craft, flying the fluttering emblems of liberty and peace, have floated by, with silken sails and joyous crews, like a phantom ship on a river of dreams.

But to-day the flagship *Nashville,* freighted with eternal love and bright hopes and sweet memories, and cordoned by painted keels of pleasure, gaily leads the van, the fairest galley of the fleet.

The women upon her deck are queens, beautiful as Cleopatra and chaste as Cæsar's wife. Her men are kings, susceptible as Mark Antony, but brave as Cæsar.

Nashville is the Alexandria of the Cumberland, the Rome of the "Volunteer State," the Athens of the Southern half of North America. She is the cradle of orators, the home of statesmen, the paradise of newspaper editors, in whose columns every morning the blood of Abel is on the hands of Cain, and every afternoon the *Banner* is hoisted, and there are fragments of Governors and other outlaws by the Baskette. And the *American* gets there just the same. Nashville is the central city of the central State of the central South, and she produces the best of everything that is great and glorious. She is the nursery of blooded horses. I have read the biographies of the swiftest racers in the world that were fleet as the wind; but the sons and daughters of Luke Blackburn and Iroquois say to the wind what Uncle Rastus said to the rabbit: "Git out uv de way heah, an' let somebody run whut *kin* run!" Her politicians are also reckless of wind; and with a good purse hung on the wire, a flash of lightning is an ox team compared to them.

I have seen magicians shake empty bags, and—lo!—in the twinkling of an eye they were full of gold. I marveled much at this until I learned that a Nashville politician can shake a full bag, and—lo!—in the twinkling of an eye it is empty. In view of what I know of Southern opportunities, I wonder at the famous words of Horace Greeley: "Go West, young man." I wonder still more that he did not say to the ancient, back-number politician: "Go South, Methuselah, and run for office!"

If you ask me what Nashville has ever done that was great, I answer that it is the only city in the world that ever had an Andrew Jackson and a James K. Polk; and it is the only city in history that ever inaugurated a world's fair on its own hook and triumphed, just as "Old Hickory" triumphed, by the power of native genius and energy.

Tennessee and the South will reap a golden harvest of rich results from this Exposition, and the names of Thomas and Lewis and all the splendid corps of men and women who have wrought with them will be the synonyms of courage and success to the rising generations.

Let us all rejoice in this triumph, but let us not forget that it is only the prophecy of the glorious possibilities of the future, and to realize its blessings will cost a century of merited effort. The question for Nashville and Tennessee and the whole South to solve is not whether we have climate, and water power, and timber, and lead, and zinc, and copper, and silver, and soil as rich as the valley along the Nile; the Lord God solved that question when he made the world; but the problem for us to settle is the problem of courage and energy to develop and utilize the wonderful elements of wealth and to make our country the richest country and our people the greatest and most prosperous people on the face of the earth. I do not believe that any politician or statesman was ever the advance guard of prosperity; but an intelligent, industrious citizenship, encouraged by just laws and stimulated by a liberal government, backing honest endeavor with a sufficient volume of money to meet the demands of increasing business and increasing population, will always foster contentment and happiness in the homes of the poor, as well as the rich, and will insure the perpetuity of the government itself.

There is every condition here for the upbuilding of a mighty city, teeming with a million busy people, and this splendid Exposition is an example of how it may be done. The South is the Klondike of America, without the perils of ice and snow, and it is here that the great fortunes of the future are to be made.

It will cost many long, weary years of toil to win back the billions we lost by the verdict of war, but the day will come when Dixie will be herself again.

God bless Nashville and Tennessee and our whole country!

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON MEMPHIS AND SHELBY COUNTY DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1897.

The "Queen City" of the Cumberland gladly greets this royal throng of Memphians and the sons and daughters of Shelby County to-day, and gives them welcome, thrice welcome, to the shrine of Southern hope and glory.

This greeting is not with cold and formal bows of strangers, nor with the deceitful smiles that conceal the agony of the millionaire's puffed-up family when they see their country kinsfolk, with oilcloth satchels and squeaking shoes, coming to spend a month at the Centennial; but it is with warm and rapturous welcome, as when twin sisters meet to celebrate the natal day of mother and to share alike her blessings and benedictions.

And why should not Nashville and Memphis meet to celebrate together, not only the birthday of Tennessee, but the triumphs and achievements of her sons and daughters in the first hundred years of her life? The glory of King's Mountain is Tennessee's glory, and it is the heritage of every Tennessean. The victory of New Orleans is Tennessee's victory, for the sons of Tennessee bought it with their blood and bequeathed it to the world as the priceless legacy of liberty. Old Nolachucky Jack was Tennessee's John Sevier. Old Hickory was Tennessee's Andrew Jackson. The Lone Star of Texas rose when Tennessee's mighty Sam Houston drew his sword, and Tennessee gave to Texas the peerless Davy Crockett. The thunderbolts that shattered the armies of Mexico at Monterey, Chapultepec, and Buena Vista were Tennessee's thunderbolts.

Every page in the nation's history has been enriched by the deeds of Tennesseans. If the second century of Tennessee's life is as prolific of brains and courage as the first has been, what power can prevent this matchless Commonwealth from stepping to the front as the advance guard of progress and civilization?

I do not reflect upon the old leaders in business, in the professions, and in the field of politics when I say that the twentieth century demands new men of modern mold and fresher thought to grapple with the problems which confront mankind.

Most of the old leaders of the South have crossed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees in the paradise of God. Only a little while ago I stood in Memphis at the tomb of a statesman. I saw clods fall upon his coffin, and I dropped a tear on the grave of Tennessee's great war Governor and her brilliant and faithful Senator, and I knew that the star that led us in war and peace had set forever. If Harris had lived a hundred years, he would never have been a back-number politician. He was one of the few great men of earth whose mind old age could not rust and whose courage and devotion to his country the weight of years could not crush.

As I looked upon the face of the dead, which I had so often seen all aglow with life, I was softened into a sorrow unutterable. Honor sat upon his brow, truth still lingered upon his lips; but the light of day had fled from his eyes; the shadows of the long, long night had fallen around him; Death had whispered, "Peace," and hushed the storms of life. I would not tear a single leaf from the laurel wreaths of glory that encircle the brows of the few old soldiers and statesmen who still linger among us like grand old oaks in the midst of a fallen forest; but—O!—it is beautiful to see an old man, covered with honors, retired from public office, surrounded by loving friends, lingering in the twilight of life, like a long summer evening, to be blessed by his own generation and emulated by those who follow.

In greeting Memphis and Shelby County upon this auspicious occasion, we only give them welcome to the feast of reason and flow of soul to which they themselves have contributed. We are only giving welcome to home folks and bidding them feel at home 'mid these pleasures and palaces. I have read of the dead city of Memphis on the Nile. I think its greatness and grandeur have all been transferred to the live city of Memphis on the Mississippi.

Memphis is the emporium of commerce, the greatest inland cotton market in the world. She is a city of bankers and merchants. Her lawyers can argue the blue out of the sky. Her triumvirate of great daily newspapers exemplify the different shades of popular opinion. One *Heralds* the news with a silvery trumpet; another *Appeals* to the people with Connolyan eloquence; and still another flashes its own views like a *Scimitar*.

Memphis, like all great metropolitan cities, loves variety. Sometimes she gives five thousand Democratic majority, and sometimes she carries by the skin of her teeth. Memphis is the paragon of enterprise, but now and then she enjoys a sensation. Her genius long ago banished yellow fever from her borders, not with antidotes and nostrums, but with floods of pure crystal water, spouting from her artesian wells, and with her new system of drainage, which has made her one of the most healthful spots in the world.

Her contribution to this splendid Exposition is unique and beautiful. Yonder, close by the Parthenon, stands her Pyramid, silent and solemn as a pyramid of Egypt; but it is not the habitation of mummies; within its slanting walls it is rich with the flowers of thought and the fruits of labor, and it is alive with the busy hum of modern civilization.

When I look upon the scene which greets us all to-day, my heart beats with a quick pulsation of pride that I am a Tennessean and a son of the South. It is a glorious scene. It is the bow of promise which spans the future of my country, and in the vista beyond the angel of hope beckons our people to a new era of prestige and power and to the paradise of permanent peace and prosperity.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON IRISH-AMERICAN DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, SEPTEMBER 21, 1897.

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman, sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Emmet.

If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer, and whose loyalty and devotion to the home of free government no tyrant can ever crush; and I would write under the picture " Ireland."

If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos

of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty.

Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man.

Where is the battlefield that has not been glorified by Irish courage and baptized with Irish blood? And where is the free country whose councils have not been strengthened by Irish brains and whose wealth has not been increased by Irish brawn?

Wherever the flag of war flutters, the spirit of Irish chivalry is there, panting for the battle and eager for the charge. Whether it be Wellington leading the allied armies at Waterloo, or Ney following the eagles of France; whether it be Sam Houston crushing the armies of Santa Anna at San Jacinto, or Davy Crockett courting death at the Alamo; whether it be Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, or Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville; whether it be Phil Sheridan in the saddle riding like a god of war in the thickest of the fight, or Pat Cleburne leading a forlorn hope and dying at the cannon's mouth on the breastworks of the foe, it is the same intrepid, unconquerable spirit of sublime courage which flows like a stream of inspiration from the heart of old Ireland to fire the souls of the world's greatest leaders and to burn forever on the altars of liberty.

Wherever the banner of peace is unfurled over the progressive English-speaking nations of the earth, this same irresistible Celtic blood has ever been present, shaping the destinies of empires and republics.

It warmed the heart of Edmund Burke, whose brain was a mighty loom which wove tapestries of glory for England and for mankind. It inspired the souls of Swift and Sheridan, whose dream will linger

in English literature forever, like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone. It lighted up the brain of Oliver Goldsmith, who broke out in songs sweeter than the song of the nightingale. It kindled the soul of Tom Moore into flame, and, like an angel of light from the realms of dreams, he swept the burning strings of Erin's harp, and—lo!—the whole world thrilled with its melody. The body of Tom Moore was dust long ago, but his spirit lives in his songs and breathes hope in every Irish heart and happiness in every Irish home. If I were asked why our Southern people are so impulsive, I should answer: It is not so much the effect of the climate as it is the predominance of Irish blood in our veins. It was this that fired the Irish heart of Patrick Henry to preach secession from English wrath and the power of English arms; it was this that nerved our Irish-American President, James K. Polk, to have Mexico thrashed before breakfast; it was this that woke the lion in the Irish bosom of John C. Calhoun and impelled him to thunder the doctrine of State's rights under the Constitution; and it was this which finally put the North on the pension list and the South on crutches.

An Irishman was once shipwrecked at sea, and floated on a broken spar to the shore of a strange island. He dragged himself, half dead, from the water, and confronted one of the natives.

"And have you a government here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the native.

"Well, then begorra, I'm ag'in' it!"

The Irish impulse is, first, the achievement of liberty, and, next, the determination to accomplish, at all hazards, whatever he undertakes to do.

An Irishman once came from Cork to America and hired himself to a farmer. The farmer gave him a box of axle grease, and ordered him to go and grease the wagon. In about three hours Pat returned, weary and dripping with sweat.

"Where have you been, sir?" asked the farmer.

"Oi've bin ghreasin' the wagon, Your Honor."

"And did you get it greased?" asked the farmer.

"Yis, sor; I got it ghreased all over except the things the wheels run on. I couldn't get to thim."

Ladies and gentlemen, my Irish impulse is about to plunge me into digression. I am about to grease this glorious occasion all over, except the things the wheels run on. The delightful task assigned to me is to give welcome, in the name of the Commonwealth of Tennessee, to this splendid gathering of Irish-Americans.

I am especially pleased to perform this task, because Irish blood runs in my veins. My great-grandmother was an Irish woman, and spoke the Irish brogue; her pigs grunted Irish, and her turkey gobblers strutted like Irish policemen and gobbled in the Irish tongue; and she had an old "nager," and he was Irish, too.

I am proud of the opportunity to give you welcome, because I am proud of my Irish blood; but I am prouder still that we are all American citizens, for under the ample folds of our flag the accident of birth is neither the passport to power nor a bar to the highest positions of trust and honor.

Lincoln began life as a rail splitter; Grant, as a humble tanner; Andrew Johnson, as an apprentice to a tailor; and Garfield, as a mule driver on a towpath in Ohio. But these children of poverty all rose to the presidency of the republic. I have heard it said that such men as these were self-made, but it is not true. God Almighty made them and gave them their glorious opportunities in this land of democracy and liberty. There is only one self-made man in this Union of whom I have knowledge, and that is Dr. Mary Walker—and she is Irish, too.

I trust my Irish-American friends will pardon me for leaving out of this short address the long list of Irish names whose noble deeds have illuminated all the pages of American history. It is enough to say that without our Irish names the sky of our national glory would lose half of its stars; and yet how can I give you a complete welcome without giving utterance in the same breath to the names of Grady and Father Ryan—Grady, the impassioned Southern orator, whose eloquence calmed the spirit of sectional hate and wooed the nation into the fond embrace of fraternal love and peace; Grady, who, like the morning star, blazed for a moment on the horizon, and was then lost forever from mortal eyes in the light of God's eternal day; Father Ryan, our own Irish hero and poet-priest, whose mournful melodies of despairing love for the cause that was lost and for the flag that was furled forever still melts the hearts of grizzly veterans of the South

to the tenderness of childhood; Father Ryan, the Tom Moore of Dixie, whose spirit shall keep watch over the folded Stars and Bars until the morning of the resurrection.

Ladies and gentlemen, again I give you welcome, thrice welcome.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON GERMAN-AMERICAN DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 6, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Not long ago I stood here amid a thousand fluttering flags and greeted a great throng of Irish-American citizens. The red, white, and blue, mingled with Irish green, seemed to kiss the harp of Erin and eagerly caress it, as if to conjure its silent strings until they should breathe the soul of music here as they breathed it long ago in Tara's hall.

To-day the gorgeous colors of Germany and America blend together as one flag, emblematic of the fraternity of the great empire and the republic and symbolizing the truth that these two mighty nations are bound together by the sacred ties of blood.

God bless the Fatherland, the beautiful land of the Rhine, around whose castles and templed hills there is a halo of glory which the touch of years cannot dim nor the blighting breath of passing centuries destroy! The great rulers of Germany have inscribed their names high up in the temple of fame, her statesmen have never been eclipsed, her armies are walls of bristling steel, and her navy is a floating magazine of death. She is the home of literature and the fountain of music; her universities are the beacon lights of advanced learning; her philosophers and orators, her composers and poets, are the evangels of God, who have led mankind upward to higher planes of thought and a broader horizon of happiness.

On this horizon I see the figure of Martin Luther, like an archangel, parting the clouds of gloom and revealing to a suffering world the light and hope of immortality. I hear the faint swells of distant music breaking on shadowy shores like the silver surf of some ethereal

ocean, and see the glorified faces and forms of old Beethoven and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Schubert and Handel and Wagner and Liszt, reveling in the bright world of dreams, catching melodies from the spheres and incense for the soul from the harp strings of heaven. I see Humboldt and Kant and Virchow, scaling the dizzy heights of philosophy and opening new mines of intellectual wealth for coming generations. I hear the songs of Goethe and Schiller, pouring their flood of sorrow and hope and love into the hearts and homes of all who cherish the beautiful. I see the nations of the earth tremble with terror as Frederick the Great and his victorious armies sweep like phantoms of fury across the bloody plain.

I hear the rumbling of an earthquake; I hear the thunderings of artillery and the roar of musketry; and amid the smoke and flame of battle I see old Von Moltke, the thunderbolt of Germany, shattering the armies of France at Sedan. I see a mighty upheaval, which breaks the line of kingdoms and principalities forever and establishes the German Empire as one of the first powers of the world. I see the emperor, William I., upon his throne; and proudly in the front stands Bismarck, the iron prince, whose genius and devotion to his country have rendered him immortal. I see still another star rising now above the horizon. It is the star of the dashing young emperor, William II., leading Germany, I trust, into a new century of peace and happiness.

I see these visions of glory passing in review like a panorama before me, and then I remember that the best blood of this heroic people runs in the veins of my countrymen, commingling with the best blood of almost every civilized nation under the sun; and I do not wonder that the union of all these vital elements of strength and power has given birth to a new and stronger race of people and developed a new and grander civilization here in the heart of this new world.

Ladies and gentlemen, the horizon of America's future is all aglow with hope and promise. The times are blossoming with opportunities grander than were ever dreamed of in the centuries that are gone; and there will yet ripen a harvest of statesmen, and warriors, and philosophers, and poets, and musicians, whose triumphs will drown the triumphs of the past as the rising sun drowns the stars of night in the light of the morning.

We will have Bismarcks greater than the Bismarck of Germany, and Humboldts deeper and broader than Germany's Humboldt, and from this German-American blood will spring poets whose songs will be sweeter than the songs of Goethe and Schiller. The air of America will yet be turned into music by our own German-American Mozarts and Mendelssohns and Schuberts as we go marching on.

Ladies and gentlemen, you are welcome.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA AND HIS STAFF, ON NEBRASKA AND BRYAN DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 8, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I never tire of the word " welcome." There is a world of meaning in it when it comes from the heart. It means more than we can express; and, therefore, I have condensed a whole volume of greetings into a single word, and that word is " welcome."

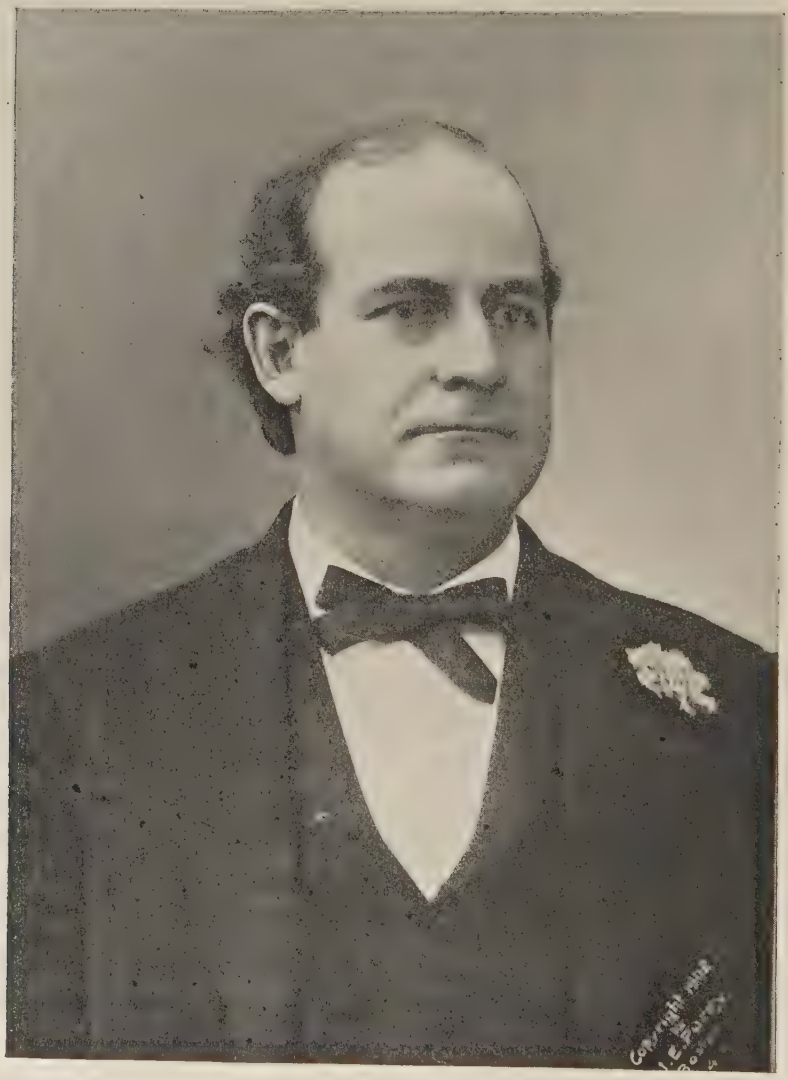
I have gathered welcomes from a million hearts in Tennessee, and have pressed them into a perfumed bombshell of smiles and kisses. I light the fuse and toss it from my lips; it explodes above this beautiful audience and scatters in the air a million sweet forget-me-nots, and they come floating down and fall into the hearts of all who love their homes and their country.

Tennessee weaves garlands of welcome for Nebraska's distinguished Governor and a laurel of welcome for Bryan, the morning star of the people's hope, who, triumphant in defeat, still calmly looks into the frowning face of centralized power and warns it that it shall not " press a crown of thorns on labor's brow, nor crucify mankind on a cross of gold."

But I would not mar the pleasure of this delightful hour, nor would I forget the proprieties of this grand occasion, by piercing golden hearts with silver arrows. And yet when the silver-tongued leader of the cause of human rights and human happiness comes among us, how can we repress our politics, and how can we silence the song:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As Bryan goes marching on!"

Ladies and gentlemen, music is the wine of the soul, and human hearts are the purple clusters from which it is pressed. If I could,



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

I would pour out my heart in song to-day, and Nebraska should drain the brimming cup.

We love Nebraska for the men she has produced; we love her for her enterprise and progress; but we love her best of all because she is the home of Bryan.

Yesterday I saw the rough riders of the world in the saddle, led by the king of the world's horsemen; and as I sat in the crowded amphitheater and beheld with swimming head the marvelous feats of these matchless equestrians in the arena below, I could scarcely keep from rising to my feet and throwing my hat in the air and shouting: "Hurrah for Nebraska, the land of statesmen and horsemen—Bryan with his silver lariat lassoing the bulls and bears of Wall street, and Cody riding swifter than the swiftest wind and shooting the stars out of their sockets!"

And as I stand here to-day and look into the face of Nebraska's splendid Governor, I wonder what it is in the soil along the Platte that develops so many noble men.

The truth is that the mighty West, with its vast fields of wheat, waving like fields of sunset gold, and its broad landscapes, rich with ripening corn, is not only the bread producer of the nation, but it is a brain producer as well; and in the future it will surely link its shield with the shield of the South, and the twain shall be one, battling for a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people;" and happiness shall dwell in the homes of the poor as well as the rich, and the sunlight of prosperity will dawn on our country and peace will reign supreme.

God bless the West and the East and the North and the South! God bless our whole country!

Again I toss bouquets of welcome to our distinguished guests, and greet them, every one, with the hope that every hour of their stay among us will be crowded with pleasures which will ripen at length into precious memories.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON CHICAGO AND ILLINOIS DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have just got in a new supply of welcomes. I have gathered them, fresh and fragrant, from the hearts of the people of Tennessee. I gave away a million to Nebraska yesterday, and I have a million left to-day for Illinois. I had a half million extra for your distinguished Governor; but, like our hopes of his coming, they have wilted. We regret the absence of the Governor of Illinois, but our disappointment is more than compensated by the presence of the bold and fearless young Mayor of Chicago and his distinguished party, whom we will honor as warmly as though there were a hundred Governors here. And in this connection I propose to mingle politics with my welcome just long enough to nominate Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, for Governor of Illinois, provided he will stick to the Chicago platform.

Now that I have performed this pleasant duty, I will proceed with my welcome. Do you see out yonder those white-columned palaces? They are yours to-day, and you are welcome to them. Do you see there the only Egyptian pyramid this side of the Nile and the only perfect Parthenon ever built since the magnificent original crumbled into ruins at Athens? Take them, with a thousand welcomes. Have you looked in upon the evidence of our recovery from the blighting flames of war, our products of brain and brawn, the flowers of our thought and the fruits of our fields, the wealth of our forests and mines? They are yours to enjoy to-day, and you are a thousand times welcome to them.

Have you seen our beautiful women, red-lipped, rose-cheeked, in whose roguish eyes whole regiments of Cupids lie in ambush, with drawn bows and poisoned arrows? Capture them if you can, young gentlemen, and welcome, heap welcome! Perhaps if you cannot capture them, they may capture you and keep you here, and you will be welcome.

Ladies and gentlemen of the city of Chicago, the great benefit you will derive from your visit to us will be the information you will gain as to the successful management of an exposition. It is true that you

had a World's Fair which was a very fair affair, but it is only fair to say that the Tennessee Centennial is the greatest fair this side of Jordan.

But if this declaration offends our honorable guests, we cheerfully withdraw it, and give Chicago the praise for having had the greatest exposition ever held on either side of Jordan, so far as we know.

But I must not forget that my theme to-day is "Welcome." We know the history of the State whose representatives are here to join us in the celebration of the birth of our State. I have seen Illinois in her beauty and glory. I have looked out from the windows of her Pullman palaces on her fertile farms dotted with happy homes. I have swept through her prosperous towns and beheld her great metropolis, with its glittering spires and shining domes, teeming with busy millions in pursuit of fortune and pleasure. I have seen the stars twinkle to the music of her machinery, while the smoke from her factories swung corners with the moonbeams in the air, and I have pondered on her progress and development. But when I read the history of the men she has produced and developed, and when I come in contact with the spirit of her people, and when I meet such representatives of her energy and government as these who surround me to-day, the mystery of her greatness is solved.

I greet this throng of Illinoisans with a hearty welcome, and I trust the honor they have done us and the help they have given us will be links of steel to bind Tennessee and Illinois together in the bonds of inseparable friendship and brotherhood forever.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 10, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Daughters of the Revolution are the daughters of liberty. Every drop of blood in their veins is royal blood. Their heritage is the continent, and they have dominion over man and beast—especially man.

A nation without heroes is a nation without a history, and a nation

without a history is a nation without patriotism, and must fall. The heroes of the world have opened the way for the triumphant march of civilization, and the nation whose people are proud of their heroic ancestry will always produce heroes.

The examples set by our Revolutionary fathers have never been improved upon; and as long as we emulate and cherish the history they made, as long as we glory in the inheritance of their blood and preserve the traditions of their valor in war and their virtues in peace, so long will America be the shrine of patriotism and the citadel of liberty.

The glorious object of your organization, as the Daughters of the American Revolution, is to keep the fires which were kindled by Washington and his heroes forever burning brightly on the hearthstones and upon the altars of our hearts. The women who lived and suffered in that dark day were as truly heroic as their husbands; and in their self-sacrifice, their modesty, their devotion to home, and their efforts to make it paradise for the men, who fought the battles and tilled the fields and wielded the ballot, they bequeathed a glorious example to the Daughters of the Revolution.

I congratulate you upon your success in awakening a deeper and stronger interest in the history of the greatest struggle that was ever fought. The results of that struggle have changed the destiny of the human race, and have advanced civilization beyond the brightest dreams of those who won the victories.

Upon the foundations which they built and cemented with their blood and tears our great republic has been established, and in order to perpetuate its blessings we must maintain the sacredness of home and the purity of public office. We must be true to our history by remaining true to our heroes.

Daughters of the American Revolution, it would be irony for me to say that you are welcome here to-day. Rather let me say: God bless you; you are welcome everywhere, and on all occasions, to all the rights you want, and to do as you please. I surrender Tennessee and Nashville and the Centennial to rulers of the world, and count myself a happy man in being accorded the privilege of remaining one of your loyal subjects.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON NEW YORK DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 12, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

New York is the "Empire State" of the Union. She is the heavy end of North America; she is the great throbbing heart of the republic, and every time she throbs the life current of the nation flows back and forth through the arteries of commerce and trade; she is the mighty whale of the Western Hemisphere, which swallows all the Jonahs who come within her reach; she is the stupendous Colossus of the world, leading in thought and straddling in politics.

The city of New York is a perpetual exposition of the triumphs of thought and industry, and one of her grandest products is men. She is the paradise of millionaires, and enjoys a considerable sprinkling of poor folks.

New York is not only great in wealth, great in population, great in all the elements of civilization, but she is great in the knowledge of where the green pastures lie. Her relations with the South remind me of an old story which has been often told. Two darkies sat on the bank of a river fishing. One was an old darky; the other was a boy. The boy got a nibble, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong in the surging waters. The old darky hesitated a moment and then plunged in after the drowning boy. He seized him by the hair and swam for the shore. There was a terrific struggle, but finally the old man succeeded in landing his half-drowned charge. A passer-by who witnessed the scene ran up and patted old Rastus on the back and said: "Old man, that was a noble deed in you to risk your life in that way to save the life of that trifling boy." "Yes, boss," said Uncle Rastus, "I was 'bliged to save that nigger; he had all de bait in his pocket!"

We love the old brother, and we open our hearts and our bottles to the distinguished Lieutenant Governor and every son of the proud Commonwealth, and every breath of the air they shall breathe while among us shall be burdened with a welcome from our people. But all of our sweetest smiles and tenderest words we reserve for the fair women of the delegation, the memory of whose visit will be to our people like the dew on the flowers long after they have departed.

Mr. Chairman, it is believed by our brethren of the North that our people here in the South are not as vigorous as we should be; that we lack the snap and push necessary for the quick and permanent growth and development of our country. But they forget that we can raise three crops of potatoes in our soil in a single season; that our cotton grows without persuasion; that we can fatten our hogs on acorns and pasture our cattle the year round. They forget that our persimmon trees yield tons of persimmons per annum, and that the 'possums hang like sugar lumps of " glory hallelujah " from the bending limbs of the aforesaid and the same.

They forget that we can labor half the time and rest the other half, and live better and happier than any other people on the face of the earth.

I think that if we could get our New York friends to see the point and furnish the money to develop us, we could soon pay the expense of the whole government, feed and clothe the entire United States, have money left to throw at the birds, and rest all the time.

There is one branch of business in which we are as vigorous as our Northern brethren, and that is politics. Our annual crop of politicians is equal to the annual crop of cotton bales—not in weight, but in numbers. Now and then we are blessed with a statesman, for many are called and but few are chosen. We produce more majors and colonels in time of peace than any other country in the world, and sometimes we raise a little of that sulphurous article which begins with " h " and ends with an " ell."

But, Mr. Chairman, whatever the difference between the North and the South may be in climate, in wealth, in conditions and environments, we are all one people, with common hopes and a common destiny; and may God bless our people of every section!

Again I implore you to feel that you are welcome to the capital of the " Old Volunteer State."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON MISSOURI DAY, AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The glorious old Commonwealth of Tennessee opened her doors last May and invited the world to her birthday party. The boys and girls, both old and young, have been swinging corners ever since to the music of cornets and fiddles, and I have stood here and called the figures until I have grown baldheaded with delight. I have pulled taffy with Presidents and Governors; I have danced with the Woman's Board, and drunk a few bumpers with the W. C. T. U., and painted the town green with the Irish.

I have whispered, "*Ich liebe du,*" to the Germans; I have eaten dog and danced the war dance with the Red Men and the coochee-coochee with the drummers, until the clock of time has struck two, reminding us that the festivities will soon be over and that the music of our Centennial Jubilee will soon die away forever. But before the cock crows for day I lead Missouri, the sweetest and fairest maiden at the dance, back into a dark corner and sit down by her, and I will hold her hand until Governor Stephens calls for "coffee and pistols for two."

But why should not Tennessee love Missouri and hold Missouri's hand? I made a speech in Springfield a few years ago to five thousand Tennesseans and their descendants of Southwest Missouri. I have clasped hands with Tennesseans throughout the length and breadth of the State, and wherever Tennesseans have settled on the soil of Missouri it has blossomed like the rose. The finest cattle I ever saw were in Missouri; the finest hogs that grunt, grow and grunt in Missouri. There are no richer fields on earth; there is no fairer land. St. Louis is an ideal city, Missouri is my ideal of a State, and Governor Stephens is the diamond pin on the shirt bosom of the West. Long may he sparkle in the light of the people's smiles, and long may the people smile while he sparkles, so that there will be nothing but smiles and sparkles and sparkles and smiles until the angels shall steal him away to sparkle forever in the bright, bright Missouri of the sweet by and by.

I have seen political pantaloons as large and coats as broad and ample, but Missouri wears the biggest Vest of any State in the Union.

Ladies and gentlemen, for every gallon of mud and water in the Missouri River there is a welcome in Tennessee for the sons and daughters of Missouri, for every bushel of wheat there is a blessing, and for every ear of corn a benediction. For every glorious shower Missouri sends us, we send her back a burst of sunshine.

I think the greatest achievement that our splendid Exposition has accomplished is the establishment of stronger ties of friendship between the States of the Union and the strengthening of our love and devotion for our country. I believe in the brotherhood of mankind; and the nearer we approach it, the nearer we shall come to universal peace and universal happiness; for the fruit of peace is happiness, and happiness is the ultimate object of human thought and human labor.

Again I give greetings to the distinguished representatives of our sister State and bid them be happy on Tennessee soil, and may God bless our whole country with peace and happiness!

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR, ON VERMONT DAY, AT TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL, OCTOBER 18, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

About a third of a century ago we gave Vermont a very warm welcome to Dixie. We threw her bouquets from the cannon's mouth, and she acknowledged the compliment with a tongue of fire, which was not only eloquent, but persuasive.

But, thank God, the greetings of civil strife are forever behind us, and we are about to step over the threshold of a new century, a reunited people, with the North and the South clasping hands and pledging to each other eternal friendship and brotherhood.

Tennessee greets Vermont to-day, not with bombshells and bayonets, but with blessings and benedictions; not with the bugle blast of battle, but with the melodies of peace; not with smoke and fire, but

with sugar and fire water; not with cold steel, but with hot biscuit and Southern hospitality. Our distinguished guests may not find themselves surrounded here with all the comforts and elegancies which the great wealth of New England provides for them at home, but they will find warm hearts and cordial welcomes everywhere and good will and fraternal feeling among our people.

I pledge them, further, that they shall see a revelation here. They shall be the witnesses of our triumphs in peace, as they were of our valor in war. They shall see how the South has arisen from her ashes by the courage and energy of her citizenship. We will show them within the gates of this White City the epitome of our history and the prophecy of our future wealth and glory. If I could, I would escort the splendid Governor of Vermont and his delightful party all over the South, that they might see the victories we are winning along all the lines of industry and the harvests we are reaping in every field of labor, so that they might sit down around their New England firesides, when winter locks them in, and think of our sunny Southern skies and our snowy cotton fields, stretching away to the horizon, alive with toiling negroes, gathering the fleecy crop and singing the old-time plantation songs as they used to sing them long ago; that they might think of our increasing wealth and population, of our wonderful progress in education, and of our universal loyalty to the Christian religion; that they might remember us as a law-abiding, liberty-loving people, loyal to the government and in the Union to stay. And then they might, perhaps, determine to bid adieu to the icicles and blizzards and Boston baked beans of New England and cast their lot in the beautiful land of majors and colonels, where the magnolias bloom and the mocking birds sing, and where sunshine and salvation are free.

But since I cannot show them the whole South, it gives me more pleasure than I can express to receive them and to welcome them to the garden spot of the Western Hemisphere, my own, my native land—Tennessee.

ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR ON GOVERNOR'S DAY, AT THE STREET FAIR AND TRADE CARNIVAL, AT KNOXVILLE, OCTOBER 13, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have gladly broken away from the capital of the State to join in Knoxville's jubilee.

I have deserted the festivities of the Centennial to mingle for a day with people I love better than all other people and to participate with them in their carnival of peace. I have watched with increasing pride and pleasure the wonderful evidences of our country's growth and development, blossoming within the white walls of our great Exposition at Nashville. But the flowers and fruits of thought and labor, which delight me most, are blossoming and ripening here to-day within the granite walls of my native mountains. They delight me most, because they bloom and ripen at the door of home.

To every man who has a heart, home is the dearest, sweetest spot on earth. Home is our shelter from the storms of life. Its voices are the echoes of love. Its smiles are the shadows of heaven. The touch of loving lips, the tender twining of arms about our neck, the mirth and music of home, are all that is left us of the Paradise that vanished like a shattered dream from mortal eyes and mortal hearts long ago.

I do not know why it is, but the mountaineer loves his home, be it ever so humble, with a stronger devotion than any other type of the human race. Though he may roam "'mid pleasures and palaces," the image of his native rocks and rills and templed hills, and the memories of the friendships and loves, and the rifle and the liberty of the forest, which gladdened his youth, will appear in his dreams by night and linger in his thoughts by day.

For twenty years I have wandered in the wide, wide world. I have witnessed triumphs of modern civilization which almost blinded me; I have viewed the mighty cities of this continent, ablaze with lights and teeming with anxious millions in search of happiness; I have sat in banquet halls under the glow of glittering chandeliers, where music flowed, and wine sparkled, and laughter melted into maudlin song; I have seen pomp and pride and haughty wealth and jeweled beauty

parade in splendor before their worshipers; I have sat in the national council and heard the voice of eloquence rise and fall like the tempest-tossed wave of the sea; I have three times worn the highest honor in the gift of the people of my native State; but there is only one retreat where I have ever found rest from the flattery of hollow hearts—rest from the ingratitude of politics, rest from the thorns of ambition, rest from the struggles of life, rest from the allurements of earthly glory; that retreat is my humble home, nestling far up among the shadows of the mountains, where the bees gather honey from the poplar blossoms, where the voices of happiness echo in the sweet solitudes, and where brawling brooks, leaping from lofty heights, break into pearls and silvery foam and ripple on to the rivers in eternal melody.

I have seen States broader in territory and larger in wealth, but none that can boast of braver men or fairer women than ours. I have seen greater cities, but none more hospitable than ours. Taken altogether, I do not think there is a State under the American sky that can compare with ours.

Tennessee is the sixteenth daughter of the Goddess of Liberty; and when she was born, a new star rose and blazed so brightly on the American flag that the other stars turned pale in the presence of her beauty, and the stripes reddened with the deeper crimson and flouted the glad air with joy. She has grown up to be the loveliest princess of the South. She pillows her head on her own shadowy mountains, the stars pin back the curtains of the blue sky above her, and the angels peep through and smile at her delight, as she tucks her snowy wrapper to her knees and dabbles her dimpled feet in the bright waters of the Mississippi. No wonder the outside world has fallen in love with Tennessee, for she is the sweetest little darling in the family.

All the old bald-headed States in the Union have made love to her this summer, and kings and princesses have sent her tender messages. But all the wealth of the East and all the broad empire of the West could not buy the heart and hand of Tennessee. She is the bride of Tennesseans, who would spill the last drop of their blood in defense of her honor and for the protection of her name.

When I read the history of Tennessee and the glorious record she has made in a single century, I almost wish I could live through the coming century to witness the triumphs which await her. This great

valley of East Tennessee will be a glittering chain of cities and splendid towns for two hundred and fifty miles, and the sky of night will be red with the reflection of light from her furnaces and factories, and she will be the center of population and the richest country in the world. She will sit on her seven hundred hills, and Knoxville will be the hub of her glory. Gay street will reach from Clinton to Maryville. The University of Tennessee will be the greatest institution of learning on the continent, and there will be a carnival every day in the year except the holy Sabbath. Tatom will send out a million copies of the *Daily Tribune*. Rule will be an angel, the women will vote, and I think the millennium will be near at hand.

It is not so much wealth and mineral development that constitutes the greatness of a State as it is the brain and heart of those who make wealth and build States. It is not so much what we have, but what we are, that will give to our history its enduring luster and impress our greatness on coming generations.

Riches will perish and even our cities will crumble into ruins, but our patriotism and love of truth and our noble deeds for country and humanity will survive the wreck of nations.

I bow to the prophet of the Smokies and to all the glittering hosts that follow him, and I trust that his advent here at the threshold of the twentieth century will herald the dawn of a new era of happiness and prosperity for Knoxville and for this beautiful land of the mountains.

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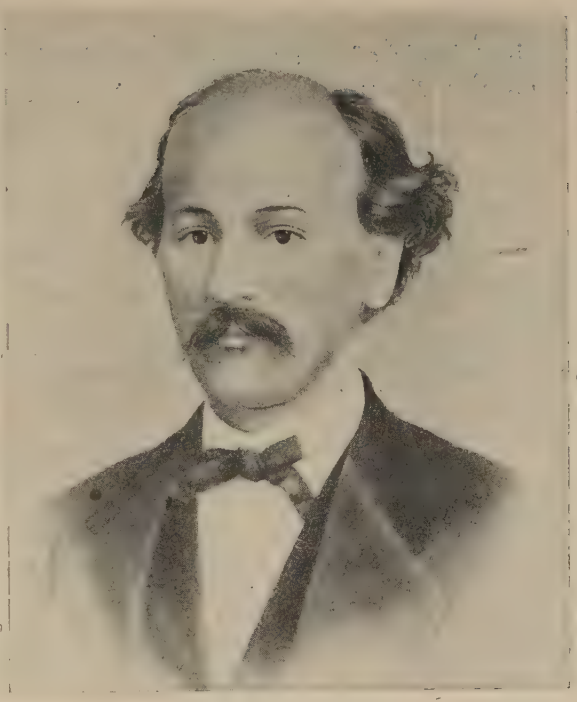
ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES OF HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS, IN THE AUDITORIUM AT MEMPHIS, TENN., NOVEMBER 21, 1897.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I come to drop a flower of love and reverence on the grave of Isham G. Harris in the name of the State which he served so long and so well. If all the noble deeds he has done for his country and for his fellow-man were flowers, I could gather a million roses from the

hearts of Tennesseans to-night. Whatever else may be said of him, he was an honest man. His heart was the tempe of truth, and his lips were its oracles. He loved his native land, and loyalty to duty was his creed. He lived a long and stormy life; he died a hero.



ISHAM G. HARRIS.

The summons came to him in the triumphant hour of the State, when the Centennial bells were ringing out the old century and ringing in the new. In the glorious noontide of Tennessee's joyful jubilee, when the trumpets of peace were pouring out the soul of music on the summer air, he heard the solemn call of another trumpet, which drowned all the melodies of this world. He saw the shadow of an invisible wing sweep across his pillow, a pallor came over his face, his heart forgot to beat, there was only a gasp, a sigh, a whispered, "I am tired," and tired eyelids were drawn like purple curtains over tired eyes, tired lips were closed forever, tired hands were folded on a motionless breast.

The mystery of life was veiled in the mystery of death. What is life? What is death? To-day we hear a bird singing in the tree top; they tell us that is life. To-morrow the bird lies cold and stiff at the root of the tree; it will sing its song no more; they tell us that is death. A babe is born into the world; it opens its glad eyes to the light of day and smiles in the face of its loving mother; and they tell us that is life. The child wanders from the cradle into the sweet fairyland of youth, and dreams among its flowers. But soon youth wakes into manhood, and his soul is afire with ambition. He rushes into the struggle of real life, and wins his way from the log cabin to

the gubernatorial chair. The lightnings begin to leap from the gathering clouds of war, the thunders begin to fall around him; but he stands like a lion at his post; and when the dreadful shock at Shiloh comes, where the flower of Tennessee are rushing to glory and the grave, through the rifted smoke I see him kneeling on the bloody field, with the peerless Albert Sidney Johnston dying in his arms.

At last his flag goes down in blood and tears; he is exiled from his country. But the clouds soon clear away, and he returns in triumph, to be clothed by the people with greater power than ever before and to sit like an uncrowned king in the highest council of the nation until his raven locks turn white as snow.

But the scene shifts again; and as we are called from our revelry to stand around the coffin of our matchless Senator, there are tear stains on the cheeks of merriment and mourning muffles mirth. They tell us that is death. The song of the bird is the soul of melody, and the laughter of the child is the melody of the soul.

The joys of youth are the blossoms of hope. Manhood gathers the golden fruits. But death robs the bird of its song, and steals laughter from the lips of childhood. Death plucks the blossom of youth and turns the golden fruits of manhood to ashes on the lips of age.

Poor bird, is there no brighter clime where thy sweet spirit shall sing forever in the tree of life? Poor child, is there no better world where the soul shall wake and smile in the face of God? Poor tired man, is it all of life to live? Is it all of death to die? Is there not a heaven where thy tottering age shall find immortal youth and where immortal life shall glorify thy face? It must be so; it must be so.

> "A solemn murmur in the soul tells of a world to be,
> As travelers hear the billows roll, before they reach the sea."

There must be a God. We look up through the telescope into the blue infinite and catch glimpses of his glory. We see millions of suns, flaming like archangels on the frontier of stellar space. And still beyond we see on ten thousand fields of light, crowns and shields and spiral wreaths of stars, islands and continents of suns, floating on boundless opal seas. And are there no worlds like ours wheeling around these suns? Are there no eyes but ours to see those floods of light? Are there no sails on those far-away summer seas, no wings to cleave those crystal airs?

Surely there cannot be a universe of suns without a universe of worlds, and reason teaches us that there cannot be a universe of worlds desolate of life.

We turn from the telescope and look down through the microscope, and it reveals in a single drop of water a tiny world teeming with animal life, with forms as perfect as the human body, yet invisible to the naked eye. It cannot be denied that some power beyond this world created them. We know that some power beyond this world created us. We know that they must perish and that we must die, and we know that the power which created them and us and the stars above us lives on forever.

Therefore, somewhere beyond this world there is infinite power and eternal life. The blessed Christ, who whispered " Peace " to the troubled waters of Galilee, has whispered " Peace " to the troubled soul of the departed Senator. There his tired eyes have opened to the light of a blissful immortality.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR ON PRESENTING A FLAG TO THE FOURTH TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS, NOVEMBER, 1898, AT KNOXVILLE.

The most striking and picturesque figure in all history is that of a lean and sinewy old man, with long hair and chin whiskers, and wearing an old-fashioned plug hat. His pantaloons are in stripes of red and white, and his blue swallow-tail coat is bespangled with stars. He is the personification of the United States, and we call him Uncle Sam.

He is the composite of the wildcat and the cooing dove, the lion and the lamb, and " summer evening's latest sigh that shuts the rose." He is the embodiment of all that is most terrible. The world stands appalled at his wonderful power and bows in admiration to his matchless magnanimity.

He is the tallest figure on this mundane sphere; and when he steps across the continent and sits down on Pike's Peak and snorts in his handkerchief of red, white, and blue, the earth quakes and the monarchs tremble on their thrones. From the peaceful walks of life he

can mobilize a mighty army in sixty days, and in ninety days he can destroy a powerful navy and demolish an empire. He is boss of the Western Hemisphere, Sheriff of Cuba, Justice of the Peace of Porto Rico, and guardian *ad litem* of the Philippine Islands. He is as brave as Cæsar and as meek as Moses.

He is as fierce as a tiger and as cool as a cucumber. He wears the tail feathers of the eagle of France in his hat and the scalp of Mexico in his belt. He laughs at the roar of the Russian bear, and is always ready for a schooner of German beer.

All that is left of Spain is her "honah," since her combat with Uncle Sam. No longer the lion of England roars at our door, but the twain now stand together for liberty and humanity.

Officers and soldiers of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers, you are a part of Uncle Sam; and in the name of seventy millions of his nephews and nieces, and especially in the name of his favorite kinsfolk in this beautiful city, I present you this flag. Behold its beautiful colors! The red-lipped girls of Tennessee have kissed it, and, lo, these crimson stripes! They have pressed it to their innocent hearts, and, lo, these stripes of snow! Your mothers, and wives, and sisters, and sweethearts have looked upon it and sanctified it with their prayers and blessings, and, lo, this azure field of radiant stars, the symbol of hope and love, and tokens of truth and loyalty! Take these gorgeous colors from these loving hands, and GOD BLESS YOU.

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ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF NASHVILLE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND CAPTAIN MAYNARD TO THAT CITY, DECEMBER 16, 1898.

Your Majesties, My Little Kings and Queens:

I stand in your royal presence to-day with uncovered head to present to you two of your renowned subjects who have come to pay homage to Your Majesties.

I address you as kings and queens because you are monarchs of our homes and rulers of our hearts. You are the autocrats of the break-

fast table and the dinner table and the supper table, and you are the terror of your grown-up sisters and their sweethearts. You are the czars and czarinas of the hearthstones, and all the old daddies and mammies are your willing slaves. But your yoke is easy, for it is the twining of tender arms; your burden is light, for it is the burden of love.

Two heroes come to you, fresh from seas of glory, to receive the laurel wreath of your blessings and benedictions. One of them uncorked the first bombshell of the War with Spain from the frowning deck of the gunboat Nashville; the other bottled up the enemy with the Merrimac in Santiago Bay.

They are both corkers and uncorkers. They are the corkscrews of Uncle Sam, and that's what's the matter with Spain.

Tennessee and Alabama are proud of their noble sons, and every patriotic bosom heaves a welcome to them. Every little heart that beats in this dimpled sea of mirth and beauty throbs a welcome to our heroes; every sunny curl and raven lock waves a greeting; every bright eye beams with love and gratitude.

No sweeter tribute was ever paid to men than that which comes sparkling and bubbling from the innocent soul of childhood. No wonder the Savior said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Tennessee gives her first welcome to her distinguished guests through the lips of her little children, because it is the purest and best. She welcomes them with love, laughter, and song.

When I was a barefooted boy, I used to study the pictures of battles and listen to the stories of heroic deeds until my cheeks burned with excitement and my heart went flippity-flop. I would have given all my treasures of marbles and toys and everything else, down to the patches on my breeches and the rag on my sore toe, to be a hero. And, sure enough, my opportunity came. When the Civil War burst upon our country, I was a ten-year-old lad, and had never heard a harsher sound than a hen cackle or the hoot of an owl. But at the age of twelve I became a hero, and lost my hair in the battle of Taylor's Ford, on the bank of the beautiful Watauga River. When I discovered the enemy approaching, I pulled off my little wool hat and

"hit the dim and shadowy distance like Nancy Hanks," and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Who knows but that if Captain Maynard and Lieutenant Hobson, at the age of twelve and under those circumstances, had met the foe, they would have broken my record as a running hero? But the fears of childhood vanish from the heart of the man; and while the valor of my manhood was "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," the courage of these two young men has been witnessed and applauded by the whole world.

The struggle with Spain was short and decisive. Our splendid navy, manned by them and their gallant comrades, hovered like a stormcloud on the horizon and burst upon the foe, and there was nothing left but the burning wrecks of Spain's battleships and her army rolling back in dismay and defeat.

Captain Maynard and Lieutenant Hobson, I present you a bouquet of rosebuds—the children of Tennessee.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND CAPTAIN MAYNARD ON THEIR VISIT TO NASHVILLE, DECEMBER 16, 1898.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The eyes of the whole world are turned upon this great republic of civil liberty, as in its marvelous strength and power it pulls down the flags of monarchies all around its borders and glorifies the islands of the sea with its own broad stripes and bright stars.

The great powers of the earth are wondering how a nation of such proportions and a government of such resistless force could be developed within the circle of a single century. They see old theories of government exploded here, old creeds shrinking before the religion of Christ, and old philosophies vanishing like the mist of morning before the sunlight of a new and glorious civilization; but the story has not half been told. If I could draw back the curtain of the future, I would show to these wondering nations still greater triumphs and still more marvelous achievements; I would show them America con-

trolling the trade of the world; I would show them American commerce spreading its white wings above the billows and flying from ocean to ocean through the peaceful portals of the Nicaraguan Canal;

RICHMOND P. HOBSON.

I would show them Cuba, the weeping child of the sea, bursting into laughter and song in the loving arms of liberty, and Porto Rico, the blushing beauty of the Atlantic, smiling beneath the folds of the American flag. But beyond Cuba and Porto Rico, I seek not to penetrate the veil. On the Philippines I would let the curtain fall.

The glory of our nation is the blossoming of freedom, and freedom sprang from the blood of heroes. No wonder we twine the laurel wreath and turn the air into music; no wonder we greet, with open arms and overflowing hearts, our heroes when they come.

Whenever we shall forget the sacrifices they have made and the suffering they have endured; whenever we shall cease to scatter flowers over the graves of the dead and weave garlands for the living; whenever we shall grow weary of honoring the scars of valor and applauding the knightly courage of men who, for the sake of humanity, face death at the cannon's mouth, our glory will fade and freedom will perish among its worshipers.

To-night the feet of heroes are pressing the sacred soil of Tennessee—sacred because it is sanctified with the blood of as brave men as ever faced a foe. One of these heroes was born on this soil; but, while yet in his youth, destiny led him from his native mountains to win his laurels on the ocean wave, and the first shot of the War with Spain was fired by a Tennessean from the frowning deck of the gunboat which bears the name of Nashville.

Captain Maynard, Tennessee welcomes you to her warm, throbbing heart, as a proud old mother receives her darling boy.

Lieutenant Hobson, I wish I could spin the feelings of our people into shining threads and weave them into words to express our admiration of your courage and our love to you. There is only an imaginary line between Tennessee and Alabama. Alabama's sons are Tennessee's sons, and Tennessee's boys are Alabama's boys.

Tennessee would fight any day for Alabama, and I know that Alabama would fight for Tennessee. We are all one people, and the honor of one State is the glory of the other. I hope that Tennessee's gallant Maynard and Alabama's brave Hobson will live through many years to come to enjoy the blessings and benedictions of all the people of our whole country; and when they die and their bodies shall be buried out of sight—like the Merrimac—I hope their spirits will be wafted to heaven on the shining deck of the spirit boat Nashville.

"Come to the bridal chamber, death;
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her firstborn's breath;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm—
And thou art terrible;
But to the hero, when his sword
Hath won the battles of the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

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SPEECH DELIVERED BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR AT THE STATE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT DALLAS, TEXAS, NOVEMBER, 1897.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Did you ever rise from your slumber early enough to witness the dawn of day, when the Morning comes forth from her palace in the sun and unfurls her banners of light on the horizon and hides the morning star in her bosom? That is the emblem of the glory of Texas. How many times have you sat on your veranda in the hush of the dying day and watched the cloud isles of twilight drifting in seas of sunset gold? That is the symbol of the harvest time in Texas, and the Milky Way is the shadow on the heaven of her cotton fields; and the angels dip water from the artesian wells with the dipper of stars which hangs on the sky, and the man in the moon is the shining picture of Governor Culberson.

I have thought many times that I would make a pilgrimage across Texas from her eastern line to her western boundary, but her domain was too wide and life was too short. The engine always fainted from exhaustion; tarantulas got in the whisky, and I sighed to rest me again in the bosom of Dallas—Dallas, the beautiful butterfly of the Southwest, under whose bright wings the broad prairies bloom with perpetual peace and plenty.

I can understand why so many longing eyes turn to Texas, and why so many weary hearts sigh for rest in Dallas. One is an empire of glory, and the other is the glory of the empire.

Texas is the largest waffle on the griddle of North America. She is sweetened with the honey of happiness pouring from the bung-hole of prosperity and buttered with pure Democracy. Woe to the prince or potentate who sticks a fork in Texas! Mexico tried it once, and bent double with a spell of San Jacinto.

The honey of Texas is poison to tyrants, and her bees sting to death the invaders of her soil; but to those who love her and are loyal to the lone star that lights the pathway of her destiny, her cities and towns and hamlets and homes are beehives of hospitality, rich with the honeycomb of smiles and welcomes.

The land of Jackson sends greetings to the land of Houston. May God bless Tennessee, and may God bless Texas! When I was a bare-footed boy away up among the mountains, where Nature sings her sweetest song and brawling brooks laugh in the sunshine and dance in the shadows, I used to sit on the bank of the river and watch the caravans of covered wagons creeping like mammoth snails, with their shells on their backs, southward to the wilderness of Texas. I did not dream then that the ragged, rosy-cheeked children who crowded under the wagon covers were the prophecies of the wealth and power and glory of the greatest empire that was ever born on this continent. But so it was. The caravans landed their precious freight in the wilds of Texas. The blue smoke began to curl upward from the cabins of the pioneers; the burnished plowshare began to slice from the broad prairies like a hot knife slicing a continent of Jersey butter; the reaper, like a phantom ship, began to sweep across amber seas of grain; the Texans who had read Milton's "Paradise Lost" began to talk about Paradise regained; the little ragged, candy-haired children grew up into a race of the fairest women and the bravest men that the sun in heaven ever shone upon; they married the sons and daughters of the heroes who had won the independence of Texas, and there were more cabins on the prairie; and another generation was born whose valor and strength have given increased power to this mighty Commonwealth.

The spirit of the Alamo glorifies the brow of manhood, and the blood of San Jacinto warms the heart of courage and reddens the cheek of beauty here to-day. The dark-visaged demon of savage hate which once lighted the torch and brandished the scalping knife and

spread his flaming wings on the horizon has vanished from Texas forever. The white-crested billows of Mexican wrath which once rolled up from the south and then rolled back again, crimsoned with blood, were calmed long ago, and the angel of peace is hovering over the land.

Texas and Tennessee worship together and rejoice as one pople in the triumphs of the past and the promises of the future.

A new era of industrial growth and intellectual development is breaking like the glory of the morning upon us. The symphonies and hallelujahs of our Centennial Jubilee at Nashville are still falling like the soft waves of a summer ocean upon the glad hills of Tennessee, and the reviving South is listening with unutterable rapture to the great industrial song of Texas; and the symphonies and hallelujahs of Tennessee and the triumphant songs of Texas are mingling in one grand anthem of praise to God, like the joyous waters of many rivers that meet and flow together and sing on to the sea. I have stood on the platform of the great auditorium, amid the statues, and columns, and domes, and pyramids of our splendid Exposition at home, and I have welcomed a million people to the bosom of my native State. There I have watched sectional lines melt away; there I have seen sectional ignorance enlightened and sectional hate disarmed; there I have seen sectional prejudice transformed into national pride and patriotism; there I have seen the North and East look with astonishment upon our progress and our miraculous recovery from the ruins of war, and I have heard them pledge their eternal friendship and fraternal love; there I have seen the West come to do us honor, and then go away to her rich farms and contented homes with new and happier memories of our people and with new and better ideas of our country; there I have seen our own sweet sunny South drain the brimming cup of joy, and return to her cotton bales, and fruits, and flowers, with new luster in her eye and new hope in her heart; there I have witnessed a sure and steady step toward the universal brotherhood of man. May God grant that the light of such a morning may soon break upon this world. But I have stolen away from the festivities of old Tennessee in the evening of her great jubilee to swing corners with Texas, the dark-eyed queen of the South. The greatest grievance which we have against Texas lies in the fact that we have loaned her thousands of our bravest men and loveliest women, and she has

never returned our jewels except upon the requisition of the Governor, when Tennessee has tenderly sung to Texas: "O, where is my wandering boy to-night?"

My wandering friends from Tennessee, when I go back to the land of your nativity and view the blue mountains in the springtime and summer, which change to bouquets of purple and gold in autumn, to billows of snow in winter; when I watch with ecstasy the shining streams dashing down through the valleys; when I feel the cold breath of the shadowy gorges upon my brow; when I wander among the green hills and quench my thirst from bubbling springs and feast my soul upon the beauty of gorgeous landscapes, and look down through glassy waters and behold a bending sky as soft and blue and radiant with trembling stars as that which bends above, I wonder what mysterious power it is that charms our people from such a land. But when I cross the border of this cloudless, happy clime, where a new world reveals its charms to mankind and invites the caresses of ambition and the homage of honest endeavor, and where opportunities illuminate the palaces of fortune and the temple of fame, the mystery is solved. When I look upon your colleges and universities and your magnificent cities and splendid towns, and behold there the unmistakable evidence of thrift and the rapid transitions from poverty to prosperity; when I look into the smiling faces of your people and see the shadows of heaven in every smile, I almost feel a pang of regret that I am not a Texan, for surely this is the land of promise to those who dream of the glory of wealth and the splendor of fortune. To the farmer it is the garden of Eden; to the politician it is pumpkin pie; to the lawyer it is a large slice of the aforesaid and the same; to the doctor it is full of the paths of glory that lead but to the grave; to the merchant it is Klondike; and to the preacher it is "glory hallelujah."

Not long ago I swung around the circle in Texas, and I discovered that Tennesseans were either holding all the offices or were smiling with sweet prospects of the aforesaid and the same. About every other man I met had been safely inducted into the golden slippers of official power; and when I confronted the old familiar Tennessee grin, almost invariably this conversation passed between us:

"Hello, old fellow! When did you come to Texas?"

"About two years ago," quoth he.

"And how are you getting along?" queried I.

"Powerful fine," he answered, amid his smiles.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked.

"Gosh, I am County Judge!"

But, ladies and gentlemen, if I should recount the long list of heroes and statesmen who came to your State from the grand old Commonwealth which I represent here to-day, I am sure that you would agree with me that Tennessee is entitled to the honors which she receives from Texas.

I congratulate your people upon this magnificent exhibition of the fruits of your industry and the products of your soil, and trust that as the years roll by you will grow in population and wealth and power until Texas shall be not only the pride of the South, but of the whole country.

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SPEECH DELIVERED BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF HON. ZEBULON B. VANCE, MAY 10, 1898, AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I come to join you in paying the last tribute of honor and love to a man whose life was a burst of sunshine to his people and a blessing to his country.

When Zebulon B. Vance was born, the angels smiled, his mother pressed him to her bosom and smiled, and when he began to toddle from the door of his happy home, prattling to the birds and chasing the butterflies from flower to flower, all who saw him smiled; and soon smiles burst into laughter and followed in his footsteps and cheered him all along the journey of life, from the humble cottage among the Carolina hills to the magnificent capital of the republic, where he sat in the highest council of the nation, crowned with honors and blessed with the love and confidence of the State which he so grandly and nobly represented, until Death entered the Senate Chamber and laid his icy hand upon the throbbing heart of mirth and turned laughter into tears.

Never again will his people be entranced by his eloquence; never again will the enraptured multitude listen to the music of his voice; never again will solemn Senators turn away from their dignity to delight in the glow of his genial spirit. The warmth of joy has departed from his lips, and the light of life has vanished from his eyes. The star that once shed glory on the "Old North State" has set forever. A coffin, a winding sheet, and six feet by two of Mother Earth, a monument and precious memories, are all that is left of the orator and actor, the humanitarian, the statesman and patriot, the pride of his countrymen, the idol of his country.

ZEBULON B. VANCE.

The book of his destiny is sealed; his pilgrimage between the two eternities has ended in the tomb. The angel of death has stopped the pendulum that vibrated in his bosom, but let us rejoice in the hope that his soul now swings to and fro on angel wings in the paradise of God.

It would be presumptuous folly for me to parade in your presence to-day the noble traits of his character and the thrilling events of his life which have enriched the history of his State and made his name immortal. They are thoroughly known to all.

When I was a barefooted boy, romping among the hills of Tennessee, the first news of his fame and the tidings of his marvelous campaigns used to come floating over the mountains and rippling with laughter into the homes of our people. The boys learned his yarns

and rolled on the floor with merriment; the old ladies sat at the fireside and cackled at his anecdotes; and the sturdy old farmers listened to his stories in the fields, and stopped their plows to laugh. His name was on the lips of all as the Apostle of Sunshine and the Disciple of Human Happiness. No power ever checked the triumphal march of the young mountaineer to the glorious destiny which awaited him. No political foe ever withstood his wit and humor and logic and matchless eloquence. They were his passports to the Legislature and to Congress while yet a youth in his twenties; and as he grew older, his power developed, his wings grew stronger, and he became one of the leading spirits of his section. His popularity was unparalleled, his influence was invincible, and he sat at last as the great war Governor of North Carolina until the war ended, when the doors of the United States Senate opened to receive him, where he served his people faithfully until the day of his death.

Through all his long and brilliant career his love of humanity never waned and his devotion for his country never cooled. Always ready with a charming story to tell, always quick at repartee, always brimful of fun, he was the great laugh producer and side splitter of the South; and yet his logic was as convincing as the sword of Stonewall Jackson at Manassas or as the guns of Dewey at Manila. He was as honest as Davis, as humorous as Lincoln, as eloquent as Daniels, as true to the hopes that perished at Appomattox as Gordon and Forrest, and afterwards as loyal to the Union as Wheeler and Lee, who now wear the blue.

Senator Vance was a splendid thinker and a statesman of rare ability; but he always looked on the bright side of things, and no music was half so sweet to him as the songs and laughter of the merry throng of country folks who gathered about him on every occasion with shouts and hallelujahs to while away the happy hours. And thus his busy life was spent in adding to the sum of human happiness.

There is a prevailing opinion in the world that those who have the power to make others laugh, and who dare to light temples of thought with windows of fun, are weak and shallow, and ought not to wield the scepter of the ruler or sit in the councils of a nation. But I have never been able to fathom the wisdom of such a philosophy. I do not believe that a heart of ice is always the badge of a mighty brain.

I do not believe that a frowning brow is always the token of wisdom. It is true that some great men frown, but all who frown are not great. It is equally true that a few great men laugh, but it must be confessed that all who laugh are not great. But I would rather trust my life and liberty in the hands of a laughing fool than in the hands of a frowning tyrant.

Nations do not suffer when their rulers sincerely smile and govern with love and mercy; but God pity the land whose ruler frowns and rules with an iron rod, and God pity the ruler himself, for the harvest of his frowns is death.

The frowns of Cæsar made nations quake; but the harvest of his frowns was daggers, concealed under the cloaks of shuddering Romans, until the blood of Cæsar dripped from the blade of treason in the corridor of the Roman Capitol.

Napoleon frowned, and the world trembled; but his frowns were only the prophecies of Waterloo, which left the flower of France lying dead in pools of blood, while the uncrowned and unthroned Napoleon wandered aimlessly on the battlefield, the "somnambulist of a vast shattered dream."

The life of Washington eclipses the glory of Cæsar, and the beautiful reign of Victoria outshines the romantic record of Napoleon's rise and fall.

Bismarck was called the "Iron Prince," but it cost broken hearts and libations of blood to build the throne and cement the empire of Germany. Glory encircles the brow of Bismarck, and yet the humblest German peasant who scatters sunshine with his songs and dries the tears of sorrow with his smiles will sleep sweeter to-night in his humble cot than the "Iron Prince" in his castle. I have come to believe that happiness does not often dwell in a palace, for the bubbling soul of laughter does not sit upon the throne of the king, and from the mirthless heart of a tyrant the milk of human kindness never flows.

Where there is no laughter, there is no genuine love; where there is no love, life is a desert of evil; where virtue trembles to tread, where hope falters, where happiness is crucified, music is banished from its joyless air, and all that lies beyond is a voiceless shore and a starless sky.

Laughter and love and hope and happiness are the companions of pleasure, the patrons and allies of civilization, the handmaids of religion, the evangels of God. They are the guardian angels of every Christian home, the guiding star of every nation's destiny. They fondle the child in its cradle, they linger with frolicsome youth, they minister to struggling manhood and soothe the pillow of age.

I would rather be the humblest among those who have given hope to the hopeless and happiness to the distressed of my race than to live in history as a conqueror, with my hands stained with innocent blood; I would rather have my name written among those who have loved their fellow-man than to wear the laurels that encircle the brow of the " Iron Prince; " I would rather sleep in some quiet churchyard, unknown and unremembered, save by those in whose hearts I have scattered seeds of kindness and upon whose lips I have conjured smiles of joy, than to be confined in a sarcophagus of gold, with desolate homes as my monuments and widows and orphans as living witnesses of my glory.

There is a mighty stream, whose waters are as warm as a summer's day, which flows noiselessly as the sunshine through the turbulent waters of the ocean. It carries on its heaving current health and warmth and life to half the world. It weaves for England a chaplet of verdure and flowers, it crowns green Erin with the shamrock and rose, and flings a mantle of perpetual beauty on the vine-clad hills of France. Its soft airs linger around the Orkney Isles and make them a cluster of sunny jewels in the midst of inhospitable seas; and still bearing in its bosom that kindlier nature born of brighter climes, it breathes in mercy on shores that touch the frozen zone. It is the majestic gulf stream, the vehicle of the sun's life-giving power. It is the smile of God upon the waters which warms the seas and makes the earth blossom like the rose.

It is the symbol of the lives of men like him whose memory we honor to-day—men whose warm and genial spirits meet and mingle together like the waters of the gulf stream and flow on through the cold and troubled ocean of life, weaving chaplets of joy for the brow of humanity, crowning our race with blessings, flinging the mantle upon mankind, and breathing hope and happiness to the whole world. It is the glorious gulf stream of generous souls which has given to

civilization its flower gardens of literature, its verdure and bloom of poetry and rapturous music, its humanity, its liberty, and its religion.

Its warm breath woke the Grecian civilization into life, which gave to immortality the "Iliad" of Homer and the songs of Sappho; it inspired the wonderful art of Phidias and the burning eloquence of Demosthenes; it moved upon the mighty brain of Plato, who turned the lens of philosophy and reason toward heaven and caught glimpses of the only true and living God; it kissed sun-crowned Italy and encircled the Roman Empire with a halo of glory; it impelled Michael Angelo to chisel dreams from the marble, and Raphael to spread his visions of beauty and immortal colors upon the canvas; it touched the beautiful land of the Rhine, and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Schubert, and all the great masters of the Fatherland, turned the air into music and made joyous the homes and hearts of every land with its warbles and murmurs and the ebb and flow of its silver tides; it made France the nursery of genius in poetry, in eloquence, in sculpture, and in painting.

Old England received its glorious baptism, and gave to the world "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet" and the richest literature in all the tide of time. It warmed the hearts of pioneers in the wilderness of the New World, and the stars twinkled to the music of the fiddle and the bow in the log cabins of our fathers; and thus it cheered them on from camp to cottage and from cottage to mansion, from forest to waving fields and from waving fields to mighty cities, until it set the world ablaze with light. Liberty was born, and the great republic rose beautiful as the dream of Pericles, magnificent as the temple of the gods. The joyous tide of immortal spirits, who have fashioned and molded our institutions and directed our country in the path of its glorious destiny, is sweeping on to eternity. No sweeter spirit ever mingled in its flood than that which stole away from the temple of dust which now lies coffined in the shadow of this beautiful monument. He lived and loved and laughed and labored for his people and for humanity. He planted the flowers of mirth and joy in the hearts of others, and labored on until the winter of age whitened his head with the snow that never melts; but there was no snow upon his heart; 'twas always summer there.

The name of Zebulon B. Vance is a household word among the old; it is the glorious heritage of the young.

Sleep on, child of genius, in the grave where loving hands have laid thee!

"Unwearied, unfettered, unwatched, unconfined,
Be my spirit like thee, in the world of the mind,
No yearning for earth e'er to weary its flight,
But fresh as thy pinions in regions of light."

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR TAYLOR AT ST. LOUIS, MO., ON JANUARY 8, 1898, BEFORE "THE ST. LOUIS TENNESSEE SOCIETY."

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A little more than a century ago a young man came out of his father's log cabin on the border of the Palmetto State, and, mounting his race horse and followed by his pack of yelping hounds, plunged into the forest and vanished from the scenes of his childhood and the sweet associations of his youth.

How long he tarried on the way, we know not; but after his departure, we first find him in the little village of Morganton, among the hills of the "Old North State," studying the profession of law, and then plunging again into the trackless forest.

Far up among the North Carolina mountains there is a spring bubbling up from the earth which spreads into a still, smooth mirror, reflecting the inverted images of rock and fern and wild flower and tree and sky, where the panther used to come and drink and then lie in ambush among the laurel and the ivy and watch for the thirsty deer.

I think the pilgrim youth and his weary steed and panting hounds paused here to rest. I think he kneeled down and drank and reclined under the shade of the trees and dreamed of the glorious future. The spring gathers volume from the springs that bubble up around it, until the brawling brook pours down the steep declivities of the mountain gorges and spreads out into the majestic Tennessee River in the valley below, and the Tennessee sweeps into the Ohio, and the Ohio flows into the Mississippi, and the Mississippi rolls on to the sea—

emblematic of the destiny of the youth who drank from the spring and dreamed there among his hounds at the fountain head of the mighty river.

But little did the world know that the wandering dreamer at the lonely spring in the wilderness was at the fountain head of a career which would some day change the destinies of nations; little did the savage Indian tribes of the South know, as they brandished the tomahawk and torch in the face of civilization, that a young chieftain, whose sword would prove more terrible than the resistless floods of a hundred angry rivers, would soon follow the shining trail of waters westward to sweep them from the planet; little did the haughty British monarch know, as he sat upon his throne in the Old World amid the pomp and pageantry of imperial power and glory, that an eagle would soon swoop down from the mountains in the New World to grapple with the invading lion, and that liberty's uncrowned king enthroned in the saddle would soon strike a blow at New Orleans which would send the power of the British Empire reeling backward from the American shore.

While the young hero still rested there at the spring, unconscious of the glory that awaited him, I think he watched the pilgrim waters dashing westward over the gray cliffs and vanishing in the shadows below; and I think he heard them murmuring a prophecy of broader streams beyond, winding lazily through gorgeous landscapes and rich valleys, worthy to become the habitation of the greatest American who ever lived. But while he watched and hoped and dreamed, I think he heard the rustling of the leaves and saw an antlered buck emerge from the honeysuckles and sniff the air for a moment, and then, as quick as thought, dash away into the forest. I think he leaped into the saddle and blew his hunter's horn, which woke the sleeping pack; and instantly the hunter and his eager hounds were hot upon the trail, and the music of the chase rose and fell and fell and rose from hollow to hill and from hill to hollow like the music of a hundred chiming bells. Down the roaring stream for miles and miles bounded the trembling deer, leaping over rocks, springing through shoals and swimming the whirling eddies in the vain endeavor to elude the bellowing pack, which followed with smoking mouths in full cry, closer and closer behind him. And when the

shadows of the evening began to lengthen, I think the child of nature and of destiny kindled his camp fire on the grassy brink of the beautiful Watauga, and, with his jaded hounds, feasted that night on venison.

Not far from where he slumbered the town of Jonesboro nestles among the green hills. It is the oldest town in Tennessee. It was a metropolis before St. Louis was ever dreamed of, and its old log courthouse was a temple of justice before the boundary lines of Missouri were ever on the map of the world. Here the young immigrant lawyer began his wonderful career in Tennessee. He entered the little village on his journey, and lived in it more than a year, and practiced law and joined in the manly sports of the mountaineers. But the mountains cannot hold the rivers; neither could they hold the restless spirit of Andrew Jackson.

There was another pilgrimage from Jonesboro to the settlement on the Cumberland where now gleam and glitter the domes and spires of Nashville, the beautiful capital of Tennessee.

The war of the Revolution had been fought and won. The young republic was extending its dominion westward. Slowly, but surely, wild beast and savage Indian were retreating toward the setting sun before the advancing Saxon and Celt, overawed and overmatched by their brain and brawn. It was here among these perilous environments that the sublime powers of Andrew Jackson began to wake like the live thunders of the gathering storm. It was then the heart of the wilderness; it is now the heart of the South; it is the warm, throbbing heart of Tennessee, and Tennessee is the heart of the Western Hemisphere. Tennessee lies on the happiest lines of latitude and longitude which girdle the globe; she lies on the dividing line between the two great agricultural regions of the world. On the south are the tropical fruits and flowers and cotton fields, where labor toils and sings and tosses the snowy bales by the million into the lap of commerce; on the north are the fruits and cereals of the North Temperate Zone, where industry smiles and pours its streams of amber and gold into the garners of nations. But Tennessee combines them both. The pecans of the South fall among the hickorynuts of the North on her soil; the magnolia blooms in the same grove where the Northern apple ripens; the Georgia plum wooes the blushing peach

of Delaware; corn and cotton, blue grass and wheat, all grow in adjoining fields; while the mocking bird and the snowbird sing and chatter together on bough and bush away down in Tennessee.

I sometimes think that when Civilization first peeped over the Alleghanies and looked down upon the gorgeous landscape below, she shouted back to the advancing hosts: "Lo, this is Paradise regained!" Is it any wonder, then, that this beauty spot on the face of the earth long ago became the shrine of heroes and statesmen? Is it any wonder that the star of destiny guided the peerless Jackson here to live and die?

The world knows the romantic history of this wonderful man. It is not for me to repeat it here to-day. His life was full of storms. He was the thunderbolt of war, but his battles were all fought for liberty and human happiness. He was the rugged type of the rugged times in which he figured and of the rugged men whom he led to victory and to glory.

Whether we view him in the fox chase or deer hunt or at the horse race, where he was king, or whether we view him entering the rude courthouse at Gallatin as United States District Attorney, and signalizing his advent to public life by thrashing a band of outlaws who refused to be tried and compelling them to submit to the sentence of the court, or as judge, leaving the bench at Jonesboro and collaring the defiant Bean, who had bluffed the sheriff and his posse, or whether we contemplate him gathering his stalwart Tennessee volunteers around him and marching through the perils and dangers of the wilderness to drive the fierce Indian tribes to the sea, or at New Orleans, guarding the Legislature with a regiment in his rear, while he met the British in the front and hurled them back across the sea, he was the same invincible, unconquerable spirit who shattered every opposition which confronted him in life. He was as powerful in the arena of politics as he was terrible on the battlefield. No foe, however formidable, could cope with him; no maneuver, however brilliant, could check his triumphal march to the highest office in the world.

Like a giant, he strode into the White House and sat down in the presidential chair, and, lifting his bony hand toward heaven, while his hair stood on his head like the mane of a lion, he postponed the

Civil War for a quarter of a century with the exclamation: "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved!"

But "Old Hickory" has passed away. The hand that once wielded the sword for country and liberty was dust long ago. But the dominion of the republic for which he fought now stretches

> "From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow,
> To where magnolia breezes blow,"

and touches the two great oceans that divide the world. But where are the policies of government which he cherished and defended? Where is the equal and exact justice to all, with special privileges to none? Where are the powers and privileges of States to manage and control their own domestic affairs? Where is the protection of the people against the oppression of combined power and aggregated wealth? Where is the ideal of Abraham Lincoln: "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people?"

Have we not drifted away from the splendid safeguards and bulwarks of government which were established by our fathers? Andrew Jackson bridled the money power, but the money power has long since slipped the bridle. Andrew Jackson curbed the encroachments of centralization, but centralization has taken the bit in its teeth and broken the curb, and is now plunging madly toward absolute monarchy. The policies of our modern government have given the power to a few men to fix the price of meat and bread at the cost of production to those who produce, only to raise it at their own sweet will to those who consume. A few men control the arteries of trade. A few manufacturers live on the juice of protection, and the juice of protection is the sweat and blood of the people. Money has become a mystery to the millions, and is manipulated by the great financiers as the magician manipulates the coin. He holds it up and says, "Look, gentlemen, look; now you see it, and now you don't see it;" and when the people feel in their pockets, their last dollar is gone.

Too often the door to high and honorable positions can only be opened with a key of gold.

Andrew Jackson never dreamed of a government by injunction, but now the Federal power can throw the lariat of a restraining order and hobble a sovereign State and paralyze the enforcement of its laws.

Mr. Chairman, from my earliest childhood I was taught by my now sainted father and mother to believe in the religion of Christ and to pray to the Creator of the universe for his mercy and his blessings. I would that I could persuade the American people to get down on their knees to-night and fervently breathe this prayer: "O God, give our country another Andrew Jackson!"

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ADDRESS BY GOVERNOR TAYLOR TO OLD CONFEDERATES AT THE CONFEDERATE REUNION AT BROWNSVILLE, TENN., IN AUGUST, 1902.

Time in its tireless flight has brought us again to the full leaf and flower of another summer. The grass grows green about the dust of heroes, the roses twine once more about their tombs, and the morning-glories point their purple bugles toward the sky as if to sound a reveille to our immortal dead. Another year, with its sunshine and its shadows, its laughter and its tears, its sowing and its reaping, its cradle songs and funeral hymns, now lies between us and that dark day at Appomattox when the star of Southern hope went down and the flag of Southern chivalry was furled forever. Another year has added whiter locks to the temples of those old soldiers who wore the gray, and deeper furrows to their brows; and they now stand among us like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age, covered with scars, and glorious as the living monuments of Southern manhood and Southern courage.

But we are not yet far enough away from that awful struggle to forget the bloody hills of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston died, and the fatal field of Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell; we are not yet far enough away to forget the frowning heights of Gettysburg, where Pickett's charging lines rushed to glory and the grave; we are not yet far enough away to forget Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga, and the hundred other fields of death and courage, where the flower of the South, the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true, fought for the cause they thought was right and died for the land they loved; we are not yet far enough away to

Statue of Robert E. Lee, by Charles Henry Niehaus.

forget the agony and the tears of a nation that was crushed when the shattered armies of Lee and Johnston—weary, half-starved, barefooted, and in rags—stacked their arms in the gloom of defeat and left the field of valor, overwhelmed and overpowered, yet undaunted and unconquered. When time has measured off a thousand years, the world will not forget the sufferings and the sacrifices of the brave men who so freely gave their fortunes and shed their blood to preserve the most brilliant civilization that ever flourished in any land or in any age.

Historians will some day sit down on our battlefield and write true history—history that will surpass the wildest dreams of fancy that were ever woven into fiction; and poets will linger among our graves and sing sweeter songs than were ever sung before; for each monument is within itself a volume of wild and thrilling adventure, and every tombstone tells a story touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride, tender as his last farewell.

I would not utter a word of bitterness against the men who wore the blue. They fought and died under the old flag to perpetuate the Union, and they were men worthy of Southern prowess and Southern valor. I would not, if I could, rob Grant, the great and noble chieftain, of his fame and glory. Every Southern soldier ought to stand with uncovered head when his name is spoken; for when all was lost, in the darkest and saddest moment of Southern history, he was magnanimous to Lee and his famished and shattered army. Along the blue lines of the triumphant foe, when the unhappy Confederates marched between them and laid down their guns, there was no shout of victory nor flourish of trumpets, but only silence and tears of sympathy.

When the conflict had ended, the Confederate soldier proudly stood among the blackened walls of his ruined country, magnificent in the gloom of defeat, and still a hero. His sword was broken, his home was in ashes, the earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him. He had placed all in the scales of war, and had lost all save honor; but he did not sit down in despair to weep away the passing years.

His slaves were gone, but he was still a master. Too proud to pine, too strong to yield to adversity, he threw down his musket and laid

his willing but unskilled hands upon the waiting plow. He put away the knapsack of war and turned his face toward the morning of peace. He abandoned the rebel yell to enter the forum and the courtroom and the hustings; he gave up the sword to enter the battles of industry and commerce; and now, in little more than a third of a century, the land of desolation and death, the land of monuments and memories, has reached the springtime of a grander destiny, and the sun shines bright on the domes and towers of new cities built upon the ashes of the old, and the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace, and the fields of wheat wave back their banners of gold.

Who can portray the possibilities of a country that has produced the Lees and Jacksons and the brilliant Gordon and the dashing Joe Wheeler, who is as gallant in the blue as he was glorious in the gray, and the impetuous and immortal Bedford Forrest, the Marshal Ney of the Confederacy? Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the stalwart and sinewy men of the rank and file, who followed the Stars and Bars through the smoke and flame of every desperate battle and stepped proudly into history as the greatest fighters the world has even known—a country so richly blessed, not only with brave men and beautiful women, but whose blossoming hills and fertile valleys are so generous and kind, whose mountains are burdened with coal and iron and copper and zinc and lead enough to supply the world for a thousand years, whose virgin forests yet stand awaiting and sighing for the woodman's ax, and whose winding rivers flow clear and cool and make music as they go? It is the beautiful land of love and liberty, of sunshine and sentiment, of fruits and flowers, where the grapevine staggers from tree to tree as if drunk with the wine of its own purple clusters, where peach and plum and blood-red cherries and every kind of berry bend bough and bush and glow like showered drops of rubies and pearls. It is the land of the magnolia and the melon, the paradise of the cotton and the cane.

They tell us now that it is the new South; but the same old blood runs in the veins of these veterans, and the same old spirit heaves their bosoms and flashes in their eyes; the same old soldiers who wielded the musket long ago are nursing their grandchildren on their knees and teaching them the same old lessons of honor and truth

and the same old love of liberty; the mocking bird sings the same old songs in the same old trees, and the brooks laugh and leap down the same old hollows. It is the same old South, and we are the same old Southern people.

"There may be skies as blue, but none bluer;
There may be hearts as true, but none truer."

It is the same old land of the free and the same old home of the brave. It is the same old South resurrected from the dead, with the prints of the nails still in its hands and the scars of the spear still in its side.

"I'm glad I am in Dixie!
Look away! Look away!
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die for Dixie!
Away! Away!
Look away down South in Dixie!"

Within the borders of this fair land of Dixie the finest opportunities for investment and the richest fields for enterprise ever known in the Western Hemisphere are now open to all who wish to come and help us to make it blossom like the rose. A new development has already begun. Thirty years ago there was not a factory in South Carolina; to-day she is spinning and weaving more cotton than she raises and is second only to Massachusetts in the manufacture of cotton goods; and North Carolina and Georgia have made equal progress with South Carolina in this new idea of making the South not only the leader in agriculture, but also in converting our raw material into finished articles of commerce and trade, and thus saving to our section countless millions of wealth. In the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, Southeastern Kentucky, East Tennessee, North Alabama, where the sunshine plays hide and seek with the shadows and where many rivers are born, there is a beautiful valley six hundred miles in length and from one to thirty miles wide. Until a quarter of a century ago the principal product of that country was children. The people did not realize that the north rim of the valley was almost an unbroken vein of coal and that the South was an exhaustless bed of iron, and they placed but little value on the vast parks of timber where the ax had never gleamed; but now the dynamite has just begun to jar the silent hills and the forests have just begun to fall.

Birmingham is making the sky of night red with the glare of her furnaces, and all the way up the valley to the new city of Roanoke new furnaces are being lighted and new industries are developing; and Huntsville, Decatur, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Johnson City, and Bristol, on the line, will soon be great manufacturing centers, where the pig iron and the logs of hardwood that are now being shipped away to be converted into finished articles will pass through our own mills, and we will cease to be the fools we have been in the past, buying furniture made in foreign cities out of our own timber, and all the implements of agriculture made from our own iron.

Until twenty years ago the sons of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas were contented to sit on their verandas and watch the "nigger" and his lazy mule in the cotton field and listen to the melodies of the old plantation; but now the mills of Mississippi are beginning to mingle their music with these melodies, and the marshes of Louisiana are being converted into rice fields, and she is making enough sugar to-day to sweeten the tooth of the world. Arkansas is building factories and opening her mines and mineral wealth and sawing down her great forests of pine. At the close of the Civil War Texas was a wilderness, but now the howl of the wolf has given place to the whistle of the engine, and the whoop of the Indian has been hushed by the music of machinery. From Texarkana to El Paso prosperous cities and towns have sprung up like prairie flowers where the wild horse once galloped and the buffalo grazed, and great geysers of coal oil have solved the fuel problem.

In the full development of this new idea of transforming our raw material into finished goods lies our hope of regaining our prestige and power in the management of national affairs, and of winning back billions of wealth which were wiped out by the destroying angel of war. God grant that our beloved old South may be as happy in reaping the golden harvest of prosperity in the years to come as she has been brave and true through the suffering and woes of adversity in the sorrowful years of the past.

And now, my grizzled old friends who once wore the gray, in the name of the young men I congratulate you upon having lived to see the dawn of a brighter day for your battle-scarred and war-swept country. You must soon answer to the roll call of eternity and join

your comrades on the other side. I give you the pledge of your sons that they will ever defend the record you have made and themselves live up to the traditions of their fathers. In the name of our women, both young and old, I implore the blessing of the Lord upon you, and pray that as the dews of life's evening are condensing on your brow and the shadows of the long, long night are gathering about you, you may linger long in the twilight, with loving hands to lead you and loving hearts to bless.

Visions and Dreams.

The infinite wisdom of Almighty God has made a plane of intelligence and a horizon of happiness for every being in the universe, from the butterfly to the archangel; and every plane has its own horizon, narrowest and darkest on the lowest levels, but broad as the universe on the highest. Man stands on that wondrous plane where mortality and immortality meet. Below him is animal life, lighted only by the dim lamp of instinct; above him is spiritual life, illuminated by the light of reason and the glory of God. Below him is this old material world of rock and hill and vale and mountain; above him is the mysterious world of the imagination, whose rivers are dreams, whose continents are visions of beauty, and upon whose shadowy shores the surfs of phantom seas forever break.

We hear the song of the cricket on the hearth, and the joyous hum of the bees among the poppies; we hear the light-winged lark gladden the morning with her song, and the silver-throated thrush warble in the tree top. What are these, and all the sweet melodies we hear, but echoes from the realm of visions and dreams?

The humming bird, that swift fairy of the rainbow, fluttering down from the land of the sun when June scatters her roses northward, and, poising on wings that never weary, kisses the nectar from the waiting flowers—how bright and beautiful is the horizon of his little life! How sweet is the dream of the covert in the deep mountain gorge to the trembling, panting deer in his flight before the hunter's horn and the yelping hounds! How dear to the heart of the weary ox is the vision of green fields and splashing waters! And down on the farm, when the cows come home at sunset, fragrant with the breath of clover blossoms, how rich is the feast of happiness when the frolicsome calf bounds forward to the flowing udder, and, with his walling eyes reflecting whole acres of "calf heaven" and his little tail wiggling in speechless bliss, draws his evening meal from nature's commissariat! The snail lolls in his shell and thinks himself a king

in the grandest palace in the world; and how brilliant is the horizon of the firefly when he winks his "other eye!"

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The red worm delves in the sod and dines on clay. He makes no after-dinner speeches; he never responds to a toast; but silently revels on in his dark banquet halls under the dank violets or in the rich mold by the river. But the red worm never reaches the goal of his visions and dreams until he is triumphantly impaled on the fishhook of the barefooted boy,

> "Who sees other visions and dreams other dreams
> Of fluttering suckers in shining streams;"

and—O!—there is no thrill half so rapturous to the barefooted boy as the thrill of a nibble.

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Two darkies sat on a rock on the bank of a river, fishing. One was an old darky; the other was a boy. The boy got a nibble, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong into the surging waters, and began to float out to the middle of the stream, sinking and rising and struggling and crying for help. The old man hesitated on the rock for a moment; then he plunged in after the drowning boy, and, after a desperate struggle, landed his companion safely on shore. A passer-by ran up to the old man and patted him on the shoulder and said:

"Old man, that was a noble deed to risk your life that way to save that good-for-nothing boy."

"Yes, boss," mumbled the old man, "I was 'bleeged ter save dat nigger, 'cause he had all de bait in his pocket!"

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Not long ago I wandered back to the scenes of my boyhood, on my father's old plantation on the bank of the river, in the beautiful land of my native mountains. As I sat on the steps of the old house, a vision of the past opened before me. I thought I was a boy again, playing around the cabins of the old-time darkies, and heard them laugh and sing and tell their stories as they used to long ago. My

hair stood on end again (I was afflicted with hair when I was a boy), and the chills played up and down my back when I remembered old Uncle Rufus' story of the panthers. He said:

"Many yeahs ago Marse Jeems was a-gwine 'long de paff by de graveyard late in de evenin', an', bless de Lawd, all of a sudden he looked up, an' dar was a painter crouchin' down befo' 'im, a-pattin' de ground wid 'is tail an' ready to spring. Marse Jeems wheeled to run, an', bless de Lawd, dar was anudder painter, a-crouchin' an' a-pattin' de groun' wid *his* tail, in de paff behind 'im, an' ready to spring. An' bofe uv dem painters sprung at de same time, right to'ards Marse Jeems's head. Marse Jeems jumped to one side, an' dem painters come togedder in de air, an' dey wuz a-gwine so fast an' dey struck each udder wid sich tur'ble ambition dat instid uv comin' down dey went up. An', bless de Lawd, Marse Jeems stood dar an' watched dem painters go on up, an' up, an' up, tell dey went clean out er sight a-fightin'; an', bless de Lawd, de hair was a-fallin' for three days—which fulfills de words ob de Scripchah whar it reads:

"'De young men shall dream dreams, an' de ol' men shall see visions.'"

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I remembered the tale Uncle Solomon used to tell about the first convention that was ever held in the world. He said:

"Hit wuz a convenchun uv de animils. Brudder Fox wuz dar, an' Brudder Wolf, an' Brudder Rabbit; an' ah de rest uv de animil kingdom wuz geddered togedder fur to settle some questions consarnin' de happiness uv de animil kingdom. De fust question dat riz befo' de convenchun wuz how dey should vote. Brudder Coon, he took de floah an' moved dat de convenchun vote by raisin' deir tails; whereupon Brudder 'Possum riz wid a grin uv disgust an' said: 'Mistah Chaiahman, I's unanimous upposed to dat moshun. Brudder Coon wants dis convenchun to vote by raisin' deir tails, 'case Brudder Coon's got a ring-striped-an'-streaked tail, an' wants to show it befo' de convenchun. Brudder Coon knows dat de 'possum is afflicted wid a' ole black, rusty tail, an' I consider dat moshun a' insult to de 'possum race; an', 'sides dat, Mistah Chaiahman, ef you passes dis moshun for to vote by raisin' yo' tails, de billy goat's already voted!'"

I sometimes think that Uncle Solomon's homely story of the goat would be a splendid illustration of some of our modern politicians. It is difficult to tell which side of the question they are on.

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I remembered the yarn Uncle Yaddie once spun at the expense of Uncle Rastus. Rastus looked sour, and said:

"You bettah not go too fur; I'll tell 'bout dem watermillions whut disappeared f'um Marse Landon's watermillion patch."

But Uncle Yaddie was undismayed by the threatened attack upon his own record, and said:

"Some time ergo Rastus concluded to go into de egg bizness, an' he prayed to de Lawd to send him some hens, but somehow er nudder de hens never come; an' den he prayed to de Lawd to sen' 'im atter de hens, an', lo an' behol', nex' mornin' his lot wuz full uv chickens. Rastus fixed de nestiz, an' waited an' waited fur de hens to lay, but somehow er nudder de hens wouldn't lay dat summer at all; an' Rastus kep' gitt'n' madder an' madder, tell one day de ole rooster hopped up on de porch an' begun to flop 'is wings an' crow. Rastus looked at him sideways an' muttered:

"'Yas, floppin' yo' wings an' crowin' aroun' heah like a' ole fool, an' you cain't lay a' egg to save yo' life!'"

The darkies fell over in the floor, and everybody laughed except Rastus. But, to appease his wrath, Uncle Yaddie rolled out a big "watermillion" from under the bed, which lighted up the face of the frowning old Rastus with smiles; and as the luscious red pulp melted away in his mouth, he cut the pigeon wing in the middle of the floor and sang like a mocking bird:

"O, de ham bone, it am sweet;
De chicken, it am good;
De 'possum, it am very, very fine;
But give me, O give me—
O, how I wish you would!—
Dat watermillion hangin' on de vine!"

Then old Uncle Newt rosined his bow, and the welkin rang with the music of the fiddle.

As I looked upon these scenes of my earliest recollection, I was softened and subdued into a sweet, pensive sorrow, which only the happiest and holiest associations of bygone years can call into being. There are times in our lives when grief lies heaviest on the soul, when memory weeps, when gathering clouds of mournful melancholy pour out their floods and drown the heart in tears.

O, beautiful isle of memory, lighted by the morning star of life, where the roses bloom by the door, where the robins sing among the apple blossoms, where bright waters ripple in eternal melody! There are echoes of songs that are sung no more, tender words spoken by lips that are dust, blessings from hearts that are still; there's a useless cradle and a broken doll, a sunny tress and an empty garment folded away; there's a lock of silvered hair and an unforgotten prayer, and *mother* is sleeping there.

There, under the shade of the sycamores, on my father's old farm, I used to dream of the years to come. I looked through a vista blooming with pleasures, fruiting with achievements, and beautiful as the cloud isles of the sunset. The siren, Ambition, sat beside me and fired my young heart with her prophetic song. She dazzled me and charmed me and soothed me into sweet, fantastic reveries. She touched me and bade me look into the wondrous future. The bow of promise spanned it. Hope was enthroned there, and smiled like an angel of light. Under that shining arch lay the goal of my fondest aspirations. Visions of wealth and of laurels and of applauding thousands crowded the horizon of my dream. I saw the Capitol of the republic, that white-columned pantheon of liberty, lifting its magnificent pile from the midst of the palaces and parks and statues and monuments of the most beautiful city in the world. Infatuated with this vision of earthly glory, I bade adieu to home and its dreams, seized the standard of a great political party, and rushed into the turmoil and tumult of the heated campaign.

Unable to bear the armor of a Saul, I went forth to do battle, armed with a fiddle, a pair of saddle bags, a plug horse, and the eternal truth. There was the din of conflict by day on the hustings; there was the sound of revelry by night in the cabins. The midnight stars twinkled to the music of the merry fiddle, and the hills resounded with the clatter of dwindling shoe soles, as the mountain lads and lassies danced

the hours away in the good old-time Virginia reel. I rode among the mountain fastnesses like the "Knight of the Woeful Figure," mounted on my prancing Rosinante, everywhere charging the windmill of the opposing party; and wherever I drew rein, the mountaineers swarmed from far and near to witness the bloodless battle of the contending candidates in the arena of joint discussion. My learned competitor, bearing the shield of "protection to American labor" and armed to the teeth with mighty argument, hurled himself upon me with the fury of a lion. His blows descended like thunderbolts, and the welkin rang with cheers when his lance went shivering to the center. His logic was appalling, his imagery was sublime. His tropes and similes flashed like the drawn blades of charging cavalry, and, with a flourish of trumpets, his grand effort culminated in a splendid tribute to the republic, crowned with Goldsmith's beautiful metaphor:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

I received the charge of the enemy "with poised lance and visor down." I deluged the tall cliff under a flood of mountain eloquence, which poured from my patriotic lips like molasses pouring from the hunghole of the universe; I mounted the American eagle and soared among the stars; I scraped the skies and cut the black illimitable far out beyond the orbit of Uranus; and I reached the climax of my triumphant flight with a hyperbole that eclipsed Goldsmith's metaphor, unhorsed the foe, and left him stunned upon the field. Thus I soared:

"I stood upon the seashore, and, with a frail reed in my hand, I wrote in the sand: 'My country, I love thee.' A mad wave came rushing by and wiped out the fair impression. Cruel wave, treacherous sand, frail reed! I said: 'I hate ye; I'll trust ye no more; but with a giant's arm I'll reach to the coast of Norway and pluck its tallest pine and dip it in the crater of Vesuvius and write upon the burnished heavens: 'My country, *I love thee!*' And I'd like to see *any* durned wave rub that out!"

Between the long intervals of arguments my speech grinned with anecdotes like a basketful of 'possum heads. The fiddle played its part, the people did the rest, and I carved upon the tombstone of the demolished knight these tender words:

"Tread softly 'round this sacred heap;
It guards Ambition's restless sleep,
Whose greed for place ne'er did forsake him.
Don't mention office, or you'll wake him."

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I reached the goal of my visions and dreams under that colossal dome whose splendors are shadowed in the broad river that flows by the shrine of Mount Vernon. I sat amid the confusion and uproar of the parliamentary struggles of the lower branch of the Congress of the United States. "Sunset" Cox, with his beams of wit and humor, convulsed the house and shook the galleries. Alexander Stephens, one of the last tottering monuments of the glory of the old South, still lingered on the floor, where in bygone years the battles of his vigorous manhood were fought. I saw in the Senate an assemblage of the grandest men since the days of Webster and Clay. Conkling, the intellectual Titan, the Apollo of manly form and grace, thundered there; the "Plumed Knight," that grand incarnation of mind and magnetism, was at the zenith of his glory; Edmunds and Zack Chandler and the brilliant and learned jurist, Mat Carpenter, were there; Thurman, the "noblest Roman of them all," was there with his famous bandanna handkerchief; the immortal Ben Hill, the idol of the South, and Lamar, the gifted orator and highest type of Southern chivalry, were there; Garland and Morgan and Harris and Coke were there, and Beck with his sledge-hammer intellect. It was an arena of opposing gladiators more magnificent and majestic than was ever witnessed in the palmiest days of the Roman Empire. There were giants in the Senate in those days; and when they clashed shields and measured swords in debate, the Capitol trembled and the nation thrilled in every nerve.

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But how like the ocean's ebb and flow are the restless tides of politics! These scenes of grandeur and glory soon dissolved from my

view like a dream. I saved the country for only two short years. My competitor proved a lively corpse. He burst forth from the tomb like a locust from its shell, and came buzzing to the national capital with war on his wings. I went buzzing back to the mountains to dream again under the sycamores, and there a new ambition was kindled in my soul. A new vision opened before me. I saw another Capitol rise on the bank of the Cumberland, overshadowing the tomb of Polk and close by the Hermitage, where reposes the sacred dust of Andrew Jackson; and I thought if I could only reach the exalted position of Governor of the old "Volunteer State," I should then have gained the sum of life's honors and happiness.

But—lo!—another son of my father and mother was dreaming there under the same old sycamore. We had dreamed together in the same trundle-bed, and often kicked each other out; together we had seen visions of pumpkin pie and pulled hair for the biggest slice; together we had smoked the first cigar and together learned to play the fiddle. But now the dreams of our manhood clashed. Relentless fate had decreed that "York" must contend with "Lancaster" in the "War of the Roses;" and, with flushed cheeks and throbbing hearts, we eagerly entered the field, his shield bearing the red rose, mine the white. It was a contest of principles, free from the wormwood and gall of personalities; and when the multitude of partisans gathered at the hustings, a white rose on every Democratic bosom and a red rose on every Republican breast, in the midst of a wilderness of flowers there was many a tilt and many a loud huzzah. But when the clouds of war had cleared away, I looked upon the drooping red rose on the bosom of the vanquished knight, and I thought of the first speech my mother ever taught me:

"Man's a vapor full of woes;
Cuts a caper—down he goes."

The white rose triumphed. But the shadow is fairer than the substance. The pathway of ambition is marked at every mile with the grave of some sweet pleasure slain by the hand of sacrifice. It bristles with thorns planted by the fingers of envy and hate; and as we climb the rugged heights, behind us lie our bloody footprints, before us tower still greater heights, scarred by tempests and wrapped in eter-

nal snow. Like the edelweiss of the Alps, ambition's pleasures bloom in the chill air of perpetual frost, and he who reaches the summit will look down with longing eyes on the humbler plain of life below and wish his feet had never wandered from its warmer sunshine and sweeter flowers.

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But let us not forget that it is better for us and better for the world that we dream and that we tread the thorny paths and climb the weary steeps and leave our bloody tracks behind in the pursuit of our dreams; for in their extravagant conceptions lie the germs of human government, and invention, and discovery; and from their mysterious vagaries spring the motive power of the world's progress.

Our civilization is the evolution of dreams. The rude tribes of primeval men dwelt in caves until some unwashed savage dreamed that damp caverns and unholy smells were not in accord with the principles of hygiene. It dawned upon his mighty intellect that one flat stone would lie on top of another, and that a little mud, aided by Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravitation, would hold them together, and that walls could be built in the form of a quadrangle. Here was the birth of architecture; and thus from the magical dreams of this unmausoleumed barbarian was evolved the home, the best and sweetest evolution of man's civilization.

John Howard Payne touched the tenderest chord that vibrates in the great heart of all humankind when he gave to immortality his song of " Home, Sweet Home; " and, thank God, the grand mansions and palaces of the rich do not hold all the happiness and nobility of this world. There are millions of humble cottages where virtue resides in the warmth and purity of vestal fires and where contentment dwells like perpetual summer.

The antediluvians plowed with a forked stick, with one prong for the beam and the other for the scratcher; and the plowboy and his sleepy ox had no choice of prongs to hitch to. It was all the same to Adam whether " Buck " was yoked to the beam or the scratcher. But some noble Cincinnatus dreamed of the burnished plowshare; genius wrought his dream into steel; and now the polished Oliver Chilled slices the earth like a hot knife plowing a field of Jersey butter, and

the modern gang plow, bearing upon its wheels the gloved and umbrellaed leader of the Populist party, plows up the whole face of the earth in a single day.

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What a wonderful workshop is the brain of man! Its noiseless machinery cuts and carves and molds in the imponderable material of ideas. It works its endless miracles through the brawny arm of labor and the deft fingers of skill, and the world moves forward by its magic. Aladdin rubbed his lamp, and the shadowy genii of fable performed impossible wonders. The dreamer of to-day rubs his fingers through his hair, and the genii of his intellect work miracles which eclipse the most extravagant fantasies of the "Arabian Nights."

A dreamer saw the imprisoned vapor throw open the lid of a tea-kettle, and—lo!—a steam engine came puffing from his brain. And now many a huge monster of Corliss, beautiful as a vision of Archimedes and smooth in movement as a wheeling planet, sends its thrill of life and power through mammoth plants of humming machinery. The fiery courser of the steel-bound track shoots over hill and plain like a midnight meteor through the fields of heaven, outstripping the wind.

A dreamer carried about in his brain a great leviathan. It was launched upon the billows, and, like some colossal swan, the palatial steamship now sweeps in majesty through the blue wastes of old ocean.

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Six hundred years before Christ some old Greek discovered electricity by rubbing a piece of amber; and, unable to grasp the mystery, he called it "soul." His discovery slept for more than two thousand years, until it awoke in the dreams of Galvani and Volta and Benjamin Franklin. In the morning of the nineteenth century the sculptor and scientist, Morse, saw in his dreams phantom lightnings leap across continents and oceans, and felt the pulse of thunder beat as it came bounding over threads of iron that girdled the earth. In each throb he read a human thought. The electric telegraph emerged from his brain, like Minerva from the brow of Jove, and the world received a fresh baptism of light and glory.

In a few more years we will step over the threshold of the twentieth century. What greater wonders will the dreamers yet unfold? It may be that another magician, greater even than Edison, the "wizard of Menloe Park," will rise up and coax the very laws of nature into easy compliance with his unheard-of dreams. I think he will construct an electric railway in the form of a huge tube, and call it the "electroscoot," and passengers will enter it in New York and touch a button and arrive in San Francisco two hours before they started. I think a new discovery will be made by which the young man of the future may stand at his "kissophone" in New York and kiss his sweetheart in Chicago, with all the delightful sensations of the "aforesaid and the same." I think some Liebig will reduce foods to their last analyses, and, by an ultimate concentration of their elements, will enable the man of the future to carry a year's provisions in his vest pocket. The sucking dude will store his rations in the head of his cane, and the commissary department of a whole army will consist of a mule and a pair of saddle bags. A train load of cabbage will be transported in a sardine box, and a thousand fat Texas cattle in an oyster can. Power will be condensed from a forty-horse engine to a quart cup. Wagons will roll by the power in their axles, and the cushions of our buggies will cover the force that propels them. The armies of the future will fight with chain lightning, and the battlefield will become so hot and unhealthy that

> "He who fights and runs away
> Will never fight another day."

Some dreaming Icarus will perfect the flying machine, and upon the aluminium wings of the swift Pegasus of the air the light-hearted society girl will sail among the stars, and

> "Behind some dark cloud, where no one's allowed,
> Make love to the man in the moon."

The rainbow will be converted into a Ferris wheel; all men will be baldheaded; the women will run the government; *and then I think the end of time will be near at hand!*

I heard a song of love and tenderness and sadness and beauty sweeter than the song of a nightingale. It was breathed from the soul of Robert Burns. I heard a song of deepest passion surging like the tempest-tossed waves of the sea. It was the restless spirit of the unhappy Byron. I heard a mournful melody of despairing love, full of that wild, mad, hopeless longing of a bereaved soul which the midnight raven mocked with that bitterest of all words, "nevermore." It was the weird threnody of the brilliant, ill-starred Poe, who, like a meteor, blazed but for a moment, dazzled a hemisphere, and then went out forever in the darkness of death.

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Then I was exalted and lifted into the serene sunlight of peace, as I listened to the spirit of faith pouring out in the songs of our own immortal Longfellow.

With Milton I walked the scented isles of long-lost Paradise and caught the odor of its bloom and the swell of its music. He led me through its rose brakes and under the vermilion and flame of its orchids and honeysuckles, down to the margin of the limpid river, where the water lilies slept in fadeless beauty and the lotus nodded to the rippling waves; and there, under a bridal arch of orange blossoms, cordoned by palms and soft-hued flowers, I saw a vision of bliss and beauty from which Satan turned away with an envy that stabbed him with pangs unfelt before in hell. It was earth's first vision of wedded love.

But the horizon of Shakespeare was broader than them all. There is no depth which he has not sounded, no height which he has not measured. He walked in the gardens of the intellectual gods and gathered sweets for the soul from a thousand unwithering flowers. He caught music from the spheres and beauty from ten thousand fields of light. His brain was a mighty loom. His genius gathered and classified; his imagination spun and wove; the flying shuttle of his fancy delivered to the warp of wisdom and philosophy the shining threads spun from the fibers of human hearts and human experience; and with his wondrous woof of pictured tapestries he clothed all thought in the bridal robes of immortality. His mind was a resistless flood that deluged the world of literature with its glory. The suc-

ceeding poets are but survivors as by the ark, and, like the ancient dove, they gather and weave into garlands only the flotsam of beauty which floats on the bosom of the Shakespearean flood.

O, Shakespeare, archangel of poetry, the light from thy wings drowns the stars and flashes thy glory on the civilization of the whole world!

> "Unwearied, unfettered, unmatched, unconfined,
> Be my spirit like thee, in the world of the mind;
> No leaning for earth e'er to weary its flight,
> But fresh as thy pinions in regions of light."

All honor to the poets and philosophers and painters and sculptors and musicians of the world! They are its honeybees, its song birds, its carrier doves, its ministering angels.

♣ ♣ ♣

I walked with Gibbon and Hume through the somber halls of the past, and caught visions of the glory of the classic republics and empires that flourished long ago, whose very dust is still eloquent with the story of departed greatness. The spirit of genius lingers there still like the fragrance of roses faded and gone.

I thought I heard the harp of Pindar and the impassioned song of dark-eyed Sappho. I thought I heard the lofty epic of the blind Homer, rushing on in the red tide of battle, and the divine Plato discoursing like an oracle in his academic shades.

The canvas spoke and the marble breathed where Apelles painted and Phidias carved.

I stood with Michael Angelo, and saw him chisel his dreams from the marble.

I saw Raphael spread his visions of beauty in immortal colors.

I sat under the spirit of Paganini's power. The flow of his melody turned the very air into music. I thought I was in the presence of Divinity as I listened to the warbles and murmurs, the ebb and flow, of the silver tides from his violin; and I said: "Music is the dearest gift of God to man. The sea, the forest, the field, and the meadow are the very fountain heads of music."

I believe that Mozart and Mendelssohn and Schubert and Verdi and all the great masters caught their sweetest dreams from nature's mu-

sicians. I think their richest airs of mirth and gladness and joy were stolen from the purling rivulet and the rippling river. I believe their grandest inspirations were born of the tempest and the thunder and the rolling billows of the angry ocean.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is no land on earth which has produced such quaint and curious characters as the great mountainous regions of the South, and yet no country has produced nobler or brainier men.

When I was a barefooted boy, my grandfather's old gristmill was the Mecca of the mountaineers. They gathered there on the rainy days to talk politics and religion, and to drink mountain dew and fight. Adam Wheezer was a tall, spindle-shanked old settler, as dark as an Indian, and he wore a broad, hungry grin that always grew broader at the sight of a fat sheep. The most prominent trait of Adam's character, next to his love of mutton, was his bravery. He stood in the mill one day, with his empty sack under his arm, as usual, when Bert Lynch, the bully of the mountains, with an eye like a game rooster's, walked up to him and said:

"Adam, you've bin a-slanderin' of me, an' I'm a-gwine to give you a thrashin'."

He seized Adam by the throat and backed him under the meal spout. Adam opened his mouth to squall, and it spouted meal like a whale. He made a surge for breath and liberty, and tossed Bert away like a feather. Then he shot out of the mill door like a rocket, leaving his old battered plug hat and one prong of his coat tail in the hands of the enemy. He ran through the creek, and knocked it dry as he went. He made a bee line for my grandfather's house, a quarter of a mile away, on the hill. He burst into the sitting room, covered with meal and panting like a bellowsed horse, frightening my grandmother almost into hysterics. The old lady screamed and shouted:

"What in the world is the matter, Adam?"

Adam replied: "That there durned Bert Lynch is down yander a-tryin' to raise a fuss with me."

But every dog has his day. Brother Billy Patterson preached from the door of the mill on the following Sunday. It was his first sermon in that neck of the woods, and he began his ministrations with a pow-

erful discourse, hurling his anathemas against Satan and sin and every kind of wickedness. He denounced whisky; he branded the bully as a brute and a moral coward, and personated Bert, having witnessed his battle with Adam. This was too much for the champion. He resolved to thrash Brother Patterson, and in a few days they met at the mill. Bert squared himself and said:

"Parson, you had your turn last Sunday; it's mine to-day. Pull off that broadcloth an' take your medicine! I'm a-gwine to suck the marrow out'n them ole bones o' yourn."

The pious preacher pleaded for peace, but without avail. At last he said:

"Then if nothing but a fight will satisfy you, will you allow me to kneel down and say my prayer before we fight?"

"O, yes; that's all right, parson!" said Bert. "But cut yer prayer short, for I'm a-gwine to give you a good, sound thrashin'."

The preacher knelt and thus began to pray:

"O Lord, Thou knowest that when I killed Bill Cummins and John Brown and Jerry Smith and Levi Bottles, that I did it in self-defense. Thou knowest, O Lord, that when I cut the heart out of young Sliger and strewed the ground with the brains of Paddy Miles, that it was forced upon me, and that I did it in great agony of soul. And now, O Lord, I am about to be forced to put in his coffin this poor, miserable wretch, who has attacked me here to-day. O Lord, have mercy upon his soul and take care of his helpless widow and orphans when he is gone."

And he arose, whetting his knife on his shoe sole, singing:

"Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry!"

But when he looked around, Bert was gone. There was nothing in sight but a little cloud of dust far up the road, following in the wake of the vanishing champion.

♣ ♣ ♣

During the great revival which followed Brother Patterson's first sermon and effective prayer the hour for the old-fashioned Methodist love feast arrived. Old Brother Estep, in his enthusiasm on such occasions, sometimes "stretched his blanket." It was his glory to get

up a sensation among the brethren. He rose and said: "Bretheren, while I was a-walkin' in my gyardin late yisterday evenin', a-meditatin' on the final eend of the world, I looked up, an' I seed Gabriel raise his silver trumpet, which was about fifty foot long, to his blazin' lips, an' I hearn him give it a toot that knocked me into the fence corner an' shuck the very 'taters out'n the ground."

"Tut, tut!" said the old parson. "Don't talk that way in this meeting. We all know you didn't hear Gabriel blow his trumpet."

The old man's wife jumped to her feet to help her husband out, and said:

"Now, parson, you set down there. Don't you dispute John's word that-a-way. He mout a-hearn a toot or two!"

♣ ♣ ♣

The sideboard of those good old times would have thrown the prohibition candidate of to-day into spasms. It sparkled with cut-glass decanters full of the juices of corn and rye and apple. The old squire of the mill "deestrict" had as many sweet, buzzing friends as any flower garden or cider press in Christendom. The most industrious bee that sucked at the squire's sideboard was old "Wamper-jaw." His mouth reached from ear to ear, and was inlaid with huge gums as red as vermilion; and when he laughed, it had the appearance of lightning. On the triumphant day of the squire's reëlection to his great office, when everything was lovely and "the goose hung high," he was surrounded by a large crowd of his fellow-citizens, and Thomas Jefferson, in his palmiest days, never looked grander than did the squire on this occasion. He was attired in his best suit of homespun, the choicest product of his wife's dye pot. His immense vest, with its broad, luminous stripes, checked the rotundity of his ample stomach like the lines of latitude and longitude, and resembled a half-finished map of the United States. His blue jeans coat covered his body as the waters cover the face of the great deep, and its huge collar encircled the back of his head like the belts of light around a planet.

The squire was regaling his friends with his latest side-splitting jokes. Old "Wamper-jaw" threw himself back in his chair and

exploded with peal after peal of laughter. But suddenly he looked around and said: " Gen-tul-men, my jaw's flew out'n jint! "

His comrades seized him and pulled him all over the yard trying to get it back. Finally old " Wamper-jaw " mounted his mule, and, with pounding heels, rode, like Tam O'Shanter, to the nearest doctor, who lived two miles away. The doctor gave his jaw a mysterious yank, and it popped back into socket. " Wamper-jaw " rushed back to join in the festivities at the squire's. The glasses were filled again, another side-splitting joke was told, another peal of laughter went 'round, when " Wamper-jaw " threw his hand to his face and said: " Gen-tul-men, she's out ag'in! " There was another hasty ride for the doctor. But in the years that followed " Wamper-jaw " was never known to laugh aloud. On the most hilarious occasions he merely showed his gums.

♣ ♣ ♣

How many millions dream on the lowest planes of life! How few ever reach the highest, and, like stars of the first magnitude, shed their light upon the pathway of the marching centuries! What multitudes there are whose horizons are lighted with visions and dreams of the fleshpots and soup bowls, whose Falstaffian aspirations never rise above the fat things of this earth, and whose ear flaps are forever inclined forward listening for the dinner bells!

" The bells, bells, bells!
What a world of pleasure their harmony foretells!
The bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
The tintinnabulation of the dinner bells!"

♣ ♣ ♣

A little below the glutton lies the plane of the drunkard, whose visions and dreams are bounded by the horizon of a still tub. "A little wine for the stomach's sake is good," but, in the trembling hand of a drunkard, every crimson drop that glows in the cup is crushed from the roses that once bloomed on the cheeks of some helpless woman. Every phantom of beauty that dances in it is a devil; and yet millions quaff, and, with a hideous laugh, go staggering to the grave.

Unhappily for us all, in the world of visions and dreams there is a dark side to human life. Here have been dreamed out all the crimes which have steeped our race in shame since the expulsion from Eden, and all the wars that have cursed mankind since the birth of history. Alexander the Great was a monster whose sword drank the blood of a conquered world. Julius Cæsar marched his invincible armies, like Juggernauts, over the necks of fallen nations. Napoleon Bonaparte rose with the morning of the nineteenth century, and stood, like some frightful comet, on its troubled horizon. Distraught with the dream of conquest and empire, he hovered like a god on the verge of battle. Kings and emperors stood aghast. The sun of Austerlitz was the rising sun of his glory and power; but it went down, veiled in the dark clouds of Waterloo, and Napoleon the Great, uncrowned, unthroned, and stunned by the dreadful shock that annihilated the Grand Army and the Old Guard, "wandered aimlessly about on the lost field," in the gloom that palled a fallen empire, as Hugo describes him, "the somnambulist of a vast, shattered dream."

Love, Laughter, and Song.

I am a King. My realm hath no boundary lines; the world is my kingdom. I stamp my foot upon the earth and jostle the universe. The sun gives light for my pleasure, and the timid stars tremble in my presence. The oceans are my highways, and the mountains are my temples, on whose purple domes I love to stand and throw kisses at the angels, or look down and view with rapture the peaceful flocks that graze and sleep on a thousand sunny hills. All the fruited and flowered landscapes that swing between the seas are my royal hanging gardens, and I walk in the glow of their glory and rest in the gloam of their sweet solitudes. All the springs that bubble there are mine, and all the bright streams that leap from cliff to crag and from crag to shadowy gorge are my wandering minstrels singing to me of flowers born to blush unseen, and speckled trout that glint and glance in a thousand brimming pools. All the wild deer that spring from shady copse and tangled covert at the sound of the hunter's horn are my imperial game and for my princely sport. The sly old fox in his red uniform gaily leads the royal band, and plays drum major for my bellowing hounds and for me. The glossy herds come lowing from green pastures, fragrant with the breath of clover blossoms, burdened with milk for me; and the bees sweeten my lips with honey, stolen from the lips of the flowers. The hills unfold their purple mysteries to herald my glory, and the valleys flaunt their banners of gold and shout: "Long live the King!" I love to while away the dreamy summer hours in the cool, green groves that curtain the glimmering fields, where all the joyous wings that brush the air come fluttering to my leafy bowers, and all the birds that sing warble their sweetest notes for me.

♣ ♣ ♣

I am a King. I dwell in the palace of love, by the brawling brook of laughter, on the brink of the river of song. And so are all the sons and daughters of Adam equal Kings and Queens with me, whose hearts

beat time to Nature's music and whose souls are in love with the beautiful. There is a crown of sunshine for every brow by day, a coronet of stars by night. The angels of light hover above us all, and arch the heavens with the rainbow of hope for all, and bring from the vapory vineyards of the clouds the sparkling champagne of pure crystal water to bless the lips of all. All the delightful dreams that spread their wings above the horizon of the heart, all the glorious thoughts that fly out from the heaven of the brain, all the jubilees of joy that crowd the circling hours of mortal life, are the regal gifts of God to mankind—the royal heritage of all. There are songs sweeter than were ever sung, there is beauty which defies even the brush of a Raphael, for you and for me and for us all.

♣ ♣ ♣

I saw the Morning, with purple quiver and crimson bow, stand tiptoe on the horizon and shoot sunbeams at the vanishing darkness of night. Then I saw her reach up and gather the stars and hide them in her bosom, and then bend down and tickle the slumbering world with straws of light till it woke with laughter and with song. A thousand bugle calls from the rosy fires of the east heralded her coming; a thousand smiling meadows kissed her garments as she passed, and ten thousand laughing gardens waved their flower flags to greet her; the heart of the deep forest throbbed a tribute of bird song, and the bright waters rippled a melody of welcome. Young life and love, radiant with hope and sparkling with the dewdrops of exultant joy, came hand in hand, tripping and dancing in her shining train, and I wished that the morning might last forever.

♣ ♣ ♣

I saw the Evening hang her silver crescent on the sky, and rival the splendor of the dawn with the glory of the twilight; I saw her fill her dipper full of dewdrops and her basket full of dreams, and then wrap the shadows around her, and, with a lullaby on her lips, rock the weary world to rest; then I saw her slip back to the horizon of the morning and steal the stars again. The gardens furled their flower flags, and the meadows fell asleep; the songs of the deep for-

est melted into sighs, and the melancholy waters whispered a pensive good night to the drowsy birds and sleepy hollows. Life and Love, with a halo of departing day upon their brows and the starlight tangled in their hair, walked arm in arm among the gathering shadows and wove all the sweet memories of the morning into their happy evening song, and I wished that the evening might never end. So,

The mornings come, the evenings go,
Till raven locks turn white as snow;
The evenings go, the mornings come,
Till hearts are still and lips are dumb;
The morning steals the stars in vain,
For evening steals them back again.

♣ ♣ ♣

The mornings are the rapturous thoughts of God; the evenings are His glorious dreams. We think within His thoughts, and dream within His dreams. The sun and stars are His mighty looms on which he weaves the lights and shadows that tint the earth and sky with colors divine. But let those looms of light for a moment stop, let their blissful shuttles cease to fly, and instantly this beautiful world of ours, with all its bloom and beauty blighted, with all its mirth and music hushed, would lie naked and dead on the cold bosom of eternal night.

♣ ♣ ♣

So it is with human life. It hath its spirit looms and its throbbing shuttles forever delivering to the warp and woof of hope and memory the shining threads of human kindness, and weaving them into gossamer webs of love around our hearts and in our homes. Every tender word we speak, every blessing we bestow, is a thread of sunshine woven into somebody's life; and all the smiles and sympathies which come to us from other hearts are threads of light and love woven into our own. But let the loom of love for a moment stop, let its blissful shuttle cease to fly, and that moment happiness will lie dead on the hearthstone and laughter will perish among the roses at the door.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have named my speech "Love, Laughter, and Song," because they are the all in all of life, taking root in the heart, blossoming in beauty on the lips, and breathing the fragrance of happiness in every home.

All men are Kings, but Love is King of Kings. His imperial chariot rumbles over the cobblestones of human hearts, and the sighing millions are his worshipers. Wealth bows its haughty head before his throne and pays penance with jewels and gold; labor bends the reverent knee and counts its beads of sweat; commerce folds its snowy wings and kneels on the billows in mute but eloquent adoration; and art chisels down the cold, white prison walls of shapeless marble, and leads dumb beauty forth, a breathless prayer to Love.

Love is the only despot against whose tyranny no nation ever rebels; his yoke is the twining of tender arms, and the crack of his whip is a guileless kiss. Love is a regal anarchist; he climbs the ladder of laughter and throws bombshells of mirth into the palace of the heart. Love is a royal minstrel; he scales the harp strings of song and serenades the soul. Love rides on the wings of butterflies, and, with his silken lariat, lassoes strolling lovers and leads them down among the golden-rods and clover blossoms. The dimples in the chin of Mirth are the tell-tale tracks of Love, and he lurks among the roses that bloom on Beauty's cheek.

Love is an anarchist; Love is a King;
Love is a minstrel; Love loves to sing;
Love is a mariner; Love is a tramp;
Love loves the palace, and Love loves the camp;
Love loves the timid, and Love loves the bold;
Love loves the children, and Love loves the old;
Love loves the moonlight where hearts overflow;
Love loves the sweetheart, and Love loves the beau.

O, what a wonderful magician, and what a tyrant King is Love, the King of Kings!

♣ ♣ ♣

Look at the careworn faces in the offices and counting rooms and on the business marts of the world; look out yonder at the millions in the factories and fields, with beaded brows and knotted muscles and calloused hands, coining thought into gold and sweat into silver. There is a mighty power moving on those restless tides. They are sowing and reaping for the helpless and the innocent. Love hath written his name in every heart, and in every life there is a love story. Now look yonder in the purple glow of eventide. How the millions

dissolve and vanish among the shadows! The law of the King has been obeyed, and labor finds its sweet reward in the palace of Love, by the brawling brook of laughter, on the brink of the river of song.

♣ ♣ ♣

But, Lord, how soon the palace crumbles! And how surely the vibrant streams run dry when Labor leaves his task undone or Toil takes his gold to other shrines!

If you would keep the loom of love in motion, you must be a flying shuttle of industry by day and spend your evenings at home. The shuttle delivers the thread; you must deliver the bread, and grease the bobbins with butter.

The shuttle is always in its place. Art thou, O King? When the light is smiling through the window out into the darkness, and thy home is ringing with the laughter and song of children within, art thou there to laugh and sing with them? And when the baby cries in the dead hours of the night, dost thou meekly wear thy yoke of love and walk the floor and sweetly sing to thy screaming progeny? What dost thou sing, O King, as thou walkest? Is this the song?

"Baby, baby, dance, my darling baby!
Down he goes, up he goes,
Ninety times as high as the moon!
Baby, baby, dance, my darling baby!
You shall dine on cake and wine,
And eat with a silver spoon—"

"Confound that rocker!"

Alas! too often thou art found where the sherry glows and champagne flows, and the night is very, very merry, O King!

♣ ♣ ♣

I saw a truant old gentleman vanish from his labors to a carousal one evening, and that night he went home as drunk as a lord, with unsteady steps and slow, dreading the storm within, and softly singing to himself as he went:

"I wish my wife was an angel, far, far away."

The Queen of the household, who had been nursing her rage, met

him at the door with a face like a drawn tomahawk; and the clock struck one and she struck two as he entered. "How dare you come home to me at this hour of the night?" she shouted, in her anger.

"Why, my dear, it was jis' ten o'clock when I left prayer meetin', an' I come right straight home."

"Yes, prayer meeting! You look like prayer meeting! Look at the hands on the dial of that clock; it has just struck one!"

"Well, now, madam," he said, "if you propose to believe a durned little dollar-and-a-half clock before you'll believe your husband, that's all right; but I shall certainly think that I have not found the amiable spirit in this palace of love which I expected to find on my arrival."

And the thread of love popped, and the loom stopped for several hours.

♣ ♣ ♣

An uncrowned old King went to his little palace one night under the influence of King Alcohol, as usual. His unhappy wife let him in at the door and burst into tears and said: "Husband, why do you come home every night in this drunken condition?"

"Why," he said, "my dear, you are so pretty that I jist naturally love to look at you double!"

♣ ♣ ♣

I saw a little slippered and skirted dream of beauty with sunny curls, peeping out from under the tiny hanging garden of a summer hat, and romping and frollicking in the ecstasy of life's happy morning. Her cheeks were full of roses, her lips were full of laughter, and her heart was full of song. The little winged god of love stood tiptoe on the horizon of her delightful eyes and shot golden arrows at throbbing hearts; and all who came within range of those arrows fell dead—in love. The morning never kissed a face more beautiful; the evening never folded in its arms a fairer form. Her life was an endless chain of sunshine and pleasure. She flitted like a fairy among the poppies and pansies, and read poems and love stories under the spreading trees, or, with her happy companions, shouted with girlish glee, and gathered ferns and violets and wove them into garlands among the twittering bluebirds and tinkling cow bells down by the riverside in the deep-tangled wildwood.

And when the sylvan carnival of the day had ended and darkness brooded like a gentle spirit over the world, there were lights in the windows and luminous lanterns on the lawn. I saw a jubilant throng of dreams in summer dresses, and downy-lipped dreamers in pantaloons assemble and crowd around her, with hearts attuned to the lyrics of love and levity and faces all aglow with joy. Then I saw her sweep the vibrant harp strings beneath the smiling roof of home and tangle its tender chords with the tremulous tones of flute and violin and the notes of mellow voices until heaven descended to earth and angels seemed to sing. Cupid danced in every eye, and laughter swung corners with every song.

But the music turned a somersault into the whirlpool of mirth when the door suddenly opened, and old Uncle Rastus appeared in full evening dress, with bows and smiles and all the pompous airs of a lord to the manner born. There was eloquence in the old man's voice when he said: " 'Scuse me, childun; but I thought I heard de angels sing, an' I jist concluded I would 'lucidate some juicy tunes from de strawberry patch and cunjer a few frozen songs from de ice-cream freezer to melt on yo' lips an' mingle wid de hallelujahs uv yo' music while yo' is a-jinin' in de jubilation of dis most melodious occasion." And there was the clapping of hands for Uncle Rastus, the ebony song of the pantry, the king of the old plantation, the white-headed memory of a civilization that died long ago. Then there was the rustling of silks and the coupling of arms, and the love-sick parlor reluctantly tossed its bouquet of youth and beauty to the jealous and impatient dining room, where Uncle Rastus and his dusky subordinates darted hither and thither like blackbirds among the lilies, bearing ponderous waiters burdened with creams, and berries, and kisses, and lady fingers, and all the delightful accompaniments of a birthday party in June. It was, indeed, a melodious occasion, and " all went merry as a marriage bell " until the delicious delicacies evaporated into sweet memories; then the tired and disgusted dining room threw the giggling bouquet out into the lap of the lawn, where love sought the shadows, and laughter played hide-and-seek with the lanterns dimly burning. But lawn parties are like plays. They require the rapid shifting of the scenes to give variety to the entertainment and jewel the passing hours with pleasure. And so the harp quivered again, and

the glad leaves trembled, and the stars twinkled, and the young folks flocked from among the shadows to join in a medley of songs which rose and fell on the air like the chiming of distant bells, until the music charmed Uncle Rastus from the wreck of berries and creams as the candle charms the moth.

"Lo'd bless my soul! Jis' look at dat chile wid dat harp in 'er han'!" he shouted, as the melody died away. "De snows of seventy winters is on dis ol' head of mine; but when she sweeps dem strings, she strikes all de chords of dis ol' heart an' makes me young ag'in. De blossoms of eighteen summers is on 'er cheeks to-night, but it seems only yistiddy when she was a little baby gal playin' aroun' de knees of my ol' wife, Chloe, who sleeps out yonder on de hill close by de spot whar ol' mistis sleeps. Don't you remember, honey, how yo' ol' black mammy used to take you on her lap an' tell you stories about de ol' bugger man till yo' little eyes got big as sassers? An' don't you remember how she used to make rabbits for yo' out uv de handkerchief, an' fro' shadows on de wall wid her han's, an' sing de ol'-time lullabies, an' rock you to sleep on 'er bosom every night? Dey ain't no mo' black mammies now; dem happy days is gone; an' yit, ever since Chloe died, honey, I'se been a-rockin' yo' in de purple cradle uv my heart. But de ol' worn-out cradle's a-gwyne to stop rockin' some uv dese days. Some uv dese days de chariot of de Lo'd's gwyne to swing low, an' den yo' Uncle Rastus is gwyne home to de ol' white folks an' to Chloe." And he bowed his head and softly sang:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home."

And I think there was a tear stain on the cheek of Merriment that night.

♣ ♣ ♣

But the dewdrops of the evening cannot last long in the presence of the morning. A thoughtless lad from the outer rim of the crowd threw a very ripe tomato. It struck Uncle Rastus square on the upper lip and stuck. The old man walled his eyes a few times and shouted with great dignity: "Lookey heah, young man! I's a great mind to carry dis heah 'madus jist whar it sets an' show it to yo' father!" This untimely incident came within a hair's breadth of elimi-

nating Uncle Rastus from the revelry of the evening; but a few more quarters pacified the old man, and, yielding to the clamors of the eager throng, he agreed to " dismember de occasion wid a few variations uv de programme, jis' to please dat chile wid de harp in 'er han'. Childun," he began, " dis is a strange ol' world we lives in. De poor gits rich, an' de rich gits poor; de lean gits fat, an' de fat gits lean; de young gits old, an' de old has to die to git out uv de way; some quits weepin' to laugh, an' some quits laughin' to weep; an' it's jis' like Uncle Remus's story uv de fox an' de wolf. Brudder Fov went to de well one night to git 'im a drink of water. It was one uv dese heah kind uv wells what has a pulley over it, an' a chain over de pulley, wid buckets on boaf ends uv de chain; an' when one bucket goes up, de other goes down. Brudder Fox, he jumped into de bucket what was up to git him a drink, an' down went de bucket wid him; an' dar he wuz paddlin' aroun' screamin' for help in de bottom uv de well. Brudder Wolf was a-prowlin' aroun', an' he heard Brudder Fox a-screamin', an' he poked his head over de well an' asked Brudder Fox what he was a-doin' down dar. 'Fishin'!' shouted Brudder Fox. 'Dis heah well's full uv fish.' Brudder Wolf say: 'I loves fish myself.' 'Well, den,' Brudder Fox say, 'git in dat bucket, Brudder Wolf, an' come down.' Brudder Wolf hopped into de bucket an' started down, an' Brudder Fox hopped in his bucket an' started up; an' as dey passed on de halfway ground, Brudder Fox say to Brudder Wolf, wid a grin: 'Ah, Brudder Wolf, dis world goes 'roun' an' 'roun', and some goes up an' some goes down.' An' dat's de way it is wid courtship, childun. De young man what goes prowlin' aroun' de hearts uv de girls had better be keerful about gittin' in de bucket, case dar's liable to be a fox in de well, an' somebody's a-gwyne to git drownded sho'. It's jist 'zackly in love like it is wid religion an' politics. Dis world goes 'roun' an' 'roun', an' some goes up an' some goes down." And Uncle Rastus looked very wise as he continued: " Dar's a wonderful correspondence 'twixt de animal kingdom an' de human race. De lion is de king uv de forest, an' de man dat corresponds to de lion is king among men; de hog breaks into de garden an' roots up all de flowers, an' dar's folks jis' like de hog—dey breaks into the garden of de heart an' roots up all de flowers uv happiness; den dar's some like de billy goat—allus a-gittin' mad an' buttin' dey heads ag'in' de wall; an' dar's some like de

yaller dog—all bark an' no bite; an' den, ag'in', dar's some like de bear—you better lef' him alone, case he's a-gwyne to hurt you sho'."

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And to illustrate this proposition, Uncle Rastus told the story of Uncle Nicodemus and the bear. He said: "Uncle Nicodemus was a-wipin' out his ol' rifle one day, an' Aunt Dina said to him: 'What you a-gwyne to do, Nicodemus?' 'What I gwyne to do? I'se a-gwyne out heah in de woods an' fetch you a bear for supper.' 'Yes, you's a-gwyne to fetch me a bear; you'll do scrimpscious well ef you fetches me a rabbit or a 'possum.' An', sho' nuf," he said, "Uncle Nicodemus went out into de woods; an', to his distonishment, he met a bear, an' blazed away at 'im wid his ol' rifle an' wounded 'im, an' de infuriated animal tuck after Uncle Nicodemus, an' de ol' man come out of de woods shoutin' at de top of 'is voice: 'Open de door, Dina; open de door!' Aunt Dina opened de door, an' Nicodemus darted in, an' she slammed it to, an' den fell over on de bed screamin' like a pant'er an' laughin' like she was a-gwyne into fits. As soon as Uncle Nicodemus could git 'is bref, he riz up an' said: 'What's you laughin' at, Dina?' 'Bless de Lo'd!' Aunt Dina said. 'Nicodemus said he was a-gwyne to fetch me a bear, an' de bear fotch him!' De chickens will come home to roost," said the old man. "Yes, sir, de chickens will come home to roost."

"Well, which do you like the best—the white chicken or the black chicken—Uncle Rastus?" interrupted a mischievous lad in the crowd.

"Well, it's dis way, childun," said the old man, with a grin. "De white chicken is de easiest chicken to locate on de roost after dark, but de black chicken is de easiest hid after you gits 'im. I believes I prefers de black Langshang."

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Finally the old man drifted into religion, and illustrated his views on deathbed repentance with a tale on Uncle Ephreham. "Childun," he said, "I has my doubts about dat sort o' 'ligun. Ephreham had been stealin' quilts an' blankets aroun' in de neighborhood, an' he took sick an' got down very low on one occasion, an' he called Dina to 'im an' said: 'Dina, I's a-gwyne to die sho'.' 'Well,' said Dina,

'Ephreham, has you had any congulgions wid de Lo'd about yo' salvation?' 'No, Dina. Ever time I tries to pray, dem blankets an' quilts gits right up in de air an' spreads out 'twixt me an' de Lo'd, an' I can't pray a bit. I wish you'd send George Washington to ketch de mule, an' den fold up dem quilts an' things an' send 'em home; you knows whar I got 'em; den maybe de Lo'd will listen to me.' Dina said, 'All right, Ephreham; now don't worry about dat;' an' she went to work an' folded up de quilts an' blankets an' sent George Washington to ketch de mule, an' Ephreham fell asleep. After a while, Ephreham woke ag'in, an' he called Dina to 'im an' said in a feeble voice: 'Dina, has you sent dem things home yit?' 'No, Ephreham; but I's got 'em all folded up an' de mule kotch. I's a-gwyne to send 'em right now. Don't worry yo'self, honey; you's a-gwyne to die an' leave ol' Dina soon enough, anyhow.' 'O, Dina,' said Ephreham, 'ef dey isn't gone, don't send 'em yit; I feels a leetle better.'"

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"Now sing us an old-time darky song!" shouted the revelers; and this is the song he sang:

"Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And he lived long ago very old.
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
And was bought for a bag full of gold.
'Twas his last sad request when we laid him to rest
In de trunk of an old hollow tree.
Wake me up in de morn at de broke of de day;
Wake me up to de great jubilee.
Dar's a good time comin'; it's almost here;
'Twas long, long, long on de way.
O, run and tell Elijah to wake Unc' Pomp!
Meet me at de gum tree down in de swamp,
And wake Nicodemus to-day!"

Uncle Rastus vanished, but the looms of love wove on, and the shuttles of laughter and song never ceased to fly until the lamps went out in the windows and the lanterns were dark on the lawn.

The clock struck two, and the boys went home with the girls in the morning.

The scene changed. I heard the tolling of distant bells. The evening of death had stolen the stars of hope from the bosom of the morning; the angels had slipped in under the smiling roof and stolen a gentle spirit; the hands that swept the harp strings were cold, the lips that sang were silent, and the dazed and desolate youth who had won her heart and promise true left the grave in despair to drink his sorrow away. He drank until his face grew purple and fortune melted away; he drank until his body trembled and his clothing crumbled into rags; he drank until a frenzied old father drove his idol from the door of home; and the mournful years rolled on. The scene changed again. A tramp aimlessly plodded his weary way out in the wide, wide world, with no shelter but the sky, no friend but Mother Earth.

Did you ever see a tramp tramping by and pausing at your door to beg a benediction—not of love, but of bread? What cared this wandering boy for love? His heart was in the grave. He was the "somnambulist of a shattered dream;" he was a romance in rags, a seedy poem, a tattered song, crumpled by the hand of fate and thrown into the wastebasket of oblivion. His life was an endless stroll, and he was the smile of many a haymow and the sweet forget-me-not of many a kitchen; he was the fragrant touch-me-not of the woodpile and the garden. He stood knee deep in the snow of winter and sang: "Summer days will come again." He toiled over the cross-ties in the heat of the summer's sun and sighed for icebergs and crags of snow.

He sidled up one bright afternoon to the home of a good old sister in Israel, and humbly asked for something to eat. The old lady passed him out a large slice of cold lightbread, and solemnly said: "Young man, I give you this for humanity's sake." "Well, madam," he said, "for the Lord's sake put a little butter on it."

* * *

He halted at a farmhouse one rainy day and proposed to kill all the rats on the place for his dinner. "Very well," said the farmer; "it's a bargain." He called his neighbors in to see the killing. The tramp ate for an hour; and when he had finished, he called for a spade. Seating himself in the middle of the room, he raised the spade over his shoulder and shouted: "Now fetch on your rats!"

He stopped at an old fellow's door and told him he was a dentist, and smilingly proposed to put a good set of teeth in a fresh apple pie for nothing.

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He hove to at a cross-roads tavern, leading a pug dog which he had kidnaped on his way. He was a superb ventriloquist, and offered to make the dog talk for a good warm supper for both. "All right," said the tavern keeper; "but be sure you make him talk, for I have a cow-hide here which sometimes talks when tramps undertake to fool me." The tramp smiled and ate, while the dog ate from a waiter at his feet. He looked down at his dog and said: "How do you like your supper, Carlo?" And he threw his voice into the mouth of the dog and made him say: "Plenty of bone, but not much meat." The hands of the lookers-on were lifted in astonishment. "How much will you take for that dog?" eagerly asked the tavern keeper. "I don't want to sell him," replied the tramp, busily eating. "I'll give you fifty dollars for him," said the tavern keeper. The tramp dropped his knife and fork, and feigned to weep, and said with a sigh: "You will have to take him, old man. Fifty dollars is a fortune to me, but I would almost rather die than to part with my dog." The money was counted out. The tramp handed the tavern keeper the string and started for the door. The dog undertook to follow, but the tavern keeper held tight to the string. The tramp threw his voice back into the mouth of the dog as he departed and made him say: "You've sold me, have you?" "Yes, Carlo," said the tramp; "we must part; good-by, good-by." "All right," said the dog; "I'll git even with you both; I'll never speak another durned word while this old fool's got me." And the chuckling tramp vanished in the darkness.

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His fifty dollars melted away that night, and he next dropped anchor in a little town and walked into a little grocery store, where they sold whisky also, and called for a dime's worth of cheese and crackers. The groceryman cut off the cheese and handed him the crackers. He looked at them a minute, and said: "Will you please take these cheese and crackers back and let me have a drink of whisky in their

stead?" "Certainly," said the groceryman; and he set the bottle out on the counter. The tramp poured a tumbler half full and drank it down, and started out. "Hold on," said the groceryman; "you haven't paid for that whisky." "Yes, I did. Didn't I give you back the cheese and crackers?" "Well, but you didn't pay me for the cheese and crackers," said the groceryman. "I never got 'em, did I?" said the tramp. "That's so," said the puzzled groceryman; "you can go; but I don't care to trade any more with you, my friend."

And the tramp tramped on in the dusty road, which led him out through the skirting woods and down the shadowy fields of blue grass, where the Shorthorns grazed and the race horses cantered and played. On he tramped by thrifty farms and farmhouses, until the moon rose and silvered his tatters and rags, and the Evening unfurled her "bonnie blue flag" that bore a million stars; on he tramped, listening to the katydid's lonesome song and many a watchdog's honest bark, catching glimpses now and then of lights in the darkness, and shrinking back when startled birds darted from the bushes by the roadside; on he tramped, until at length he halted in the shadow of a tree before the door of a happy country home, and, looking through the open window into the lighted room, he saw Love and Contentment, with smiling faces, rocking to and fro, while Laughter and Song rolled and tumbled on the floor. It was a mirror maze of memory reflecting upon his eyes and soul the scenes of his own happy childhood, too bright, too beautiful, to last; and he stood there weeping and sobbing in the night, like a lost spirit peering through the lighted window of heaven.

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O, memory, memory, thou hast power to lift the veil and let the spirit look and listen; but thou canst not lead us back into the fairy-land of vanished years. All thy songs are phantoms; all thy faces and forms are dreams. The melancholy tramp was only looking, and listening, and dreaming; and while he dreamed, he heard the soft strains of a love song floating out like the incense of flowers on the summer air, which thrilled him and seemed to call him with its melody. He slipped under the shadow of another tree, and, looking through the parlor window, beheld a lover, with face all aglow, bend-

ing over a beautiful girl, who played and sang to him, and this was the sweet refrain:

"O, tell me, do you love me?
For that's the sweetest story ever told."

The wretched listener gathered up the corner of his frazzled coat and wiped another flood of tears from his swollen eyes, as he thought of lips that were dust, and a heart that was still, and songs that were sung no more; and he hid himself behind the tree as the lovers came out and walked, hand in hand, to the gate; and the lad vanished, and as he vanished he swung his hat in the shadows and sang back to her his happy love song:

"Light of my life, the apple of my eye,
I love you, I love you.
Through nodding pines the gentle zephyrs sigh:
I love you, I love you.
Dancing through the grassy meadows where the butterflies swing,
Laughing through the leafy woodlands where the happy birds sing,
Fairies from the hills and hollows the sweet echoes bring:
I love you, I love you."

The very air was drunk with love; the tipsy stars danced; the maudlin moonbeams stumbled over a fleecy cloud and fell sprawling on the dreamy hills; the homeless and friendless tramp disappeared among the trees, and there was silence. But still the years rolled on, and still the scene changed again.

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Relentless fate led me into this drama of sorrow; destiny touched me, and I could not resist its power. I was called to labor among the confused tongues of contention in the Babel of politics. The brawling brook of laughter was turned into a brook of tears, and the river of song became a river of sighs. I became a servant to trouble and sorrow—a servant to the harrowing cares of State.

I saw Love enter the gubernatorial door to plead for Love one day; and the old mother sat and wept in the presence of the Governor, while the aged father told the story of a love that was wrecked long ago, a life that was ruined, and a lover that wandered away with the death wound in his heart. Then I heard him tell the story of a tramp whose journey had ended at last within the prison walls, and I went out with

them and stood at the gate of hell. I looked in and saw the ghastly stripes of shame and the pallid faces of crime moving to and fro, laboring under the lash of justice and shrinking from the scorn of their fellow-man. I entered and looked again. There was not a smile nor a single peal of laughter, but a melancholy ghost of song still lingered behind the iron bars to comfort languishing love.

I saw children of tender age in that vortex of living death, and I said, "Hell was not made for children;" and I dragged them out and delivered them to their mothers. I saw youths who had committed crime in the heat of passion, dying in disgrace; and I dragged them out and sent them home—some with a new hope, and some to die. I saw repentant men who had suffered long enough, and I dragged them out and gave them to their wives and their children. I saw the erstwhile tramp, the romance in rags, the tattered song, now the striped doxology of a misspent life. Two trembling hands pointed to him. I turned to the old folks and said, "His crime was not great, and you are old and feeble;" and I dragged him out and left them weeping upon his bosom.

I saw ten thousand outstretched hands and heard ten thousand cries for help, and the critics raised their bristles, and the scandal mongers showed their teeth and said, "You shall not;" but Love said, "You shall," and Humanity said, "You must;" and I did. And then I shifted my burden to other shoulders, and—lo!—I was a King again; and I dragged myself out of the Babel of politics and returned home to my wife and children.

But the sun still shines and the stars still tremble; old Babel still babbles; this world goes round and round, and still the tides of humanity ebb and flow.

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What is life but a whirling tide of pleasure and pain, glowing with gladness, darkening with grief, leaping with rapture, eddying with tears, now caressing the smiling cliffs of hope, now dashing against the frowning crags of fear, and then vanishing in the darkness?

How sweet it would be if Love, in his shadow boat, with silent oars and sails unseen, could be our only convoy to guide us among the islands of happiness, where we might drop anchor in a thousand harbors of laughter and song! But—alas!—every sea is green with the

sails of envy, and every air is black with the flags of merciless pirates, who grapple with the shadow boat, and drag us from the deck, and dash us among the coral reefs of sorrow and destruction. No man is safe on this tide of life who sails far out to sea. It is best to hug the shore, and, when the storms come, to anchor in some peaceful bay until the waters are calm and the skies are blue.

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I saw an old farmer's happy children twine their little arms about his neck in the morning; that was the sunrise of love; and he went smiling and singing to the fields. I saw them greet him at the gate in the evening and cover his sunburnt face with kisses; that was the sweet reward of labor and of love, and heaven was reflected in his heart and in his home. He was one of the contented millions who hug the humble and happy shore of obscurity, unconscious of the great political and financial battles that are daily waged far out on the raging sea of wealth and power. He had reached the meridian of life within the narrow circle of a rural tiller of the soil, in utter ignorance of the struggles and turmoils of the outside world. But destiny touched him at last, and led him away from his little palace of love to be a delegate in a great convention in a distant city. His brand-new Sunday coat was wonderfully and fearfully made; it covered his body as the waters cover the face of the great deep; and there was blue jeans enough in his pantaloons to bull the wool market; and, with his oilcloth satchel and faded umbrella, he boarded the cars and started on his pilgrimage; and soon, with a great throng of his fellow-delegates, he went plunging out of the darkness into the mighty city, which glowed and flashed with a million electric lights, as if the angels had spilt a basket of stars. He was deafened with its roar and dazzled with its glory. He heard the symphonies of business and pleasure, and the rattle and rumble of street cars and innumerable vehicles passing hither and thither and brushing each other like bees in a hive, and he wondered if they did all their hauling after night. He was lost in the midst of a vast multitude, and he whispered to a delegate that he "felt like a needle in a haystack;" and finally he dragged himself out of the multitude and landed in the crowded rotunda of a ten-story hotel, "slightly disfigured, but still in the ring." He saw a hundred

guests register on the book of arrivals, and concluded to try his hand; and when he had registered his name, he bent over the counter and asked the clerk confidentially what they charged for board. "From five to fifteen a day," was the reply. "Which?" "From five to fifteen dollars a day, sir, according to the location of your room." His mouth flew wide open in speechless amazement. "Do you wish a room?" asked the clerk. "No, sir." "Supper?" "No, sir." "Breakfast?" "No, sir." "Well, what do you want? Haven't you registered here on our book of arrivals?" "Well," said the old man, "I believe I'll jist arrive." And he seized his satchel and slipped out in search of a boarding house.

The great convention assembled; and there was the music of bands, and the flaunting of handkerchiefs, and the floating of flags, and the shouting of enthusiastic thousands when the candidate for President was named. Then there was the clinking of glasses and revelry everywhere. But the old delegate from the humble palace of love was unaccustomed to the flowing bowl; and as the cocktails and toddies flowed, he began to get rich and boisterous, and finally went staggering down the street, arm in arm with a fellow-delegate, both yelling like panthers, and swearing they could whip the whole city of Chicago. But the scene soon changed, and they were quietly sleeping behind the iron bars in the station house. The next morning when their friends went down to rescue the lost sheep of Israel, they peeped through the bars and saw the old man sitting up on his bunk of straw, sweetly singing an old, familiar song:

"Little Bo-peep, he's lost his sheep,
And don't know where to find 'em.
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
With their tails hanging down behind 'em—"

"I wish I was in Dixie; look away, look away.
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, to live and die for Dixie;
Look away, look away, look away down South in Dixie—"

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis, by gosh!"

This song and exclamation aroused his fellow-delegate, who was a stuttering gentleman from Maine, and they instantly engaged in a hand-to-hand fight; but there were no casualties, and "Yankee Doodle

and Dixie" were soon parted, and made friends, and went arm in arm into the police court.

The stuttering delegate was put on trial first. "What is your name?" asked the frowning judge. "S-S-S-S-Smith." The judge turned around to the captain of the police and asked: "What is this man charged with, Captain?" "I don't know, Your Honor," said the captain, "but I think he is charged with soda pop."

The old son of Dixie came next. "What is your name?" asked the judge. "Plain Smith, Your Honor, with not so many 's's' as old Soda Pop Smith puts in his'n." And the two Smiths treated the city government to a couple of ten-dollar bills, and disappeared in the multitude, arm in arm, softly singing together as they went:

"Little Bo-peep, he's lost his sheep,
And don't know where to find 'em.
Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
With their tails hanging down behind 'em."

This song was a prophecy of happiness; for soon the convention dissolved, and the two Smiths parted and went whirling away in opposite directions, unheralded and unsung, but bound for "home, sweet home." And when at length the old delegate from Dixie, with his satchel and his umbrella, approached his little palace of love in the gloaming, the frogs croaked "howdy do," and the trees nodded and whispered "howdy do," and the old mill wheel creaked "howdy do," and the whole face of the earth around him seemed to smile and say "howdy do." And home was never half so sweet to him as on that happy evening when the little arms were twined about his neck again, and again his face was covered with kisses, and he sat in the firelight, in the presence of his happy wife, and sang to his baby on his knee:

"Little Bo-peep, he lost his sheep,
And didn't know where to find him.
He let him alone, and he's come home,
With his tail a-hangin' down behind 'im."

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Ladies and gentlemen, it was a sad day when Satan found his way to earth and climbed over the garden wall. The juice of a single apple has kept this world staggering for six thousand years, and it is still

on the same old spree. Ever since paradise was lost our race has been drunk with folly, and "little Bo-peep" is always losing his sheep, and don't know where to find 'em. Sometimes they come home with a song, sometimes with a sigh, sometimes with an open countenance, sometimes with a sheepish look, but always with a plausible tale hanging down behind 'em.

The uppermost thought in the human brain is pleasure. Pleasure is the tempter of mankind. It distills in the veins of youth the blood of the violets and lilies, and makes him drunk with the desire to dance the golden hours of life away.

Look at the floods of light and color glowing in the ballroom; listen to the rapturous flow of mirth and music, and the rustling of silks and ribbons in the whirling and floating mazes of the delightful german. How graceful! How beautiful! How radiant with joy! How full of the phantoms and enchanting dreams of exuberant young life! It is the bright stream of youth leaping from cliffs of laughter and song to happy vales of pleasure, and breaking into pearls of folly and the silvery foam of frivolity; it is the drunken hiccoughs of hilarity; it is the delirium tremens of pleasure.

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Now turn away from the whirling of society swells and belles under brilliant chandeliers, and take a peep at the country dance, where blazing pine knots flicker and shine on buxom maids and rollicking men. See the fiddler tune his fiddle for the fray; and when all is ready, he gives a few sweeps of his bow across the eager strings, whose weird notes resemble the mingled melodies of wild geese and yelping hounds; and then, throwing himself back, he darts like forked lightning into an old-time tune called "Shake That Little Foot, Sally Ann:"

"O, where are you going, Sally Ann?
I'm going to the weddin' fast as I can.
Shake that little foot, Sally Ann."

See the swinging of his bow with his body to and fro, keeping "time, time, time, in a sort of runic rhyme," with the clatter of dwindling shoe soles on the floor. How gleeful, and how glad! How thoughtless and free! It is the overflow of soul, a cloudburst of fun, a thun-

derstorm of merriment; it is rural society on a tear; Mary's little lambs are at play.

If youth were the only period of mortal life, human existence would be a perpetual life and an endless song. This giddy planet is its whirling symbol, with black-haired Night and beautiful Day forever swinging corners and waltzing among the stars. But there'll come a time, young ladies and gentlemen, when you will waltz to other music and dance to other tunes; there'll come a time when the lambs will cease to play, and the blood of the violets and lilies will be converted into the corn juice and hard cider of cold reality; there'll come a time when you will be compelled to swing corners with the broom handle or the hoe, with the cares of the kitchen or the duties of the office, and there will be plenty of vinegar mixed with your sugar and honey. All your ideals of life will change, and other dreams will fill your anxious hearts. They may be no higher than the tramp's dream of butter on his bread, or they may be the dreams of some Napóleon who will some day make nations shudder and the frontiers of kingdoms oscillate on the map. But whatever they may be, your bread will many a time fall buttered side down, and many a time your plans will meet with their Waterloo.

Whether it be youth ever tipsy with pleasure, or manhood intoxicated with the spirit of ambition, or old age tottering around in the stupor of memory, all are drunk with folly and doomed to disappointments innumerable.

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A lawyer said to his client: "There is only one way out of your trouble. You must play insane; and when a question is asked you in court, you must make this sign and whistle. [Whistle.] A plea of insanity was promptly entered, and the trial proceeded, and at length the prisoner was put on the witness stand. "What is your name?" asked the lawyer. [Whistle.] "Are you the defendant in this case?" [Whistle.] The court rapped on the bench and said: "You must answer the question, sir." [Whistle.] The physicians pronounced the prisoner insane, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. The lawyer took his client to his office, and they had a triumphant laugh together over the victory. "Now," said the lawyer, "I have ac-

quitted you, and I want my fee; it is only twenty-five dollars." His client stood and looked at him a moment and made only one reply: [Whistle.] And victory was swallowed up in wrath. The lawyer paid dear for his whistle, and his bread fell buttered side down.

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An overbearing lawyer once shouted to an old lady whom he was examining on the witness stand: "Madam, please confine yourself to the facts!" The old lady turned around to him and said: "Well, sir, you are no gentleman; that's a fact."

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An old darky walked into his office one morning and said: "Boss, I's a-gwyne to have a lawsuit wid Jones about a cow, an' I wants to state de facts jist as dey is, an' den I wants to know whedder you can gain de case an' what you is a-gwyne to charge fer de fee." "All right, Rastus," said the lawyer; "I will be honest with you; state your case." It took Rastus an hour to detail the facts in the controversy, and the lawyer put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and said: "Rastus, if I don't gain that case, I will never go into the courthouse again, and I will only charge you ten dollars." Uncle Rastus began to wall his eyes and back out of the office. "'Scuse me, boss," he said; "but you can't win no case for me sho'." "How dare you, then, come into my office and consume my time in this manner?" stormed the angry lawyer. "Well, boss," said Uncle Rastus, "it's dis way: I tol' you Jones' side uv de case to git de troof." And there were books and bottles whizzing in the air, and Uncle Rastus had business on the horizon.

And so it is with every profession and vocation in life. Man is "of few days, and full of trouble."

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An old doctor examined his patient one afternoon and coldly said to him: "You are dying, sir. Have you any wish to express before you pass over the river?" "Yes," said the patient, feebly; "I wish I had employed another doctor."

The world loves us if we succeed; it despises us if we fail. It piles ice around its benefactors, and gives the meed of praise to genius only when genius is in the grave. But what do words of praise avail to lift the shadows from a path no longer pressed by weary feet? Why fill the hands of the dead with flowers which you have withheld from the living? Who would not rather have one smile, one tender word to-day, than to know that a million roses would be heaped upon his coffin? Who would not rather live and dream among the flowers of love than to sleep the dreamless sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers?

Then why not let the Gulf Stream of love flow on? For its warm current breathes upon the icy shores of mortal life, and makes them blossom with laughter and song. Love is the soul of the beautiful, the true, and the good; it is all there is of happiness.

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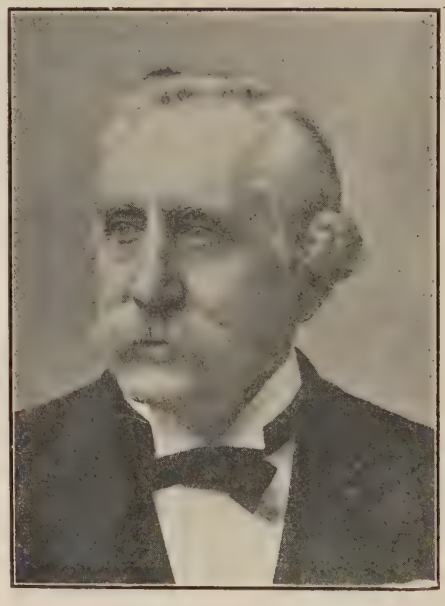
But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Listen to my tale of woe. An absent-minded old bachelor once fell in love with a beautiful girl, and instantly prepared for battle with the flounced and powdered enemy. At first his plans worked well, and he was about to win a great victory over all the swells in town; but an accident happened which changed his destiny and wrecked his hopes of conquest and happiness. The church bell rang one bright Sabbath morning, and he knew that his idol would be there; and he diked himself in faultless style and curled his sorrel mustache till it looked like the tail of a pug. The excitement of the occasion made him more absent-minded than ever, and he waited until the worshipers had assembled, and then walked down the aisle in triumph, the observed of all observers, with his overcoat hanging on his arm; but the maiden looked at his overcoat and blushed, the preacher looked at it and smiled, and the congregation looked at it and broke into laughter; and the old bachelor looked down, and it was his everyday pantaloons. His hope exploded like a bubble in the air, and he dropped the garment and flew.

Sentiment and Story.

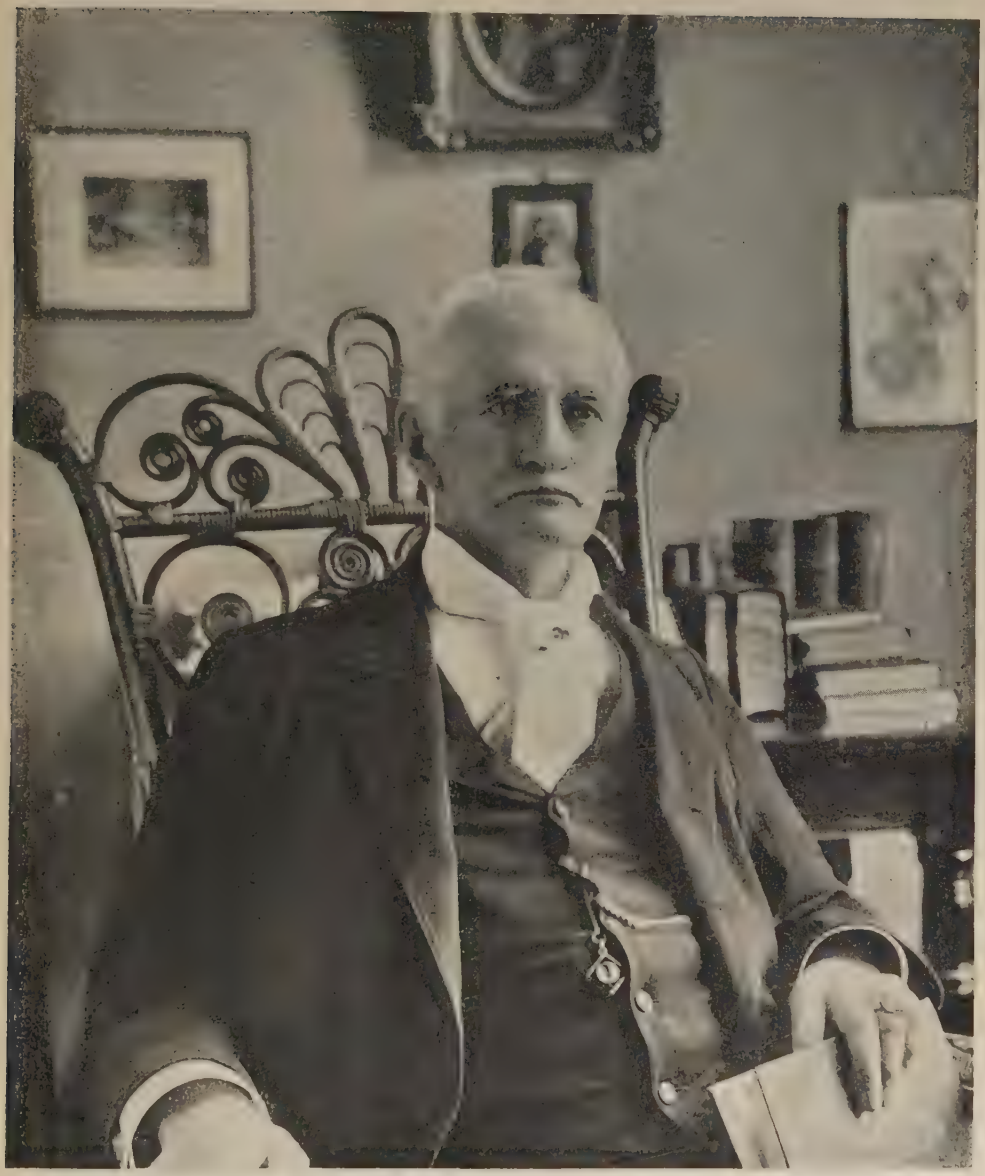
THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW.

One of the most brilliant civilizations that ever flourished in the history of the world staggered and fell with broken sword and shattered shield on that dark day when the flag of Southern hope and glory went down in blood and tears. Its decimated armies, too exhausted from loss of blood to longer pull the trigger, too weak from starvation to charge the enemy, too footsore and too proud to run, stacked their old, bent, and battered muskets in the anguish of defeat and went limping back to their ruined homes in Dixie.



Senator William B. Bate.

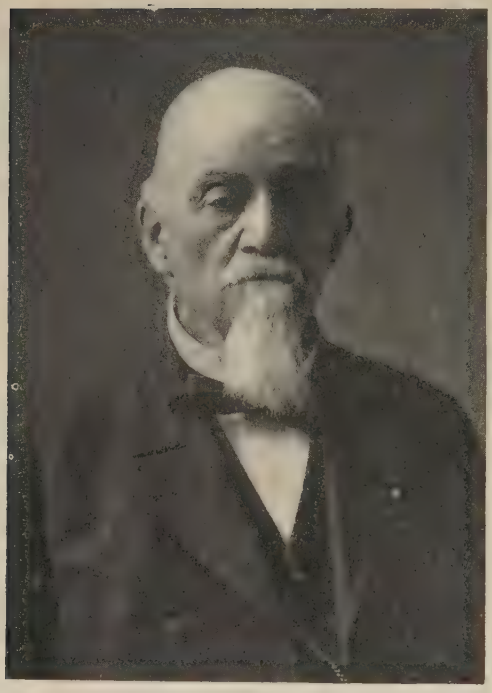
There is nothing left of that civilization now but a few remnants of its gray columns—themselves grown gray, as if in honor of the uniforms they wore—and the thrilling and pathetic story of its vanished prestige and power lingering among its tombstones and monuments like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone. Never again will the white-columned mansions of the masters glorify the groves of live oak and the orange and the palm, where Southern beauty was wooed and won by Southern chivalry and life was an endless chain of pleasure; never again will the snowy cotton fields and rice fields, stretching away to the Gulf or to the river, teem with happy slaves and ring with their old-time plantation melodies. Hushed forever is the music of the Old South! Closed are the lips of its matchless orators! The dust of its statesmen mingles with the dust of the heroes who died to save it. Only three are left in the counsels of the nation—Morgan,* the brave and the true, the able, the eloquent and learned Senator from Alabama; Pettus,* from the same State, the peer of Morgan in all the exalted traits of character that distinguish the unswerving and incorruptible representa-



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN.

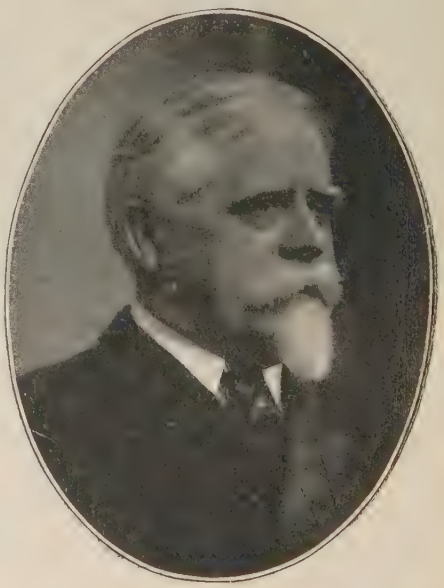
tive and defender of Southern ideals and Southern traditions; and Bate,* that grand old man of dauntless courage, that fearless soldier with many scars, the hero of Shiloh, the strong and faithful Senator who in private life is as pure and gentle as the mother of his children, and in war as bold and daring a cavalier as ever drew a sword. It

* Senators Morgan, Pettus, and Bate have died since this was penned



Senator B. F. Pettus.

is true there are other splendid men from the land of cotton and cane in Congress, whose heads are silvered o'er and who have nobly led Southern thought and sentiment. They are superb exponents of the antebellum civilization, but they were too young to taste the sweets of its glory. Some of them were born soon enough to listen to the lullaby of the old black mammy and to sit in the cabin and listen to the blood-curdling tales of Uncle Rastus about ghosts and goblins; some—like Daniel, of Virginia; Berry, of Arkansas; and Blackburn, of Kentucky—were old enough to follow Lee and Jackson and to fight to the finish; but their youth forbade their sitting on the throne of living ebony with these older men, who, in reality, are all that is left of the Old South in the national Legislature, and in whose presence all men, whether of the North or of the South, delight to lift their hats with that profound reverence which true nobility of character always commands. What a shame there are not more!



Governor Edwin Warfield, of Maryland.

A sigh of deep regret came from the Southern heart when Missouri registered the decree that Cockrell, the soul of honor, the impersonation of truth and integ-

rity, the soldier and the statesman, must cease to reflect honor upon that great Commonwealth as one of its representatives in the United States Senate. But it must be a sweet consolation to him to go back among the people whom he has served so faithfully and so well, with the consciousness of a clean life behind him, both private and public, and with the prestige of a glorious record in the service of his country.

Senator James B. Frazier, of Tennessee.

To those who have marked the passing of men in recent years, how solemn the thought that there are so few left to tell the tale of the manhood, the wealth, and the influence of that chivalrous race who staked all and lost all save honor in the struggle to preserve its institutions! There is only one remaining who served in the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis, in the person of the venerable and beloved John H. Reagan,* of the "Lone Star State." The dews of life's evening are condensing on his brow, and its shadows are lengthening around him; but the burden of his fourscore years and five still rests lightly upon him. The snows that never melt have fallen upon his head, but there's no snow upon his heart—'tis always summer there. He has been distinguished through life for his rigid honesty and the fearless discharge of duty, and he will die, as he has lived, the idol of his people. May God lengthen the twilight

Governor John C. W. Beckham, of Kentucky.

* Since this article was written, Judge Reagan, too, has passed away.

Governor James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi.

of his declining years far into the twentieth century.

One by one the great majority of the star actors in the thrilling drama of the past have made their exit behind the sable curtain of death, and in all probability another decade will clear the stage.

It has been beautifully said that "literature loves a lost cause." If this be true, the South will yet be a flower garden of the most enchanting literature that ever blossomed in any age or in any land. Some Homer will rise, greater than the Greek, and dream among the cemeteries where its heroes sleep and sing the sweetest "Iliad" ever sung. The spirit of another Hugo will brood over its battlefields and gather tales of valor and reckless courage, of grim-visaged men scorning shot and shell and riding to the cannon's mouth, of bayonets mixed and crossed, of angry armies clinching and rolling together in the bloody mire of the awful strife, of Death on the pale horse, beckoning the flower of the Old South to the opening grave. He will gather up the tears and prayers and the withered hopes of a dying nation, the piteous wails of pale and haggard maidens for lovers slain in battle, the shrieks of brides for grooms of a day brought back with pallid lips sealed forever and jackets all stained with blood, and the swoons of mothers with the kisses of fallen sons still warm

Governor N. B. Broward, of Florida.

upon their wrinkled brows. He will gather them up and weave them all into volumes of romantic love more vivid and terrible than the story of Waterloo. He will paint in burning words a picture, not of all the horrors that followed the blunder of Grouchy in that battle

HENRY WATTERSON, OF KENTUCKY.

upon which hung the fate of empires, but of Stonewall Jackson falling in the noontide of his brilliant career and passing over the river to rest under the shade of the trees; a picture, not of Wellington seizing the fallen Napoleon and banishing him to solitude and death on a rock in the sea, but of the great and generous Grant receiving our

own immortal Lee like a king at Appomattox, declining to accept his sword, and bidding him return to the peaceful walks of private life among the green hills of old Virginia; a picture, not of Ney, who had fought so long and so bravely for the triumph of his beloved France, shot through the heart by cowards within the very walls of Paris, but of Gordon, with golden tongue portraying the last days of the Confederacy amid the shouts and tears of the brave men who had faced him with booming cannon and rattling musketry on a hundred fields of glory; a picture, not of the English Channel as the dividing line between the drawn swords of France and Britain, but of Mason and Dixon's line healing into a red scar of honor across the breast of the great republic and marking the unity of a once divided country.

Not very long ago, during the Spanish-American War, there was commotion in a far Southern town, caused by a coterie of young men bitterly protesting against the sons of Confederate veterans wearing the blue and fighting under the old flag. An elderly man, with "crow's-feet" at the corners of his eyes and silver in his hair, listened for a while in silence, but finally arose from his chair and said:

"Young men, you are wrong. I followed the Stars and Bars for four long, weary years. I saw its colors go down at last, and I straggled back to my native State, barefooted and in rags, only to find my home in ashes. I swore eternal enmity to the Stars and Stripes and to the blue. But one day, after the battle of Manila Bay had been fought, a Mississippi regiment went marching up the main street of my town, and—lo!—my boy was in the ranks dressed in the Federal uniform. In my rage I rushed to the colonel and shouted: 'Take that blue uniform off these young men and let them put on the gray and show the world how the sons of Confederate veterans can fight!' But the colonel smiled and shook his head, and the regiment marched on, eager for the fray. I went home in my fury more bitter against the North than ever before. But when one day they brought my boy home in his coffin and I looked down upon him, pale and motionless in his blue uniform and wrapped in the old flag, my animosity vanished in a moment, and in my tears I said: 'Henceforth that uniform is my uniform, that flag is my flag, and this whole country is my country.'"

This sentiment is not incompatible with loyalty to the gray nor to

the folded Stars and Bars, but it is the expression of the only feeling that will ever unite all the sections of the Union. We must recognize the fact that a new civilization has arisen in the South from the ashes of the old; and while her people cherish the past for its precious memories, their faces are turned toward the morning. They are not only producing more cotton than ever before, but building gigantic plants

Equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee, Richmond, Va.

among its snow-white fields, and, with the magic of modern machinery, are transforming the raw material into finished fabrics; they are pulling down the hills and dragging forth their treasures of coal and iron, of marble, zinc, and lead, and are converting them into all the finished implements of peace; they are harnessing their beautiful rivers to the thunder-clad steeds of the storm and turning the myriad wheels of industry with electric power; and they will some day outherod Herod in the marts of the world.

The Representatives and Governors of the South, confronted with new and perilous problems, have had the courage to grapple with them, the brain to control them, and the heart to turn many of them into blessings. They have brought wealth out of poverty and prosperity out of desolation; and Hope stands on the horizon with a new crown in her hand, beckoning this new civilization to a throne of power never dreamed of by the old. And yet, while the Southern people rejoice in the resurrection of their country from the dead and in the bright prospects spread out before them, let them never forget to worship at the shrine of memory nor to permit the glory of the blessed past to be dimmed by the splendor of the future.

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FLY IN YOUR OWN FIRMAMENT.

When downy-lipped Youth first begins to peep through the knothole in the temple of knowledge, he is the happiest of all mortals, because his vanity is unbridled and free.

He knows it all. When he "orates" on commencement day, he robs the gardens of rhetoric and twines their choicest flowers about the beautiful, but hollow and flimsy, columns of his speech. He misquotes the classic poets and taxes the old philosophers with things they never said. He twists the tail of history, strangles science, and spouts wisdom never dreamed of by Solomon. His impassioned sentences are chains of gold with blazing diamonds strung, and his tropes and similes cavort like flaming meteors athwart the intellectual heavens. But after he leaves the classic halls of college, and after a few hard bumps against the rock walls of reality and a few hard falls on the ice pond of experience, his self-conceit springs a leak, his immense learning oozes out, and his dream of kinship with the gods vanishes

"His vanity is unbridled and free."

into the limbo of the forever forgotten like a sweet scent before a high wind.

And so runs the endless story of callow youth—a comedy of errors reënacted by each successive generation, in whose quips and cranks and boyish antics we see ourselves repeated as in a mirror, and we only laugh and wish that youth might last forever; we laugh and enjoy its beautiful vanities.

Time but dissipates each rapturous dream, and the revelation of our ignorance comes with the experience of riper years. Only once are we the proud possessors of all knowledge and all wisdom, and this is in the dreamy days of life's happy morning. And yet we never lose our self-conceit as we advance in years; we only adjust our vanity to the knowledge we acquire. We learn how to dodge some of the jagged walls of trouble and to avoid some of the mudholes of calamity, but vanity still lures us on in myriad paths of folly. Its most dangerous form is that which conjures in men the delusion that they know *everything*, and that they can turn from one field of effort to another without disturbing their equilibrium and gather fruits and flowers with equal success from all alike. This is the snag upon which so many little kites get hung.

As no single honeybee can rob all the flowers of the land, so no one mind can master *all* branches of knowledge. Nature has endowed humanity with different aptitudes for different lines of labor; indeed, she seems to de-

"A few hard falls on the ice pond of experience."

light in infinite diversity. Ever true to this wonderful impulse of variation, she confers on mankind intellectual gifts as multiform as her flowers, flinging them into the hovel as freely as into the palace.

One individual has the gift of speech; another, the gift of thought. One talks without thinking; another thinks without talking. One man sees, hears, and notes everything; another sees and hears, but notes nothing. He cannot recall whether he has been alive for the past hour or not; and if his wife asks him what manner of gown Mrs. So and So wore last night at the reception, he could not tell for the life of him whether she wore any gown at all. One touches business, and it turns to gold; another touches it, and it turns to rags. One touches the button of politics, and the doors of office fly open with a national hymn in their hinges; another presses it, and the doors fly open to his competitor. One youth whispers a magical word into the listening ear of a laughing girl, and—lo!—her little head of auburn curls falls upon his shoulder; another youth whispers the same word to the same girl, and—lo!—his head falls into the sawdust. One fair maiden sings as gloriously as a lark in June skies; another thinks she sings, but doesn't—she only screams, and her trills are a cross between a fife and a cane mill as she twists her neck and walls her eyes like a dying swan.

But there is scarcely a human being under the sun who is not blessed with some special gift of mind for the achievement of success in some special field of endeavor.

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A good old farmer and his wife had four sons, and they believed that three of them possessed talent which would some day make them great. But when they came to poor John, the youngest of the flock, they agreed that he was a natural-born fool. Finally a sudden light beamed in the old man's face, and, with melody in his voice, he said: "Nancy, I can say one thing for John; he's the best whistler that ever twisted wind into music—by gum!" Here was Nature's compensation for lack of brains; for John was endowed with a talent which is esteemed, in these modern days, as one of the rarest among men—a talent which might some day make John a sort of Æolian Orpheus, whose slightest breath would open to him the door of fame; for have we not recently read in the public prints of a whistling artist in the

person of a charming young woman who has taken the music-loving world by storm and whistled herself into the choir of a rich and fashionable church?

How the hearts of the young male worshipers must thrill and palpitate when she puckers her pouting lips to join in the sacred authem! It must be like the nectared melody of the nightingale dripping and tinkling from the heart of a puckered rose.

♣ ♣ ♣

Many a dull and sluggish youth, blinded by vanity, is to-day frittering away the golden hours in some law college or medical school, who is totally incapable by birth of ever grasping or assimilating the principles of law or medicine, while under the leaf fat of his stupid brain some talent may lie sleeping, which, if aroused and called into full play, might elevate him to the pedestal of glory as the champion whistler of the world.

The man of one talent, if he develops and uses it intelligently, is always the highest example of success, even in the humblest sphere. The bootblack in the street, who, by his masterful touch, makes your shoes reflect the sun, is as much an artist in his sphere and entitled to as much credit as the man who made the shoes. The difficulty is that we often rebel against Nature's purposes, which, if followed, always leads to success.

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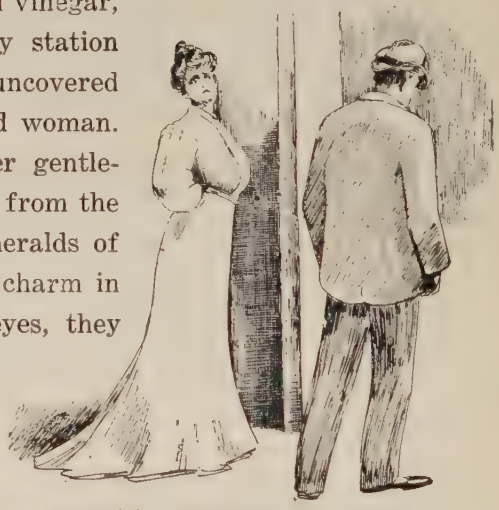
It is an old saying that "fortune is fickle," but there is not much truth in the proverb. The trouble lies in the fact that human nature is fickle and full of vanity, and we dream ourselves into the belief that we can win applause in rôles of life for which we have neither talent nor adaptation. This is vanity, and the logical result is limbs of the law all leafless and briefless and weeping alone, business ventures dodging the sheriff and sighing for a lodge in some vast wilderness, medical aspirations hopeless and patientless in the valley of dry bones, literary spirit with broken wings and tail feathers gone, and political ambition with black eye and broken nose, sighing and singing wherever he goes:

"I am nobody's darling,
Nobody cares for me."

When a young man comes to choose a vocation in life, let him buck and gag vanity and enter the field for which he is best adapted. Let him analyze and synthesize himself and approximate as nearly as possible the capacity of his mental powers; let him study his own talent as he would study a book; and when he has determined upon his calling, let him pursue it without the shadow of turning, and he will surely win.

THE GOVERNOR.

A good woman is the embodiment of man's dream of the beautiful; a mean one is a perpetual nightmare. They are the two extremes of melody and discord, of wine and vinegar, of violet and volcano, in every station in life. All men stand with uncovered heads in the presence of a good woman. Her prudence and modesty, her gentleness and purity, are her shields from the low and vulgar; they are the heralds of her virtue and innocence; they charm in her voice, they beam in her eyes, they are eloquent in her actions, and mingle and shine in the graces of her life. She is the governor of every happy home, and her throne is built of human hearts.



"Forked lightnings will leap from her frenzied tongue."

A mean woman revels in strife and in the anguish of those around her. She delights in the abuse of others and in mysterious actions that breed suspicion. Treason lurks in her very eyes, the tracks of treachery are in her every smile, and her bosom cloaks a dagger.

A good woman often weeps, and her soul is sometimes tossed with righteous indignation; but she knows how to pity and to forgive. Sometimes she is compelled to combat a wicked and self-willed husband and to suffer the stings of his tyranny and injustice; but when her virtues and goodness assert themselves and the governor stamps

her foot and demands her rights, she can always subdue him and lead him like a lamb.

But let a mean woman be installed as governor of the household, and on the slightest provocation her eyes will flame with fury, an ashy pallor will mantle her funnel face, and she will roar like an approaching cyclone; forked lightnings will leap from her frenzied tongue and strike everybody and everything for miles and miles around; her shivering husband is usually the victim, whether guilty or innocent;

> "And there's nothing left, when the heavens clear,
> But skin and hair in the atmosphere."

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The chasm of calamity into which many an unwary lover falls in the leap of matrimony is his ignorance of the woman who takes this leap with him. She conjures him into the belief that she is an angel of light and worthy to govern the world, when, in reality, she is a ferocious feline from away back, a pussy of despair from the night's Plutonian shore.

Many a good woman, on the other hand, is deceived and cajoled by her suitor into the faith that he is a saint on earth, a sweet spirit of prayer, and fit only for the companionship of the seraphim and cherubim, when, in fact, he is a carrion crow from far away, a beautiful buzzard from Paradise Bay.

Happiness follows in the footsteps of a good woman as the flowers follow in the footsteps of June, and laughter, hand in hand with tears, greets her every day. All the pure and beautiful ideals of the heart, all the chaste and tender emotions of the soul, are her priceless jewels. Her life is a willing sacrifice, and she passes from the morning to the evening with blessings upon her lips and the light of peace and joy in her shining train. She is the star that eclipses every sun and dispels the darkness of every cloud. But it is hard to foretell results in the Monte Carlo of love. He who ventures there is playing a hazardous game, and should not bet too high, for it is surely a game of chance. Sometimes hearts are trumps; alas, sometimes clubs! Infatuation often stacks the cards, the intoxication of overweening confidence sometimes dims the player's eyes, and even what seems to be a winning hand may quickly lose the game. But blessed is the gam-

bler in the perilous game of marriage who wins a good woman, for she is the richest stake ever won by man in this world. She is the handmaid of the Lord, establishing his kingdom in the home and linking earth to heaven every day.

Without her, nations would fall and civilizations crumble; without her, all the suns and moons of love would darken and all the stars of hope forget to shine; without her, charity would lose its sweetness, mercy its tenderness, and sentiment its very life; without her, the genius of Phidias and Praxiteles never would have glorified the marble, Raphael and Angelo never would have dreamed in immortal colors, Burns never would have written his sweetest lyrics of love, and the dreams of Shakespeare never would have blossomed into song; without her, home, happiness, and family ties would be but mockeries, and the Christian religion itself would perish among its worshipers.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The brightest stars in the crown of civilization are its pure and virtuous homes. They reflect the wealth, the power, and the glory of the State and the nation. They are the culmination of man's highest ideals of peace and love and perfect happiness beneath the stars that shine above him.

Within the hallowed walls of every home where children dwell there is a commonwealth of prattling science and toddling art and mewling music in its mother's arms. Dimpled genius, with heaven in its eyes, is playing around many a hearthstone to-day, and under many a humble roof love is rocking the cradle of a poet or an orator; heroes of the future are fighting cob battles in the barnyard, and statesmen of the years to come are ruling republics and empires on the playground of the public school or in the society hall of the university.

In every well-regulated home the governor of each commonwealth wears dresses and the lieutenant governor wears pantaloons. The wife reigns supreme. Her scepter is her slipper, under whose swing and sway juvenile civilization often worms and squirms, firmly held across her lap face downward, and one shake of the scepter thoroughly subdues the lieutenant governor. 'Tis well; for what right

has he to butt into policies of home rule and to stick his nose into the prerogatives of petticoat government?

♠ ♠ ♠

A good husband's dominion lies beyond the boundary line of the home. He is supreme in the office, the shop, or at the plow handles. His province is to provide revenue and to fill the flour barrel. He must receive his reward in the golden coin of kisses and in the exercise of the high privilege of paying all bills, obeying all commands, and acknowledging his eternal loyalty and devotion to the flounced and powdered governor. It is only in her absence from home that he becomes great and seizes the opportunity to exercise his veto power. Instantly all dusting and sweeping cease until he leaves the house for a stroll; all romping and frolicking and sliding down the banisters come to a standstill; all practicing on the piano is suspended; and the changing of sheets and pillowslips and putting rooms in order, except once a week, are abolished as nuisances. The acting governor reforms everything but his appetite. He taps the exchequer, and every meal must be a banquet at the peril of the cook's tenure of office. His reign is brief, but glorious, and business is dispatched in a hurry, with the view of the early return of the slippered and skirted governor. His old cronies flock into his tousled and disordered bedroom every night to share his limitless liberty and his boundless bonhomie; and often the jubilant uproar is punctuated with the popping of corks and the clinking of glasses, while the ceaseless rattle of poker chips emphasizes the ancient proverb that

"When the cat's away,
The mice will play."

♠ ♠ ♠

And so each little domestic commonwealth has its lights and shadows, its ups and downs, and its seasons of maladministration; but when the real governor again assumes the reins of power, a good husband, if he has been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in office during her absence, repents in sackcloth and ashes, and a good wife, after a curtain lecture and a cry, always exercises the pardoning power and restores the lieutenant governor to his former prestige

and favor with the powers that be, and again "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

A good husband has his faults and foibles, and sometimes falls from grace; but he is the salt of the earth when properly managed.

A mean husband is either a Nero or a zero; he either dethrones his wife in the home and stabs his helpless and innocent little ones with curses and cruelty or starves them with cold neglect. He rules with sneers instead of smiles, with blows instead of blessings, or strangles laughter and love in his home with drunkenness and debauchery. How many wives walk the floor every night waiting for footsteps they dread to hear! How many children shiver in their rags and watch for brutal and improvident fathers! God pity the home of the man who staggers out of the path of righteousness!

A good man goes out into the world and bears the burdens of with a willing heart. If virtue sanctifies his home, and peace and contentment laugh and sing around his hearthstone, there is no anguish he will not endure for the happiness of his children, there is no agony he will not suffer for the sake of his wife, no sin of hers he will not condone, save one, and that is disloyalty.

Many a fortune has been lost in the lottery of love by drawing the wrong ticket. Many a sweet home has been broken up and many a guiltless man has been butted to death by the billy goat of Ananias as a penalty for unwittingly wandering in strange and unknown pastures of romance.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Commercial travelers are the Eden builders of the world; they are the evangels of human happiness; they carry heavens of pure delight in their sample cases.

There are heavens of music in the rustle of their silks, heavens of the beautiful in their laces and lawns, heavens of rapture in their spring bonnets and jewels.

They are the tidal waves of commerce, the rolling billows of progress, the trade winds of civilization. They touch all shores, and never cease to blow.

Many a castle builder presses their fragrant Havanas to his lips,

and his dreams turn to curling castles in the air; many a dreamer sips their mellow wines, and—lo!—a thousand fairies with jeweled wings flutter in his veins and flit among the flowers in the garden of his dreams.

Wherever the commercial travelers swarm, there is honey in the gum and the flowers of prosperity are in bloom. They carry the pollen dust of business on their wings and the honey of wealth in

"Wandering in strange and unknown pastures of romance."

their grips. And whenever they cease to hum about a town, it is a sure sign that prosperity is a withered blossom there and that there are weevils in the gum.

The garden spider weaves her web among the honeysuckles, and spins as she weaves without distaff or loom. She stretches her radial warp of silvery filaments and then lays on her woof. From the center outward she glides in one continuous spiral; and as she crosses each radius of the warp, she touches it deftly with her foot, as if to weld the viscid fiber. And thus her shining net grows until it hangs suspended in the air, half visible, half vanishing, like some phantom wheel of moonbeams.

The commercial travelers are the spiders of enterprise, spinning and weaving without distaff or loom, swinging from town to town, from city to city, from continent to continent; and they are weaving the golden web of commerce around the world, drawing the nations closer together in the warp and woof of universal love and the universal brotherhood of man.

FRENZIED POLITICS.

There are thousands of men in politics who are the very salt of the earth; indeed, the majority are honest and true; but it is rapidly becoming fashionable for clans of bold political schemers to put their heads together and capture the floating vote, and thus defeat the will of the people; and to such these lines are dedicated.

Modern machine politics is the most subtle and exquisite art that ever crushed a hope or shattered a dream. It is the beautiful art of chloroforming public confidence and stealing the reins of power from the hands of the sleeping sovereigns. It is the mysterious art of political hoodoo, which works shady miracles in every theater of government, from the county courthouse to the national Capitol.

The jugglers of this art slip into conventions, caucuses, and legislative halls, and whisper a magic word, and—lo!—in the twinkling of an eye majorities are changed to minorities and minorities to majorities, oft-expressed opinions and deep-rooted convictions upon vital principles and policies of government are reversed in an hour, and the enchanted floating solons, forgetting old Hickory Shirt and Copperas Breeches at home, forgetting the men with cheeks of tan who walk in the furrow, forgetting the sturdy toilers at the anvil, the workbench, and the drill, losing sight of the confiding multitudes who but yesterday twined the laurel wreath of honor about their brows, fall down upon their faces before the golden combine, in that sacred temple of free government which is dedicated to righteousness and the liberty of the people, crying with a loud voice both night and day: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" That whispered word, so full of the music and the dream, is "pie."

O, wondrous word of marvelous power! O, sweet and juicy symbol of perfect happiness! O, ravishing synonym of golden eagles and the

Goddess of Liberty! In it are reflected the bewildering glories of a thousand heavens of pure delight, golden slippers and laurel wreaths to burn, heaving seas of "sour mash" whose amber surfs forever break on fragrant shores of mint, sweet journeys on Pullman palaces of rosewood and mahogany to the land of the orange and the palm. In it are the stolen fires of the stars flashing in diamond shirt studs, and the crimson glow of sunset skies imprisoned in rubies set in gold on lily-white hands that will toil again nevermore; in it are visions of mansions in spreading groves, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Is it any wonder, then, that opinions so suddenly change and promises and pledges so swiftly dissolve into a puff of wind and leave not a rack behind? Is it any wonder that Samson is shorn of his locks while yet he slumbers, and only wakes to find his window up, his strength and piety gone, and his breeches pockets turned wrongside out? Is it any wonder that when at last the Rip Van Winkle of Public Confidence rises up from his trance, he finds only the skeleton of Fidelity at his feet and the gunstock of Safety rotted away from the rusted barrel of Sovereignty by his side? And is it any wonder that he exclaims, in the language of old Rip of the Adirondacks: "Am I so soon forgot?" Is it any wonder that the bewildered Commonwealth, like poor old Rip, so often looks around, and, failing to recognize the little pile of bones near by, asks, with tearful eyes: "Vare iss mein leetle dog Schneider?"

"But what doth great Diana care
For Samson when he's lost his hair?
The tears are vain that Rip doth shed;
He slept too long, his dog is dead.
So States are shorn, and nations weep
For crime committed while they sleep."

♠ ♠ ♠

Scheming lobbyists of mighty combines juggle together and whisper into the listening ears of shrewd politicians: "You've got the power and we've got the pie. We are willing to swap pie for power. What *we* want is legislation or no legislation, as our interests may require; what *you* want is *office*." Then the politicians juggle and "honey-fugle" the floating vote, and there is a mighty shuffling of po-

litical cards, and soon they all join hands behind closed doors, and the soft whisper passes round the ring: "We are one and inseparable for power and for pie; we are the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la! Let the word be 'mum.'"

Then follows the secret banquet of bargain and intrigue under the very dome of liberty. It is quite exclusive, even more so than a banquet of the four hundred in the great metropolis. Old Copperas Breeches is not invited, nor Brother Hickory Shirt, nor Dr. Honesty, nor Squire Patriotism, nor any of the old folks at home. There is no room around the festive board for Professor Pedagogue, of Purity High School, nor Deacon Righteousness, of Churchville. The public welfare is lost in the shuffle. After a short blessing is whispered by Rev. Judasio Iscarriotis, the sumptuous feast begins, the menu consisting alone of pie—senatorial pie, sweetened with ring syrup; gubernatorial mince pie, flavored with moonshine; speakership pie, highly seasoned with the sunshine of spicy promises of favors to come; clerkship pie, dripping with the honey of fat and succulent salaries; and on down, to a little half-moon dried-apple pie of a free pass to oblivion.

"They clink their merry glasses,
Now hear them softly sing:
'The people are all asses,
Diana's in the swing!'
And after the feast is over,
After the pie is gone,
The combines are in clover,
As we go marching on."

♣ ♣ ♣

Then the band begins to play, and the elephant moves around, bearing on his spacious back the anointed high priests of Pie and Power, followed by a great procession of worshipers, and heralded by a flourish of trumpets in the hands of the jugglers, who alternately blow and shout, crying out, as with one voice: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, who hath the world by the tail and a downhill pull! Clear the way for the most high priest of power! Clear the way for the priestly priest of Pie! Hail, all hail!"

Thus the dismal tale of history runs; hopes of free government are

crushed; dreams of liberty are shattered; blind Samson nurses his wrath until his shorn locks grow out again; and then, with giant strength and insane rage, he lays hold of the pillars of the temple,

> " And with a crash republics fall,
> Down go liberty, combines, and all.

This is the shady side of politics; but the burnished crest of the darkest cloud reflects in golden arcs the splendors of the sun, and the angels of hope hang a rainbow on its bosom. All power is inherent in the people, and there are patriotism and courage enough in their bosoms to weather the storms that rise dark o'er the way, if they do not get lost in the Adirondacks of Prosperity and drink from the jug of indifference and sleep too long on their rights.

♣ ♣ ♣

Combined capital is digging its own grave when it becomes the Diana of modern machine politics, and combined labor is driving the nails in its own coffin when the spirit of anarchy directs its blows for the redress of its grievances. Until recently the South has maintained its integrity and its immunity fom the hoodoo art of machine politics; but the methods of destruction have found their way into Southern Capitols, and unless Samson wakes he will soon find himself utterly powerless to use his favorite jawbone, or any other kind of a weapon, on the Philistine combines who are plotting against him in the temple.

God speed the day when Capital and Labor shall combine under the banner of arbitration and of peace, and when the battle cry of the republic shall be: " Equal and exact justice to all, with special favors to none! "

♣ ♣ ♣

A TALE OF A LECTURE TOUR.

I entered the car, threw my grip between two seats, and sat down by a drummer. He looked at my valise and then at me, and dryly asked: "Are you a traveling man? " " Yes," was my reply. " What is your line? " asked he. *"Sweetened wind,"* quoth I. A smile lighted his face as he quickly asked: " Preacher or lecturer? " And then there was a laugh and a lull.

After an all-day's travel which wore me into a frazzle, I reached my destination at 8:30 P.M. It was a cold, drizzling evening. The skies were leaking spray, and, in the language of Mrs. Partington, the street was a perfect "lullaby" of soft and sticky mud. The little freckle-faced dreamer who had bought me for a hundred and fifty caught me by the arm with one hand as I stepped off the cars and seized my grip with the other, and literally pushed me head foremost into a Jim Crow hack drawn by one old spavined horse,

> "With one eye out and t'other blind,
> He racked before and paced behind."

until we reached the hall where I was to lecture. I found a little cold and shivering crowd seated there, waiting to be warmed by my eloquence; and, without a chance to make my toilet and don my little "swallow tail," I was ushered on the stage and introduced as the greatest orator, philosopher, poet, musician, statesman, scientist, actor, and artist that ever came down the pike; whereupon I began to shake my jaw and pour out my metaphors; but, somehow or other, my eagle wouldn't soar that night. He flopped his cold and flabby wings and rose and fell for an hour and a quarter. The audience departed like mourners from a funeral; but one good old lady lingered in the hall till I came off the stage, and, in her pity, she sidled up to me and whispered: "I liked your little talk right well." I found the freckle-faced dreamer waiting at the door, and, cold as it was, the sweat was rolling down his cheeks. His face was the picture of despair when he handed me a hundred-dollar bill and ten fives. I knew that his castle in the air had fallen. "How did you come out?" I asked. "Well, Governor," he said, with a tremulous voice, "I'm out just eighteen dollars." I took the roll he had given me out of my pocket and skinned off four bills in the light of the lamp dimly burning, and said: "There is twenty dollars, my boy; and my blessing upon you." He almost shouted, and pressed my hand continuously as we walked through the mud to the little hotel on the starvation plan. Then there were a brief sleep and an easy conscience.

I crossed the "Father of Waters" in triumph next morning, and tarried in Memphis till the next train out. I went to the bank to buy New York exchange, took out my roll, and—lo!—I had given old

freckle-face the one-hundred-dollar bill and three fives. Then again there was a laugh and a lull—he laughed and I lulled.

I pocketed my laugh and my loss and climbed into the pouch of a Southern Kangaroo on wheels, and, with a single hop, I cleared the State of Mississippi and lit in Alabama. I climbed out and got into the 'bus in a beautiful little town among the blushing hills. Before I had washed the dust of travel from my brow, a spider-legged dude, with ambrosial locks curled and parted in the middle, came strutting like a clean-shaven and musk-scented dream into the dingy and time-honored little room where my valise and I were safely deposited, and, with Chesterfieldian bow and a fluted voice, announced that he had been designated by the ladies to introduce me that night to the audience. He shook his curls and said: "Governor, I have never delivered a speech in my life; but I have been at work on this one for about two weeks, and pardon me for saying that I think she's a daisy."

"Well, my friend," I said, "I am fond of daisies."

With another shake of his locks, he said: "The society people are all coming out to-night to hear me introduce you."

I shook my scanty locks and said: "I am glad there is something bringing them out."

The clock struck eight. An elegant carriage stopped at the hotel door where I was waiting, and the sweet-scented dream, in full evening dress, emerged and gently took me by the arm and ushered me into it. We went whirling to the stage entrance of the theater; but as we walked up the stairs, I observed that he tottered like a man ascending the gallows, and his lips were colorless and quivering. We took our seats side by side behind the curtain. I motioned to the curtain man that all was ready, and, with a whiz and a bang, the curtain went up; and, sure enough, there in front of us, in the brilliantly lighted auditorium, was a breathing bouquet of youth and beauty and old age which greeted us with a storm of applause. The society folks had, indeed, come out to hear him introduce me. I nudged my friend and said: "Shoot!" He never budged. I nudged him again and said: "Go ahead!" He never budged. I looked around, and his face was as white as a sheet, and great drops of perspiration, like beads of pearl, were standing on his pallid brow. I said again, "Go

ahead!" and in his agony he mumbled with muffled voice: "Governor, she's gone!"

There was a lull and a laugh, and in about two seconds *he* was gone.

♣ ♣ ♣

Before I had delivered half my sweetened goods I observed a number of yawns and stolen glances at watches and increasing signs that my crowd wanted to go. There is no anguish like that which a lecturer feels when his listless audience turns to frost and nips all his flowers of speech. The saddest spectacle in all the tide of time is a frost-bitten orator. He gathers up his little withered tropes and similes and vanishes, and all that saves him from suicide is the dream that he will blossom again in a more congenial garden. I collected my tribute money in the Alabama town and mounted a grasshopper train, and went hopping and stridulating from rail to rail until I found a patch of clover in a rich and aristocratic Georgia town, where I lounged and exchanged anecdotes with traveling men and with the natives until the lights were turned on, and I stood all robed in my "swallow tail" in the midst of as delightful an audience as ever listened to a sap-sucker speech or laughed at the unwinding of my little ball of yarns. A tall and handsome Georgia lawyer rose to introduce me, and thus he spake:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have traveled a great deal in my life, and on one of my journeys I took in the mountains of East Tennessee. I paused in that peculiar country to study the customs of that peculiar people. They make maple sugar in East Tennessee. They have great sugar orchards there, and one of the customs of the people is to tap the sugar trees in the spring when the sap begins to rise, and they give the children in the family a tin cup, and turn them out into the sugar orchard, and never see them any more for six weeks. I have the pleasure to introduce to you to-night a sap sucker from East Tennessee!"

"There was a lull and a laugh,
And the sap began to run;
And they kindly took a quaff
From my sugar trough of fun."

I settled with the secretary of the treasury, and mounted a March-hare train, and sped away through many a cotton patch, from town to town, out of Georgia into the "Old North State," and, flanking Charlotte, squatted at the State University, at Chapel Hill—that classic spot of earth so rich with memories of the glorious past and still teeming with joyous student life, like those who have gone before, dreaming of the glorious future. There I met Dr. Battle, that grand old man who has fought a thousand battles for enlightenment and human happiness; there I met Alphonso Smith, one of the South's foremost young men in the field of educational endeavor, and whose soul is in tune with Southern progress and Southern development; there, too, I met Eben Alexander, a brilliant star from the sky of Tennessee, shedding the soft light of Grecian literature upon the brain of Carolina youth. I met a score of other stars in the faculty of this great university. I stood on the platform of its splendid auditorium and tossed bouquets at as refined and cultured an audience as ever sipped sap from a sugar tree; and when I packed my grip and started southward, I could not repress the sweet old song:

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the old North State forever!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the good old North State!"

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Finally, I landed in Charleston, S. C., where I played Beauregard; but instead of firing bombshells at Fort Sumter, I fired soap bubbles at the heads and hearts of a magnificent audience of representative Charlestonians; and whether I pleased them or not, they were so generous and hospitable as to flatter me with occasional bombs of laughter and a few volleys of applause.

I swung back through Alabama to my home in Nashville, on hearing the news that the political sap was rising, but—alas!—only to find that the Tennessee sugar tree was already tapped, you see, and that the senatorial sugar trough was full of sap suckers holding a snap caucus, and there was a lull and a laugh—I lulled and they laughed. When I awoke from my lull, I kissed my wife and children good-by, and broke for Texas, the queenly young sister of Tennessee, who took me in her arms, and, brushing away my political tears, pressed me to her loving heart.

There is no State in the Union that gives a Tennessean a warmer welcome than Texas, because her lap is full of Tennesseans, and, moreover, she is naturally hospitable and kind. There is a place on her fat knee for every troubled soul, a kiss of sunshine on her lips, and a lump of sugar in her hand for every weeping wanderer.

* * *

O, glorious empire State of the sun-kissed South, with thy hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles of as rich a country as was ever tickled by the plow or the pick and as ever laughed a harvest of cotton and grain for the comfort and happiness of man; with thy cattle on a thousand hills, thy countless flocks, thy gushing wells of oil, thy fields of rice and sugar cane stretching far away like the sweet fields of Eden on the other side of Jordan! With thy fatness thou canst feed and warm the world! I wonder why the poor huddle in the smoke and filth of crowded cities, when Texas smiles and beckons them to her landscapes of beauty, where the prairie flowers bloom and the sunshine plays with the zephyrs from the Gulf and sometimes scuffles with a cyclone. I wonder why toiling millions dwell amid blackened walls, only to be slaves to heartless masters, when untouched fields invite the happy home and virgin soil still waits for the plowman and his merry song. I wonder why helpless children are doomed to die by thousands in polluted hovels and crowded alleys, when the green meadows of Texas bid them come and chase the butterflies among the bluebells and the daisies, and the blossoming hills call them hither to romp and play where the happy birds sing and the cows come home in the evening fragrant with the breath of alfalfa and the sweet wild grasses of the plains. Texas is a paradise for the poor; it is a third heaven for the rich.

But I am about to forget that I was talking about my lecture tour. Let me see—O, yes!—"All aboard for Nashville!" the conductor cries. Well, the rest of my story I will tell around the happy hearthstone of home.

FOOLISH DREAMERS.

It is a marvelous truth that this golden era of the world's history has inspired no great poets that rank with Byron and Burns and Tom Moore and a long list of other immortals who have enriched literature with their songs; and it has developed but few prose writers worthy to wear the mantles of Blackstone and Kent in law, of Gibbon and Macaulay in history, and Scott and Bulwer in romance and fiction.

It is well we call it the golden era, for it is an era of commercialism, when men are trampling literature and art and music under their feet in the mad rush for gold and the gilded glory that it buys. To be a millionaire is greater in the estimation of modern worshipers of mammon than to be a Goldsmith, and a multimillionaire is greater in their gold-jaundiced eyes than a William Shakespeare. The highest aspiration of these nervous and strenuous generations is the acquirement and hoarding of gold. Religion is tinged with it. Politics is its ally—and alloy in the ratio of sixteen of gold to one of patriotism. And most of the business and social relations of this enlightened age are purely golden and measured only by the circumference of a dollar. The English poet sounded the keynote of true philosophy when he sang:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey;
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

♣ ♣ ♣

The true wealth of a nation rests not so much on bricks of gold as upon golden thought—the riches of brain and heart, the treasures of truth, and the pure and beautiful sentiments of life. In the wild scramble for sordid gain and the golden reins of power in these wing-footed days of avarice and materialism, the angels of happiness no longer beckon from the landscape and the stream nor call from the sweet solitudes of the forest; but they stand tiptoe on the burnished domes and glittering towers of the city and the town, with crowns of gold in their hands; and the brain and brawn of the land gather there from the hills and hollows to climb after them on a thousand ladders of dreams. But the environments of domes and towers, while they stimulate the brain to grasp great financial problems and to weave the web of glory around the thrones of money kings, contract the nobler

and better ideals and impulses of the heart to the gilded forms of artificial pleasure.

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Did you ever watch a bevy of city swells and society belles swinging and whirling under flaming chandeliers until the coat tails of the swells popped like whip crackers and the skirts of the belles flapped like the sails of a schooner in a high wind? That was a piping gale of pleasure in high life in the town. Did you ever attend a great reception in the heart of the metropolis? It was a gorgeous scene of icicles and spectacles, of broadcloth and jewels, arrayed in white slippers and costly gowns of richest colors; and the icicles and spectacles bowed to the jewels, and the jewels bowed to the icicles and spectacles, and they held sweet converse on the subject of their bicycles and tricycles and various and sundry articles, and drank champagne and sherry, and all got very merry, and wound up with oysters and dill pickles. And then the tipsy icicles and spectacles got in their elegant vehicles and went home with the jewels in the morning. That was the cream of urban civilization. Did you ever gaze on a gaudy throng of baldheaded Apollos and painted Minervas walling their eyes in speechless rapture before the garish lights of the grand opera? How the fans and ribbons fluttered and the side whiskers swayed and spluttered amid the inscrutable harmonies of Wagner! That was the tuneless pandemonium of urban music. Did you ever watch the bulls and bears of finance turn the stock exchange into a howling wilderness of confusion in the struggle to raise or lower prices? That was the third heaven of artificial pleasure and excitement in the city.

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But what is a thrill of victory in the gambling hell of frenzied finance compared with the joy a fisherman feels down on the farm when a game trout strikes his baited hook in the darkening eddy of a crystal stream and the good reel sings as he gives him line and the fishing rod bends and the waters splash? What is the gilded clubroom, where the wizards of finance meet to sip and smoke and shuffle the cards of fortune, compared with a fisherman's tent and a fisherman's luck on the bank of a moonlit river where hearts are trumps and souls overflow with song and story?

Did you ever hear the tale of Mark Antony, the funeral orator of Rome and the Romeo of the Nile? He went angling in Egypt one day on the royal barge with the beautiful Cleopatra, and he fished and fished and fished, unrewarded by a nibble, until the hours grew dull and heavy. But the cunning queen conceived a plan to change her lover's luck and unfolded the scheme to a slave, and the slave secretly dived from the larboard side of the boat and hung a dried herring on the General's hook, and then gave his line a vigorous pull. "By Jupiter," shouted Mark Antony, "I have hooked a monstrous fish!" "Take care, my lord, and give him line, lest he drag thee into the sea!" cried the dark-eyed queen, as she chuckled behind her fan.

"By the gods, that fish shall flounder on thy deck, or I shall flounder beneath the waves!" cried the impetuous Roman. He squared himself and gave a mighty jerk, but fell sprawling on his back at the feet of the laughing queen; and when he looked up and saw nothing but a little dried herring dangling among the ropes above him, he blandly smiled and dryly said: "He was a monstrous fish while biting, but between his bite and my jerk he has wonderfully shriveled. But he's the oldest-looking fish and has the loudest smell of any that ever perfumed the royal barge."

And so many an ambitious Antony sits in the stock exchange of the great city and drops his hook in the sea of speculation, and he fishes and fishes with his little wad of hard-earned cash until some shrewd manipulator, just to change his luck, takes the little wad off and gives the line a heavy pull; and when our guileless Antony thinks he has hooked a million, he jerks and falls at the feet of fickle Fortune, and finds dangling in the air above him only the dried herring of a shriveled hope, and there is nothing left but the aged look of an empty purse and the smell of a dream that is vanished.

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HOME.

Whether it be the money king in his mansion, with the weight of his millions on his heart, or the pauper in his hut, with the wolf at his door, the recollections of a happy childhood lighten the burdens of life and soothe its sufferings. The green fields and swirling streams

around the old homestead, where the light-hearted boy once hunted the Mollie Cottontail in the clover and fished for suckers in the darkening eddies, or shouted and sang and tumbled in the air like a straw hat in a cyclone, are painted on his brain in colors that never fade; and the shady lanes, melodious with redbirds and amorous with doves, where he held his first sweetheart's girlish hand in his and poured out his soul in silence, bloom on and sing on in the sweet, dusky bowers of memory till death stills the weary heart and hushes the sighs and storms of mortal life forever.

The man may wander to the ends of the earth and meet new faces and new friends on the way; he may rise to wealth and glory or fall into the very depths of poverty and degradation; yet the memory of paternal love and watchfulness, which guarded the thoughtless boy and shielded him from harm, never ceases to beckon his spirit back to the happy fireside of the blessed past, and in every word of his mother's unforgotten prayer he hears the rustle of an angel's wing. Nothing sweetens the sorrows of our riper years like the memory of a happy childhood. The man who wounds the hearts of his children with frowns and cruel words, or staggers into the door of home with curses and blows, is a murderer—a murderer of laughter and love and happiness. The woman who deserts her home for the hollow pleasures of the social world, and neglects her innocent and helpless children for any reason, is a robber and unworthy the name of mother.

The poorest laborer who turns his hovel into a palace of happiness for his children is a better citizen than the richest tyrant who converts his palace into a hovel of wretchedness and fear for those whom God has committed to his keeping.

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One of the happiest homes this side of Jordan was recently pictured by a strenuous American citizen in a happy and peaceful rural county in the land of sunshine and moonshine. He was on the witness stand on behalf of the State in a murder trial.

"Go on and tell the jury what you know about the murder on Hell Creek," said the commonwealth's attorney.

"I don't know much about it," said the witness.

"Well, tell what you do know."

"All I know is this," drawled the deponent. "We was all up thar at the big dance, celebrat'n' the birthday of Thomas Jefferson; the fiddles was playin', and we was swingin' corners, and the boys got to slappin' each other on the back as they swung; but finally one of 'em slapped too hard, and the other knocked him down. His brother shot that feller down, and that feller's brother cut 'tother feller's throat, and the feller that was knocked down drawed his knife and cut that feller's liver out; the old man of the house got mad and run to the bed and turned up the tick and grabbed up his shotgun and turned loose both barrels on the crowd, and I saw there was goin' to be trouble, and I left."

There is nothing so happy as a happy home.

♣ ♣ ♣

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is like radium; it is exceedingly scarce and very precious. One spark of it in the heart reflects its warmth and light in the thoughts and deeds of life, and makes the brow glow with a glory that outshines the crown of a king. But how few are the brows that glow! How few, how few, except the brows of baldheaded men!

♣ ♣ ♣

POLITICS.

The influence of politics upon men is like the influence of whisky; it maketh drunken. And, in fact, the two often go together. No Governor of a State ever served two terms and did not close the last term very sick. None ever failed to swear off unless he had sweet prospects of being sworn in as Senator. They will swear off, but they are like the drunkard who swears off after a long spree. He straightens up and walks steadily, and everybody says he is all right and has quit drinking for all time. The good women smile on him; the men shake his hand warmly; society receives him again and the church welcomes him back into the fold; but before anybody dreams of it he is drunker than ever.

After the famous senatorial deadlock in Tennessee—or, rather, after the "corcus" had locked out the people of the State and all the can-

didates save *one*, and there, all blushless and radiumless, and without the fear of God or "Old Hickory Shirt" in their hearts, did crown him and clothe him with authority to sit in the House of Lords—one of the old locked-outs, a sadder and a madder man, quieted the whining lion of his ambition with a "shin bone" of humility and joined the drummers "on the road," building castles in the air. But while yet his wounds were unhealed, and while he was sorrowfully contemplating the fact that destiny had shaped his end into "Ex's"—ex-congressman, ex-governor, ex-candidate, and ex-politician—an old gentleman out in the West rose on the platform before a beautiful audience and innocently said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure to introduce to you to-night Ex-*Bob Taylor*, of Tennessee."

* * *

"OLD SHILOH."

It has often been asked what it was that gave the late Senator Bate such a hold on the hearts and loyalty of the people of Tennessee and of the whole South. No opposition ever checked his career. He was elected to the United States Senate the fourth time successively, but was only beginning the last term when the angels came. It is true he was a man of ability and was a steady worker, but it was not the greatness of his intellect nor his energy which made him the idol of his people. It was his rigid honesty in politics as well as in every other department of life; his integrity, which never wavered; his loyalty to truth and honor and to his country; his spotless character; his courage and willingness to lay down his life for what he believed to be right, that made him great. These qualities and virtues shone like stars in his noble life. They distinguished him in peace and glorified him in war.

One summer evening this old veteran of two wars sat in the lobby of the Maxwell House, in Nashville, surrounded by a number of his friends; and although he was extremely modest and shrank from the exploitations of his own adventures and dramatic career in the Civil War, on that evening he told many a story of his experiences, some humorous and some pathetic, but all stirring and exciting in the extreme.

One of the ladies asked: "General, why do you never light your cigar? I see you always have one in your mouth, but never smoke."

"My child," he said, "in the battle of Shiloh I was at the head of my command in the thickest of the fight. The air was full of bullets, the men were falling around me everywhere, and amid the din and roar and excitement of the strife I took a cigar from my pocket. I had no way to light it, although I was in the midst of fire. My younger brother, who was on my staff—a young man full of youth and hope and dauntless bravery—rode up to me and handed me a cigar which was already lighted; and just as I took it in my hand to light mine from it, a ball struck my brother in the breast, and he fell bleeding and dying at my feet. From that moment," said the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, "I have never lighted a cigar."

One of the party ventured to ask him another question: "General, tell us the greatest exhibition of coolness you ever saw in war." The old man's eyes sparkled and a smile was on his face. "Well," he said, "the greatest coolness I ever saw was shown by an adjutant in the battle of Chickamauga. [I think he said it was Chickamauga.] General Bragg sent this adjutant to me in the evening, while the conflict was still raging, with an order to move to-morrow morning at daylight promptly on the firing of the first gun. My leg, which was shattered at Shiloh, had not yet healed; but I was in command of my troops. I sent the adjutant back with this message: 'Ask General Bragg if I shall move promptly at daylight or wait for the firing of the gun.' He soon returned, saluted me, and said:

"'General Bragg says move to-morrow morning'—and just as he uttered these words a grapeshot struck my horse, and he fell dead and rolled, and I rolled with him in the dust; and finally I got up, and there stood the adjutant stolid as a post, and, without a quiver of his lip or his voice, finished the sentence—'promptly at daylight.'"

The old warrior has departed, but his character, his deeds, and his influence will live on as an example of true manhood to the coming generations of the South. Let the young men who aspire to political preferment learn that courage, virtue, truth, and nobility of purpose, coupled with the will power to achieve success, will always open the door to high and honorable position as long as men love liberty and worship at the shrine of free government.

Above this old material world of rock and hill and vale and mountain is the mysterious world of the imagination, whose rivers are dreams, whose continents are visions of beauty, and upon whose shadowy shores the surfs of phantom seas forever break.

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This world is a hanging garden of beauty to those who love; it is the harp of a thousand strings to those who laugh and sing.

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I believe that every hearty laugh is a hallelujah, and that songs are the wings of the soul.

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THE BEAR AND THE YELLOW JACKET.

The Russian bear is just now the most conspicuous figure in the world—conspicuous for the gashes on his head and for his general swollen condition, conspicuous for the five hundred thousand corpses that lie cold and stiff around him, conspicuous for the battles he has lost and the treasure he has squandered on land and sea in a cruel and unjust war. Relying upon bulk and bluff, he has been terrorizing the nations of the earth for more than two centuries, and in his unholy hunger for wealth and power he has left his bloody track on almost every page of history.

In the war with Napoleon in 1812 he lured the French eagles northward, and just when they were ready to swoop down upon him, without unsheathing his sword, he slipped away among his crags of ice, burning Moscow behind him, leaving the splendid French Army of four hundred thousand men without shelter and without food, to die, not in battle, but to be swept into a tomb of snow by the wild cavalry of Russian winds. What a cold and cowardly strategy! What a mockery of real war! This game of "freeze out" won a greater victory for the retreating bear than that achieved with musketry and artillery by Peter the Great over Charles the Twelfth at Pultowa.

Napoleon did not court this war with Russia. He was then the most powerful monarch in the world, and ruled over eighty millions of people. With a military genius unparalleled in the history of man-

kind, he had fought his way from poverty and obscurity to the throne of an empire without losing a battle. He had no grudge against the Russian people, and was on friendly terms with the Czar. Indeed, the two monarchs had only a few years before signed the famous treaty of peace on the raft in the river at Tilsit. But this treaty did not suit the plans of the jealous and ambitious lion of England, and he never rested until the alliance between the bear and the eagle was severed. The weak and vacillating Alexander the First listened to the persuasions of England, annulled the solemn treaty, and precipitated a war which finally arrayed all Europe against France—a war which culminated in the banishment of Napoleon to Elba after the tremendous conflict at Leipsic, and at last ended the most brilliant career in the annals of kings when the fallen emperor, unthroned and uncrowned, "walked aimlessly about on the dark and bloody field of Waterloo, the somnambulist of a vast, shattered dream." And so the cunning bear first slipped off the raft and drowned his treaty, and then feasted on frozen eagles, having joined the lion and the rest of the animal kingdom in the scheme to overthrow the mighty Napoleon and send him to his death on a far-away island in the sea.

But after his disloyalty to the pledges on the raft and his feast on frozen eagles, which brought such tremendous results, he continued his policy of sticking his nose into the business of other nations and became so proud and gay that his former allies were compelled to give him a dish of crow at the bloody banquet of Sebastopol. Yet, true to his instincts and his ravenous appetite, he has never ceased to prowl. Only a few years ago he broke into the back yard of the Sublime Porte and banqueted on "Turkey," which so whetted his appetite that he began to sniff the air of the East in search of Manchurian honey; but instead of finding the bee tree, he stirred up a yellow jackets' nest in Japan, and they have been swarming and stinging, and he has been snapping and barking and rolling in the snow until he is now almost exhausted from fright and loss of blood. In the present war with the yellow jackets the bear has not lost one jot or tittle of his running qualities, but in his retreat toward his dark pines and crags of snow there is no burning Moscow behind him—only skin and hair.

Whether we contemplate him laying his ancient capital in ashes and vanishing among the shadows of the frozen North to foil his foe, or in the awful battle of Borodino, or in the gigantic struggle of kings at Leipsic, or defeated and bleeding at every pore at Mukden, his history is a history of death and carnage, his trail through the centuries a trail of conquest and tyranny.

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The anxious world has watched his recent bold and greedy foray among the rich beehives of Asia, but now stand appalled at the sight of his sinking navies, his reeling and bleeding armies strewing the earth with dead men from the Yalu to Harbin, his fallen Port Arthur, his disgraced generals, his captured admirals, and his waning glory.

We hear the rumbling of approaching revolution throughout the length and breadth of the Russian Empire, and her oppressed people catch glimpses of liberty streaming like sunlight through the rifted clouds of disaster and defeat which now envelop the wounded bear. Out of the flames, not of burning Moscow, but of the booming guns of Togo and the roaring batteries of Oyama, comes the hope of constitutional government, and the crown of absolutism is falling from the brow of Nicholas, while the yellow jackets, flushed with victory, will soon return with blood on their gloves and glory on their wings to feast on milk and honey in the Flowery Kingdom of the Rising Sun.

Woe unto the bear that mistakes a yellow jacket's nest for a bee gum! Woe unto the monarch who mistakes a whale for a sucker! Woe unto the nation that wobbles out of the path of righteousness!

Are not the times ripe for a compact of the nations to hush the bugle blast and silence the batteries of war by international arbitration? Does not this golden age of human progress and civilization demand this? The glorious movement has already been inaugurated; and when it is thoroughly developed and the power is vested in a great international tribunal to settle according to law and equity the disputes of nations, an era of universal peace will dawn and we shall witness the retirement of standing armies and the disarmament of navies and the universal brotherhood of man.

A MEMORY OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Many a time I have seen my mother, with "old black mammy," in the loom house, directing the negro women as they wove cloth to clothe the negro men down on the old plantation; and the rapid-flying shuttle and the clank of drumming battens kept time to the music of whirling bobbins as the great banks of wool and cotton melted away like snow in June and then reappeared as if by magic in ponderous bolts of jeans and linseys. Then I have seen her in the sewing room, and the snip of shears and the grating of thimbles and the sighing of threads through the cloth never ceased until the last garment was finished and every dusky body was made proof against the cold and chilling blasts of winter. I have watched her in the dreamy days of autumnal glory, when the sun splashed the forests with gold and poured amber on the fields; I have watched her as she sat by the window in her big armchair knitting for her slaves; and the rhythmic movement of her graceful fingers was visible music; it was enchantment; it was magic in yarn; and the big white ball cut capers on the floor.

"And her needles danced like witches,
And those nimble fingers flew,
As they deftly threw the stitches
And the great white stocking grew."

But as each autumn came and went, I saw new silver in her hair and new lines of coming age in her beautiful face; her lovelit eyes grew dim, and then at last, close by old black mammy, they buried her on the hill, to sleep side by side with my father until the resurrection angels come.

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A MOONSHINE ROOSTER.

An old monarch of a little sassafras farm took his chickens to town one day and converted them into cash. A few interviews with a bottle of moonshine made the old man wealthy; and the richer he got, the oftener he treated the crowd; and the barkeeper wiped off his counter and smiled and said: "Old man, you are a rooster." The boys patted him on the shoulder and said: "Old man, you are a rooster from away up at the head of the creek." He treated until his money and

his flatterers melted away, and then started home in the light of the moon, but soon fell, dead drunk, in a fence corner. The boys found him, and concluded they would have some fun. They carried him out into the woods and procured a large feather bed and laid it on a brush pile and split it, and then smeared the old man all over with molasses, and rolled him a few times in the feather bed, and left him alone in his glory among the feathers. The next morning the children were going to school, and they heard the brush pile singing, and they saw a frightful-looking bird roosting among the feathers. The girls ran; the boys armed themselves with rocks and reconnoitered. The old rooster had "come to," and this was the song he was singing:

"Only a used-up chicken, all my plumage shed.
But yesterday I was a rooster; to-day I'm a feather bed."

And he flopped his wings and crowed a few times, and the boys "hit the dim and shadowy distance like Nancy Hanks;" and when he got home, there was a "hot time" for the old rooster that night.

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A CATASTROPHE.

A good old farmer lay on his bed with his bruised leg swollen and bandaged to the proportions of an old-fashioned churn and propped up on a pile of pillows. "What is the matter with your leg this morning, Mr. Grimes?" asked the doctor, as he entered. "Well, doctor, I have had a catastrophe," said the groaning old man. "Last night the old woman was complaining, and I got up to hunt the camphire, and I knocked the cream jar over on the hearth and broke it into a thousand pieces. It was powerful dark; and while I was fumbling around a-hunting for the camphire, the old black cat was licking up the cream, and began to spit at me. It made me so all-fired mad that I concluded I would just kick him up the chimney; but I didn't know he was under a chair, doctor, and I squared myself and kicked the chair up the chimney. I don't know what become o' the cat."

THE THIN GRAY RANKS CLOSE AGAIN.

The remnants of Dixie's once glorious armies have gathered again around the camp fires of peace at Louisville, in sacred remembrance of the dark and dismal days of the dreadful past when they gathered around the camp fires of war. Each year the answers to the roll call grow weaker and fewer. Dim eyes grow dimmer, and white locks a little whiter, as the journey of life grows shorter and the long road back to the sixties lengthens.

There is naught of bitterness in their hearts nor of disloyalty to the present. Their wounds have healed, and time has dried the tears of defeat upon their cheeks. There is only left undying devotion to the memory of their comrades who died and increasing love for the living.

These reunions of gray jackets and gray heads are not only beautiful, but pathetic in the extreme. They are living poems and breathing romances that stir our souls and melt our hearts.

It is sweet to the few surviving veterans of the South to see their once ruined country growing rich again, and to rejoice with their children in the blessings that flow from new fountains of prosperity.

Let the trumpets sound the jubilee of peace. Let the veterans shout who wore the blue and kiss the silken folds of "Old Glory" and fling it to the breeze. Let the veterans bow who wore the gray, and, with uncovered heads, salute the national flag, for it is the flag of the inseparable Union. Let them rejoice in the promises of the beckoning future, for time hath adorned the ruined South and gilded her skies with brighter stars of hope; but who will chide them if they sometimes put on the old worn and faded gray and unfold for a little while that other banner, the blood-stained Stars and Bars, to look upon it and weep over it and press it to their bosoms, for it is hallowed with precious memories? Who will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to the light, sanctified as it is with blood and tears, and wave it in the air and once more sing together the stirring war songs of long ago?

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An old knight of the moss-covered bucket was elected a justice of the peace, and was bragging to his wife of his victory, while his bak-

er's dozen of tow-headed children stood around him and listened with pride and admiration. But one of the dirty-faced boys could not stand it any longer, and shouted: "Pa, are we all squires?" "No, sir; no, sir," the old man answered; "nobody but me and your mother."

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Uncle Rastus and Uncle Nicodemus were discussing the Scriptures one day, and finally Uncle Rastus said: "Nicodemus, does you suppose dat any of de 'postles of de Lord was colored?" "I don't know about dat, Rastus," Uncle Nicodemus replied, "but dar is one thing I'se powerful sho' uv, and dat is dat de 'postle Peter was no nigger, case ef he had 'a' been, he never would a-let dat rooster crowed three times."

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Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Dinah lived happily together in their cabin for many long and peaceful years; but Aunt Dinah died at last, and the old man shouted and sang all the way to the graveyard, and then jumped into the grave and begged them to bury him with Dinah; but a strong-armed darky jerked him out and held him tight and fast, and the old man looked around in his wrath and shouted: "Turn me loose, nigger, and go 'way from here; you never did like to see me 'joy myself!"

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Old Aunt Easter's young master was studying for the ministry, and he came home from the theological seminary to spend his vacation. The old soul, who had nursed him when he was a child, twined her old black arms about his neck and said: "Mars' Jeems, I'se so glad to see my chile ag'in." "Yes," he said, "Aunt Easter, I am happy to see you once more; but it grieves me to see you still smoking that old strong pipe. How do you think you will feel when you get to heaven and stand before the angels with that polluted breath?" "Bless de Lord, honey," the old darky said; "you'se been off to the 'logical cemetery, but you'se not l'arnt all de Scripture yit; when I goes to heaven, I'se gwine to leave my bref behind."

Uncle Pompey was a great 'possum hunter, and spent most of his nights in the woods with his dogs. He was known as a peaceable and kind-hearted darky; but, to the surprise of everybody, he was arraigned one morning before his master for unmercifully beating an old darky from a neighboring town, who was a visitor on the plantation. They brought in Pompey's victim with a bandage over one eye, his nose split, a piece of his ear gone, and his clothing literally torn into shreds. "Pompey," said his master, "is this the man with whom you had the trouble;" "Yes, sir, master, dat's de nigger; but I never had much trouble wid him; he's de one dat had de trouble." "Well, why in the name of mercy did you beat the poor old negro in such a manner?" "Well, master, I'se gwine to tell you de truth. He's one of dese town niggers, an' he come down heah on de plantation whar he had no bizness, an' come over to de cabin wid his white shirt an' standin' collar on whar we wuz tending to our own bizness, an' right before all de niggers he had de impudence to ax me wuz 'possum fitten to eat, an' dat's de last I remembers tell I vindicated de 'possum."

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A FOX CHASE IN DIXIE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Every plantation of the Old South was a kingdom within itself, and every mansion was the castle and palace of a prince, in whose garnished walls walked the chivalry and beauty of a lordly race. Every day was a link in the golden chain of pleasure, and all of life was a dream.

After the morning had sown the fields with orient pearls, and just as the rising sun was gathering the glittering harvest, I have watched the Nimrods and Dianas of the chase, mounted on their gallant steeds, assemble at the gate in front of the lawn with many a shout and merry peal of laughter. Then I have seen them speed away like flying shadows and vanish in the forest; and when the circling hounds jumped the fox from his covert and opened in full cry, the hollows rang with melody and the very hills were thrones of music.

JACKETS OF GRAY.

Out from the gloom of vanished years,
A column is marching to-day.
Fling out your banners and greet them with cheers--
The heroes in jackets of gray.

Out from the thunder and flame of the past,
Out from its death and dismay;
Overwhelmed and defeated, but game to the last,
They march in their jackets of gray.

O, unfurl the colors and greet them with tears!
O, let the bands tenderly play!
The sweet air of "Dixie" will calm all the fears
Of the boys in their jackets of gray.

Onward they march toward the land of the blest,
Onward o'er life's dusty way.
Soon with their comrades in peace they shall rest,
Shall rest in their jackets of gray.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH.

It is now just forty years since the ragged remnants of the armies who wore the gray surrendered to the victorious legions who wore the blue, and, in the gloom of defeat, left the firing line to rebuild their homes and to restore their ruined country. At the beginning of the dreadful struggle the South was richer than the North; at the close the North was richer than the South had ever been, and the South was a charred and blackened desert, with scarcely a schoolhouse or church left and with every home in mourning. Her towns were heaps of ashes, her fields were stained with blood; but the ragged remnants went to work; they volunteered for life in the armies of enterprise and industry, determined to retrieve in peace the wealth and power they had lost in war. To-day the South's population is greater by millions than it was when the first gun was fired at Charleston. The domes and spires of a hundred cities and towns now rise above her fields of plenty where one rose before the war. Her schoolhouses and churches outnumber by thousands such institutions in the ante-

bellum days. Her output of cotton is worth more in one year than the world's output of gold is worth in two years. She is raising more wheat and corn and cotton and hogs than she ever raised. She leads the world in race horses. She is netted with railroads and telegraphs, and is wealthier and greater by far than on the day Abraham Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Emancipation to four million slaves.

The negro problem has been a Chinese wall to foreign immigration; therefore the South speaks the English language, and the blood of the South is American blood. This black problem has also been a scarecrow to Northern enterprise and Northern capital to a large extent, and consequently what has been done to rebuild the South has been accomplished by Southern brain and Southern energy. The lack of capital to harness our water power and to build diversified manufactories has compelled us to ship our raw materials to the North and buy them back in finished goods; and when we count the cost of freight both ways, the profit to the manufacturer, the wages of skilled labor, and the tariff, the figures are lost to us, for they run not only into hundreds of millions, but into billions of dollars in the last forty years.

The keynote of Southern progress in the future is the factory whistle. The one great essential to Southern wealth and glory is diversified industry. The music of machinery must mingle with the harvest song. The hum of spinning jenny and the click of flying shuttles must blend with the plantation melodies of the cotton pickers. The sound of the pick and the drill must be drowned in the whiz and rattle of steel and iron mills, converting Southern raw material into Southern finished goods. We must melt and mold and polish our own metals, and thus transform our own ores into all the implements of peace. We must toss our millions of cotton bales into Southern factories and transform them into fabrics for the markets of the world. Skilled hands must work their miracle of art side by side with the hand that wields the plow, the ax, and the pick; and thus diversified manufactories will produce diversified agriculture—a blessing which the South needs above all other blessings. Our rich bottoms must produce cotton, a bale to the acre; our hill country must feed the thousands who work in the factories. The equilibrium of agriculture and manufacture in the South will make her the richest, happiest, and

strongest section of the great republic. We have already begun the work, and are making rapid advancement. Let us push it, and we will soon "see the salvation of the Lord."

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GENIUS.

Genius holds the key that unlocks the gate of civilization and opens the door of human progress. The dreams of genius solve the problems of life and make the impossibilities of yesterday the realities of to-day. Genius dreamed, and a steam engine came puffing from his brain, and electric wires were spun around the globe until men speak to each other across the seas, and nations are closer together than States were half a century ago, and States are closer than were neighborhoods. It will not be long until the writer will say to his wife: "Please bring out my wings from the closet and have them dusted; I am going to Washington this evening to attend an extra session of the United States Senate."

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SECTIONAL LINES.

There is a great deal of talk about sectional lines, but they are the very safeguards of the republic. The Mississippi River is the sectional line which marks the eastern boundary of the great West; the Potomac and the Ohio constitute the boundary line between the North and the South; and each of these sections thus divided is a column of strength and power in the triple-pillared temple of the Union.

Yonder stretch the North and East, glittering with spired cities, teeming with busy millions, and making the music of progress with the spindle and the loom. It is an emporium of wealth and industry. It is a colossal pillar around which flourishes a civilization whose triumphs are the triumphs of educated brain and cunning hand, and whose statesmanship and knightly valor claim the admiration of the world.

And yonder beyond the shining trail of the "Father of Waters," "where sunset's radiant gates unfold, on rising marts and sands of gold," stands the pillar of the prairied West, around whose base there lies an empire and in whose shadow has leaped into life a new and

marvelous civilization, gold-crowned and holding in its right hand the sickle of labor and in its left hand the sheaves of peace and plenty.

But the grandest pillar of them all is the South, the land of flowers and tears, of beauty and sorrow, the land of grief and broken columns. Around this pillar of our Union there is still another civilization whose brow is wreathed with the laurel and the lily, whose bloody sword is sheathed, and whose face is turned toward the morning.

When this mighty trinity of empires, unfettered by tyrants, undaunted by kings, links shields with forces joined, the planet will tremble wherever their eagles lead them into battle, and the nations of the earth must yield or perish.

If the republic ever falls, the Northern and Western pillars will give way first. The South has the pure American blood, and its people still cling to the ideals of their fathers—the indestructible principles of democratic government.

Money is mightier than the sword and brains win greater battles than bullets. The South is winning back her prestige and glory—not with weapons of war, but with the keen-edged implements of peace. If liberty is ever stabbed to death, Brutus and Cassius will not brandish their smoking daggers on Southern soil, but some Antony of the South will step forth to avenge the crime of treason.

We cannot wipe out sectional lines, but we can preserve the harmony of the sections and the equilibrium of the Union by obeying and defending the Constitution and enforcing the laws, by giving equal and exact justice to all sections and all classes alike, by wiping from the statute books every law that oppresses one for the benefit of another, and by frowning down the efforts of politicians to kindle the fires of sectional animosity. Sectional patriotism is glorious, but sectional hatred is, and always has been, the lion in the pathway of our national progress. Let the Northerner love the North best, and let the Westerner boast of his section as the richest corner in the temple, but let the man of the South have the privilege of believing that Dixie is the dimple in the cheek of the Goddess of Liberty; for neither bayonets nor bombshells nor any power in the world can ever banish from the Southerner his love of the mocking bird's song and the cotton bale and the orange blossom. No legislation can force him to forsake the

hills and valleys where his comrades died or be disloyal to the gray jackets they wore.

Let the three sections help each other to solve their problems, and let each believe that the others are honest in their efforts to suppress the wrong and to give the greatest good to the greatest number—honest in their efforts for the upbuilding and happiness of all of their people within the sphere to which they belong, and the uplifting of the weak and helpless, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Let conservatism reign in the national Capitol, and the spirit of "give and take" prevail among our lawmakers. Let us dam the rivers instead of the President. Then, and not until then, will we be one and inseparable.

MAN.

What are man's relations to the universe, and to what extent is it affected by his being or his acts? What is the scope of his power over Nature? Can he change the simplest of her laws? Can he create force or obtain energy without the expenditure of equal energy or without recourse to the potential forces of Nature? Can he restore life to a dead plant or animal? Can he rejuvenate decrepit age and bring back the bloom of youth to wrinkled and faded cheeks? Can he cause the lily to bloom on the stem of the rose, or figs to grow on thistles, or grapes on the honeysuckle? A great poet is said to have once described our Savior's miracle of the wine thus: "The conscious water knew its God, and blushed." What a startling and beautiful epigram! But can man work this wonder with all the magic of his chemistry? Can he command the waves, or calm the storm, or stop the rolling planets? Can he coax or force Nature to set aside or disobey the least of her laws to serve his own convenience or gratify his whim?

Nay, though he speaks, she heeds him not; though he command, she obeys him not; or entreat, she hears him not; for the universe around him is wholly unaware of his presence and would move on just as grandly and smoothly if he had never set foot upon one of its spheres. His fortunes of weal or woe awake no envy or touch no chord of sympathy in the heart of Nature. She ignores in silence his

griefs and his joys, mocks at his moods, and tantalizes him with her own; for to the soul bowed down under a great sorrow, the brightness and mirth of her flowers and green fields, the blue of her heaven, the charm of her music, are but mockery and discord. Man acts out his little drama of tragedy and comedy on his little stage of life—weaves the web of human history, whose threads are mainly the events of human misery and woe paid out from the shuttle of wrong and injustice and beaten up by the cruel batten that swings forever in the loom of war. His battle-born empires rise, flourish, and decay, then go down in many a Waterloo. Yeoman, he clears the forest, plows the field, and builds the commonwealth. Poet, he sings the sweetness and the glory of Nature, the prowess of the warrior, and the grand passions of the soul. A devotee of art, he dreams of the beautiful, and by his touch of enchantment fixes his dreams on canvas and in marble and bronze. Musician, the ear of his imagination catches echoes of the eternal harmonies, and from vibrant string and reed and mellow pipe he bodies forth his winged melodies on the trembling air. Philosopher, he bears aloft the torch of human progress. Statesman, he builds his civic Utopias and then sees them dissolve like the mirage into thinnest air. He loves and hates, laughs and sighs, rejoices and weeps, hopes and despairs for a day, then passes into the unknown. But God's vestal fires of heaven burn on, the changeless stars continue to rise and set, and this old planet, earth, rolls on through space just the same, as serenely, happily, and gloriously as though he had never existed or left a footprint on the sands of time. Nature smooths down to a common level the mound that swells above his breast, and he is forgotten with the things that were. She obliterates the traces of his life career as if in shame, heals the scars of his battlefields, and from the rich red rain which poured from the veins of fallen heroes covers the cruel gashes of the strife with her mantle of green grass and flowers. Thorns and thistles spring up on the site of his vanished habitations, the wilderness again swallows up the plowed fields, and the forest rises from the fertile dust and rubbish of his forgotten cities, which survive only as the shadows of a myth in the dim corridors of remotest history.

The sacred bard of Israel, contemplating the vastness and grandeur of the visible creation, was overwhelmed with the realization of man's

utter insignificance, and wrote: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy hands, the sun and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou regardest him?"

He was applying to him the grand scale of this creation, contrasting him with its magnitude and glory and with the Power and Intelligence which made it. But self-centered and self-exalted, under the delusive notion of his own importance in the economy of the universe, and looking at things from his own narrow point of view, man has long since come to believe that the whole creation was ordained and established for his sole use and benefit. He, therefore, claims not only the earth, but the sun, moon, and visible stars, together with a *carte blanche* to claim and annex by right of discovery all stars that may hereafter become visible through the most improved and powerful telescopes. And but for the slight physical difficulty of transportation and communication through interstellar space, I doubt not that at this very moment he would be flaunting his national banners on the thin ether of the unexplored heavens. We should doubtless behold the royal ensign of Britannia floating over the far-away Indias and Australias and Transvaals of the celestial sphere; perhaps we should see "Old Glory," without the Constitution, waving in triumph over the distant heavenly isles of eternal summer—the Philippines, the Guams, the Hawaiis, the Porto Ricos, and all the Antillean gems that sparkle in the tropics of the blue ethereal ocean—while the Russian bear, under his imperial eagles, would be reaching out with mailed paw for the Manchuria of the celestial antipodes, only to get it caught in the steel trap of an ethereal Japan.

THOUGHT AND LOVE.

Thought discovers continents; Love peoples them. Thought builds homes; Love lives in them. Thought makes money; Love spends it. Thought fashions glossy fabrics into fascinating frills and flounces and furbelows; Love fits them on her fairy form and goes floating down the avenue like a powdered barque of heavenly beauty, all rigged with ruddy ropes of ribbon and rustling sails of silk, bowing to the

right and bowing to the left, and turning the air into music with her laughter and song, until some moneyless dude sights her off the coast of matrimony and fires his title across her bow, and she heaves to.

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EVOLUTION.

Darwin, in his celebrated works on the evolution theory, maintains that man, together with all the lower animals, sprang originally from a common progenitor, a *mudfish*, whence, under the operation of the laws of variation, natural selection, and heredity, they diverged, and through endless graduations developed into genera and species as we see them to-day. He bases his argument in part on the structural homologies existing between man and all vertebrates, down to fishes, on the physiological fact that the human lungs consist of a modified form of swim bladder, whose prototype must have once floated our finny forefathers, and particularly on the further fact that man in the embryonic state bears on the neck, at a certain stage of development, the gill clefts of a fish. I hardly think we can accept these remote and fishy arguments with a confidence and enthusiasm equal to that of old Uncle Pomp, the colored layman, who, on hearing his pastor tell in his sermon how Jonah swallowed the whale, spoke up in meeting and said:

"Brudder Johnsing, I doan' doubt dat statement in de leas', kaze dem ole-time folks wuz death on fish."

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Again, this distinguished scientist maintains that man, in his generic origin, is immediately descended from an apelike creature, closely allied to the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the gorilla, and supports his belief on the ground of anatomical analogies and general resemblance. Now it seems to me if the highest forms of living organisms, together with the highest intelligence, have been evolved from the lowest forms, they must have existed in some state in the lowest from the beginning of life. Turn the eyes of your imagination backward, then, and look through the mists of countless eons, back to the Devonian Age, and behold King Solomon and Plato and George

Washington wallowing in the mire and slime of some pre-Adamic bog. Imagine the divine bard of Avon a driveling ape! Fancy the wonderful tragedy of Hamlet or the great epic of "Paradise Lost" being evolved from the brain of a grimacing monkey! Conceive, if you can, the genius that created the "Iliad" being inherited from a mudfish or an orang-outang! As well think of extracting sunshine from cucumbers or a philosopher from a pig, you say. Yet, after all, how do we know that Darwin is not substantially correct in his conclusions? He adduces many curious facts which, if rightly interpreted, seem to constitute very strong evidence. Is it not conceivable that the theory of evolution might be mainly true, and yet not be in material conflict with the book of Genesis? For since all things are possible with the Creator, might not the processes of evolution be those of the divine creation? The Almighty can choose, and has chosen, his own plans and methods of forming the universe, and we witness many of them in operation every day. We see the oak being evolved from the acorn, the bird from the egg, the frog from the tadpole, the butterfly from the caterpillar.

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YOUNG MEN OF THE SOUTH.

There is a vexing problem awaiting solution in the South that not only vitally affects her material progress and the individual prosperity of her people, but pertains closely to the home and fireside and the happiness of every family that has a son in it. It relates to the paucity of business and professional opportunities for aspiring young men and the necessarily consequent inducement to emigrate. I state a general truth when I say that a mercantile career limits his opportunities. A few go into the law; a few teach, but almost invariably as a temporary makeshift; a few are doctors, with the inevitable destiny of a country doctor, involving a long life of charitable work, doing more unrewarded good in the community than any other man in it, with the sure prospect of a large family in a small home. Politics and public office offer him nothing either of substantial benefit or honor—the South is a mere province. The farm is left him as almost the sole resort for even a meager living.

A few exceptionally bright, alert, aggressive men shoot up above

their fellows and make opportunities in spite of adverse conditions; but I have disposed of nearly all the others who do not go elsewhere to find the opportunities lacking at home. This is a utilitarian age, and the race is to the man best equipped with technical, practical knowledge. We give our boys a literary or a scientific education, and turn them loose in the race for wealth and happiness, to compete with those of other sections who have been trained in the rudiments of practical mechanics and are equipped for the work before them. It is these latter who are the inventors, the skilled managers, the master workmen, who do things and accumulate riches for themselves and build cities and make the land blossom like the rose.

Our very best and most aspiring young men are the first to yield to the inducements abroad, while the one without ambition or natural aptitude will remain at home to drudge.

The fault in our system is easily discernible. It is the almost total absence of technical schools and the complete absence of all semblance of technical training, or even the groundwork for it, in our public-school system. We are content to sit complacently still and see others outstrip us, and even rob us of our sons to help them do it. There are many compensations, to be sure, and we are fond of believing that our blood is purer, our ideals are higher, and that we are exempt from the gross desires that move men in this money-loving age; but could we not preserve all these and still have enough of the other at least to save our sons to ourselves, if the other inducements be too sordid to be desired?

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Mr. Carnegie's name will be blessed most by coming generations for the aid he has given to the establishment of technological schools in the North and East. He has confined it thus far principally to the manufacturing cities, for the very conclusive reason that the teaching ought to be done where the actual things are being done; but that is not indispensably essential. The training will be much more accurate and more speedily imparted, of course, when the pupil can see and participate in its actual, practical accomplishment; but the South cannot afford to wait for the establishment of manufacturing plants everywhere. We need first the trained manager and the skilled arti-

san, and then the manufacturing plants will follow; and we are delaying the latter by not providing the former. Every city in the South could well afford to endow richly a technological school, and make it as complete as possible, and make its benefits easily within the reach of all the surrounding country. It would not be five years before the returns would begin to fall in richly in multiplied industries and accumulating business. Outside of these sordid reasons, if they be accounted sordid, lie the other considerations of sentiment and affection and contentment that appeal to us to provide opportunities at home for our boys to fit themselves for an equal race with their fellows elsewhere and anywhere—a chance to exploit their strength and capabilities and aspirations close to the family rooftree, and thus avoid breaking down so many family altars.

The problem of most pressing importance for the South to solve is how to keep her young men at home, and the solution of it lies within the meaning of the one word " opportunity."

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THE PRIMARY.

There's a time to wake and a time to sleep;
There's a time to laugh and a time to weep;
There's a time to work and a time to play;
There's a time for everything, they say;
But the time of times in Tennessee
Is a barbecue or a pri-ma-ree.

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YANKEE DOODLE AND DIXIE.

The most striking and picturesque figure in all history is that of a lean and sinewy old man, with long hair and chin whiskers, and wearing an old-fashioned plug hat. His pantaloons are in stripes of red and white, and his blue swallow-tail coat is bespangled with stars. He is the personification of the United States, and we call him Uncle Sam.

He is the composite of the wildcat and the cooing dove, the lion and the lamb, and " summer evening's last sigh that shuts the rose." He is the embodiment of all that is most terrible. The world stands ap-

palled at his wonderful power, and bows in admiration to his matchless magnanimity.

He is the tallest figure on this mundane sphere; and when he steps across the continent and sits down on Pike's Peak, and snorts in his handkerchief of red, white, and blue, the earth quakes and monarchs tremble on their thrones. From the peaceful walks of life he can mobilize a mighty army in sixty days, and in ninety days he can destroy a powerful navy and demolish an empire. He is boss of the Western Hemisphere, sheriff of Cuba, justice of the peace of Porto Rico, and guardian *ad litem* of the Philippine Islands. He is as brave as Cæsar and as meek as Moses.

He is as fierce as a tiger and as cool as a cucumber. He wears the tail feathers of the eagle of France in his hat and the scalp of Mexico in his belt. He laughs at the roar of the Russian bear.

No longer the lion of England roars at our door, but the twain now stand together for liberty and humanity.

When the angels of the Lord had laid out and completed the second paradise on earth, which I think the cherubim and seraphim named Dixie; when they had rested under the shade of its trees, and bathed in its crystal waters, and breathed the perfume of its flowers, they spread their wings on its mellow air and mounted upward toward the skies. They hung a rainbow on the clouds, and, pursuing its gorgeous archway northward over hill and vale and mountain and across the Potomac and the Ohio, they alighted to tie its nether end to earth, and—behold!—there lay stretched out before them another empire of transcendent beauty, and—lo!—they made a third paradise and called it the Land of Yankee Doodle. The rainbow still rests with one end on Dixie and the other on Yankee Doodle, its radiant arch overshadowing a race of the bravest men and the most beautiful women that the sun in heaven ever shone upon.

Every patriotic American citizen loves and honors every inch of soil that lies between the two ends of that rainbow; and should any foreign foe set foot upon our shores, all the sons of the South would spring to arms and shoulder to shoulder with all the sons of the North they would rush into battle, keeping step to the music of the martial airs of Yankee Doodle and Dixie.

It is true that the Northerner still says, "You hadn't ought to do

it," and the Southerner says, "I've been and done it;" but the sectional line which separates them, and which was once a bloody chasm, is now only the great dividing line between cold bread and hot biscuits.

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We are fraternal, and who will prophesy an end to our fraternity as long as Yankee Doodle fattens from the hopper of high protective tariff and Dixie generously fills the hopper? This phase of our commercial fraternity is beautifully illustrated by the two old darkies who bought a cow in partnership and rented a pasture to keep her in. Uncle Yank persisted in milking the cow and appropriating all the milk. Uncle Dick poked his head over the fence one evening while Uncle Yank was milking away, and said:

"How's dis, Brudder Yank? Didn't we bought dat cow in partners, ha'f and ha'f?"

"Yas, sah; dat's right."

"Well, den, how is it you's a-gittin' all de milk?"

Uncle Yank rose with fire in his eyes and replied: "Lookey heah, niggah; I'se dun 'lected fuh to choose de hin' half uv dis cow. Now walk yoahse'f away from heah and go to work and git up somethin' to feed youah end uv de cow, and quit yo' nullifyin' and secedin' from de compact."

Pride of section will always exist, but let us hope that its hatreds are gone forever.

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An old politician once shouted from the stump, "Fellow-citizens, I know no North, I know no South, I know no East, I know no West;" and a barefooted boy yelled from the gallery: "You'd better go an' study jog-er-fey!"

I think the boy was right. I believe in sectional lines so long as they are not the demarcations of prejudice. I believe that the sectional lines of peace and patriotism are the very safeguards of the republic.

I believe not in sectional hatred, but in sectional patriotism, which loves home better than any other spot on earth. I would despise the Yankee who does not love the rocks and hills of New England better

than all the roses and palms and dreamy landscapes of the whole South. I would loathe the Westerner who does not believe that sixteen pounds of silver is as good as one pound of gold—especially if he owns a silver mine.

But I love the land of Dixie best. There the mocking bird warbles his sweetest song, and the darkies still sing their old-time melodies and hunt the 'possum and the coon; there the queenly peach flushes with crimson when the sun doth kiss her cheek, and by her side the princely apple glows with deepest red; and there the oranges and magnolias bloom, except when blighted by a blizzard from the land of Yankee Doodle.

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HINTS TO THE SOUTH.

One well-equipped training school were worth a thousand "Buncombe" political speeches.

One river locked and dammed is far more important to Southern progress than ten thousand joint discussions between professional "spellbinders."

It is to be hoped that the "queue" to the negro problem may not be found in the Orient. Brother "Rastus" had better keep the old-time kink in his head and stick to his mule and the cotton patch, lest the "Yellow Peril" break loose in Dixie and culminate in "Black Vomit." The modification of the Chinese exclusion laws might introduce that disease in the cotton belt, and then the story of Jonah and the whale might be demonstrated on a large scale, and "Rastus" might land on the other side of Jordan.

Quarantine is the paramount problem of the hour in the South. The States have no rights which yellow fever is bound to respect. It was demonstrated last summer that State quarantine boards cannot cope with this dreadful pestilence, for lack of organization and equipment. They disagree and wrangle among themselves, and, instead of fighting the plague, fight each other. The only alternative is national quarantine. The fortunes of the South rest largely upon stamping out this worst of all scourges and banishing even the fear of it. Each appearance of it on our shores costs millions to our business and

trade, to say nothing of the suffering and loss of life it leaves in its trail of death.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR.

On the platform singing songs,
Spinning yarns for laughing throngs,
Painting scenes of country life—
Scenes of fun and scenes of strife;
Going hungry, missing trains,
Weary body, tired brains,
In a hurry—on the jump
From the platform to the stump—
Killing snakes in politics,
Fighting "rings," exposing tricks,
Filling in the hours between
Writing for a magazine,
Blowing bubbles, dodging care,
Building castles in the air.

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THE DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL.

Much reading maketh a full man; much writing, an accurate man; much speaking gives him readiness; and much travel fills him with knowledge. But the yellow age of literature has supervened since these aphorisms were writ; and now if a man shall read himself full of that, yet is he empty withal. If he travels, he learns first how small the world is, and then how little many of the cooks know about their art. A novice may be overawed by the inscrutable jargon of a modern menu, a false pretense of variety; but he soon drops to its transparencies, and learns that it's mostly potatoes. The traveler soon learns that the difference in ordinary hotels lies chiefly in the smell, and it is said that a smart drummer is not long on the road before he can get the wind on a rival and tell where he stopped last. Every cook who has not attained the dignity of a *chef* has his own peculiar method of frying out odors, and drummers become adepts in deciphering the pungent vapors that ride upon the ambient air, and can easily locate the hotel.

It is said that the very smartest men alive are employed in fixing

freight rates; that there are so many indiscernible considerations and inscrutable modifications involved that no mere ordinary mortal is equal to it. But I'm backing the time-table makers for smart. It seems incredible that a set of men can be assembled, all working in exact harmonious precision, turning out schedules for a continent, and make *all* the trains pass *all* the stations *all* the time at the most inopportune moment. No matter whether the pilgrim be eating or sleeping, talking or treating, he's got to chop it off in the middle and hike out for his train. There are some towns, to be sure (not in Tennessee), modeled in a style that makes a quick outgoing train a joy forever, and there are some hotels from which to be hurried hence is not an unmixed calamity; but to have to jump every time, everywhere, to hit the next town at its most inhospitable moment grows wearisome.

Then there are the omnibuses that ply and rattle between the stations and the hotels, with their flea-bitten lead horses and stump-sucking wheelers jerking time about at the doubletree and looking forlorn and homesick when they back up and go to sleep. It is strange that the wiseacres of the query columns in the metropolitan press refuse to tell why it is that all the 'buses are built so narrow that one must spoon knees with a vis-à-vis, and why the front window pane is always broken out in winter, and why they loosen all the taps and bands and chains and things and give the side sash so much rattling latitude, and why there are no new 'buses, and why it is they never light the little pungent lamp in the little cage in front except on moonlit nights to saturate the fungated air with greasy gloom. To the inquiring traveler who is out after experience I would recommend one trip in a 'bus for an ordinary pleasure jolt, two trips for a season's delight, and three for suicide—bequeathing his ear drums to a tanyard.

THE MIRROR LIES.

The mirror mocks me every day;
These faded cheeks, these locks of gray,
A story tell, a tale unfold—
Ah! Can it be I'm growing old?
The mirror lies—my heart is young,
The songs of youth are on my tongue;

My teeming brain an Eden seems
Of glowing thought and dancing dreams.
I am not old—the mirror lies,
No film of age beclouds my eyes;
My pulse is quick, my blood is warm,
There's power still in this right arm.
When glory's stirring trumpet sounds,
My eager spirit upward bounds
To seize the throne and wear the crown
And wield the scepter of renown.
I am not old—the mirror lies!
I'll ne'er be old till laughter dies.

AMBASSADOR WRIGHT.

The selection of Gen. Luke E. Wright, of Memphis, Tenn., until now Governor-general of the Philippines, to be the first American Ambassador to the court of Japan, is most gratifying and of especial significance in several of its aspects. The foremost consideration is the perfect adaptability of the man. General Wright is a true scion of the old school of Southern gentlemen, perfected in the crucible of modern thought. No more chivalrous man lives. Of splendid accomplishments, wide information, profound learning, and immaculate personality, he is the embodiment of old-fashioned Southern blue-blood aristocracy modernized. He is a perfect democrat in thought and characteristic, a believer in the people, affable, courtly, and true; a man of sternest devotion to his country, and particularly to the South. The selection marks the beginning of the reincarnation of old-fashioned Southern statesmanship, that mighty intellectual force that once dominated national affairs. Southern men have been almost completely excluded from higher diplomatic service for nearly a half century. Indeed, except in Congress, Southern men have been so long barred from all the higher official stations as to give some color to the false assumption that Southern statesmanship has deteriorated, when, in fact, it lacked only opportunity to demonstrate that the sons are worthy of their fathers. The strongest, sternest, stablest force that ever existed in this government, the force that created, projected, and sustained its institutions and compelled the world's recognition

and respect, expressed itself in the impeccable character of Southern manhood—stainless, profound, and unsullied. The President himself has a strain of this blood in his veins; and it is noticeable that since he began recently to set some value on it, it has served to ennoble and strengthen him. He may have had no such thoughts as these in selecting General Wright, and yet the event may open the way for the exploitation of the higher capabilities of Southern statesmanship that may bring it into its own again. General Wright's appointment is peculiarly fortunate for the South. He has been in the Orient long enough to familiarize himself with the new Asiatic situation, just in the throes of modern evolution, and he is ready to know and to grasp opportunities. Japan dominates all Asia, and will lead and direct its commerce with the outer world, and the situation needs just the clear head and discerning genius of a Luke Wright. With the coming of the canal and with these conditions existing in the far East (soon to be the near West), it looks wonderfully like high-priced cotton has come to stay, and largely increased crops of it at that; with such favorable prospects and with one of her greatest sons at the helm, the South has good reason to feel prosperous. This writer extends to Tennessee's distinguished statesman its most cordial congratulations and good wishes.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The farther one proceeds on the journey of life, the more one is impressed with the truth of the universal brotherhood of man. There are differences of custom and habit growing out of environment and education, but like conditions make all average men of the same race wonderfully alike. The Southerner who travels in the West is sure to find kinsmen—not of the blood, but of the heart. It is marvelous how small the world is when we come to measure it. In almost every locality in the Land of the Setting Sun the traveling Southerner will meet Southerners; and whether he ever met them before or not, there is always a cordial and tender manifestation of "the tie that binds." He is overwhelmed with heart-throbbing welcome and solicitous attentions wherever he finds a colony of Southerners. We never have a

proper conception of what "the universal brotherhood of man" means until we clasp hands with some wandering brother in a strange land.

Hospitality finds its most cordial expression in the South and Southwest, and there is a manifest reason for it. They are the sons of generations who made it an article in their creed. There is not found in any other section that rich exuberance of feeling and cordial expression; and yet, in different degrees, men are Samaritans everywhere. There are true hearts everywhere, and the knowledge of it gives one a better opinion of the race and a fuller and sweeter conception of God's purposes. It is sometimes depressing and discouraging to contemplate conditions in the great cities, where the maddening crowd is so bent upon pleasure and the accumulation of wealth; and when we read of the many vicious forms of "graft" and the thousand cunning artifices used by designing men to cheat and swindle and get something for nothing, it makes one sometimes feel that the whole world is becoming steeped in wickedness. But it is not true. The disposition to revel in wrong is the exception to a far better rule. The great body of the people are honest and true whenever you touch their hearts. If it were otherwise, men would speedily destroy each other and society would soon degenerate into anarchy.

God reigns, and truth and human kindness are still triumphant. The world is growing better instead of worse, and men have but to mix with their fellows to realize the glorious truth. The search for faith and love will be rewarded wherever it is prosecuted—in the highways and byways, in the mansion or the cottage. Whosoever realizes this truth will soon find his own faith and purposes strengthened and refined, and he will find himself readier to believe in the final triumph of humanity.

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LENGTH OF DAYS.

The schoolgirl gathers her inspiration from the scented flowers; the sophomore, from the vaulted stars; the poet, from the fabled muses; but the Bacchanalian dreamer imbibes his happiness from the dancing spirits that glow in the amber juices of corn and rye that are brewed in Elysia. He is a poet only in the abstract, being without verse; for his sublimated imagery is beyond the grasp of mere lan-

guage, and his tenuous ideality is as thin as the tail of a comet through which the stars shine. In his florid imagination he roams "'mid pleasures and palaces," and usually steers clear of "home, sweet home." In his moments of rhapsodic exhilaration he rises from poverty to wealth, from weakness to power, from lowliness to luxury. He could buy the universe with the coin of his imagination and carry the world on his back. The reason for his existence is unfathomable, unless his nose is intended to be a red buoy above the sunken rocks and shoals of life to warn the unwary of dangers.

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He followed his buoy home one night from a carousal, three sheets in the wind, and said to his patient wife:

"I'm not feeling very well to-night, honey, and I'm afraid I'm not going to live long."

"I'm a little afraid myself, dear," she replied; "but I think if you would drink less whisky it would lengthen your days."

"Tha's so, my darling, tha's so. I tried it las' Sunday, an' it was the longes' day I ever spent."

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A MODERN MIRACLE.

It was a sunburst of genuine humor which convulsed the Federal Court and melted the solemn face of the judge into smiles. The officers brought an old "moonshiner" into court, when his attorney arose and said:

"May it please the court, my client is indicted for illicit distilling, and desires to submit his case and throw himself on the mercy of the court."

The grave judge looked over his spectacles and sternly said:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Joshua Jones, Yer Honor," was the meek reply.

"Joshua—Joshua? O, ho! You're the man that commanded the sun to stand still?"

"No, Yer Honor," replied Joshua; "I'm the man that made the moonshine."

A SQUARE DEAL.

I saw a man pile mountains to the skies, up which he climbed toward fame's alluring heights, and I saw his coffers bulging with bonds and stocks and stacks of gold and precious stones. I saw him unfold the columned inventory of his fabulous wealth, and lave and steep his soul in gloating contemplation. I heard the clamor of the crowded streets and the shouts and plaudits of the fawning throng as he passed proudly by, and I saw him pass on and up toward the zenith of renown and seek his place among the great, supremely satisfied with himself, finding consolation in the thought that "envy assails the noblest; the winds howl about the highest peaks."

And then I saw him look for a moment into his own soul and blanch in affrighted terror at the black stain that sin had made, and I saw a cloud of remorse settle upon his brow and the writhing twinge of sore regret wrench it into frowns, and I heard his heart cry out in its anguish: "O, that I had risen to this height by fairer means!"

Modern business method is but another name for unfair scheming, wherein the strong take from the weak and the sly rob the unwary. The commercial seas are dotted with pirate craft, and the crews of adventurers sail under the black flag. Men are out after their neighbors' goods, and it has come to be a part of the business game to get the best of every deal. So universal is the practice in the busier marts that sometimes honest men are driven to protect themselves by similar means, and thus the entire lump is leavened with avarice, the subtle poison of the soul.

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"A fortune; make a fortune—by honest means, if you can; if not, by any means make a fortune," advised Horace; and "rare Ben Jonson" urged: "Get money, still get money, boy; no matter by what means." The satire of the ancients is become the philosophy of the moderns. The fertile mind of a Dumas could imagine no legitimate means by which Monte Cristo could accumulate so great a fortune, and was compelled to have him find it; but modern method finds actual ways to build them in a day without the shedding of one drop of sweat or a single blister of the palm.

But—lo!—when Sir Crœsus has gotten it all and sent his victims

about their business, he hugs himself and turns to revel in its luxurious pleasures, to find the joy of its spending bittered to gall by the memory of the dirty means of its getting, and he laments sorrowfully that he did not give his fellow-man a square deal. For a time, and while he is gorging his greed, perhaps "the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels;" but there comes a time when conscience demands a reckoning, and he realizes how utterly worse than poor he is since that for which he sold his soul has only served to poison it.

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The man who pitches his life to the tone of his sordid lusts and believes that "money is to be sought for first of all, virtue after wealth," will find "the love of pelf increases with the pelf," and that he has postponed the better purposes to the viler one that makes virtue unattainable after the soul has corroded itself with avarice. He who swaps his virtue off for wealth may find too late he can never rue.

There is but one right road to wealth, and he who travels it must wade his own sweat. Economy is the poor man's mint. He who essays another route than this or strays into luring paths where richer fruits tempt him into devious ways, soon finds his feet on slippery places, where he must perforce make choice of questionable means to prop and stay him up, when honor begins to lag for a rendezvous with lust, and he pays the price of success with his own virtue.

The man who lives in a cabin and hath his soul clean, though he may live on husks and sleep on a pallet of rags, yet is he a prince and a millionaire infinitely to be envied above the rich man who coins his gold out of the heart's blood of his fellows. I have undiminished faith in my fellows, but I would decry this growing curse of greed and persuade all men to follow this new-named golden rule of life—a square deal and an equal chance.

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MORNING ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

Morning was about to break on the old plantation when the dominecker rooster in the apple tree over behind the smokehouse unsheathed his head from 'neath his wing and started fowldom a-clucking with his shrill "*Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o!*" Fifteen minutes to a

second before the first streak of dawn silhouetted the ghostly hilltops against the murky sky, the back door of the mansion was drawn a foot ajar, the unkempt head of Ol' Marse was thrust into the dying night, and a mighty voice as of many thunders broke the brooding silence:

"Pe-e-ter-r-r!"

And Peter came forth.

Peter was the "head nigger," the prime minister of the overseer; and in a minute after the clarion voice yanked him from his bunk he was spreading the call down the line until the entire negro quarter was astir and every woolly head emerged from its lair. The smoke began to curl from the cabin stacks, the colts began to neigh, the cattle to low, the turkeys to gobble, the ducks to quack, and the guinea cock on the comb of the barn gave an ear-bursting squawk that startled the old blue jack down in the staked-and-ridered lot below the mule sheds, and he opened up his vast, expanding lungs and gave vent to a long-drawn bray that sawed its way up through the lingering night vapors into the supernal ether, that jarred the fountains of light and cracked day wide open.

"De feedin's dun dun;" and while the mules were munching, the darkies were eating; and then the trace chains began to jingle, and the plow gear to cry, and the darkies to rally and jibe one another, and the slip gaps were let down, and the squads went this way and that into the wide-spreading bottoms. Off down to the right the eye beheld a fertile vision. The river swept by two hundred yards to the left of the mansion, and, making a broad, sweeping parabola, bent back upon its course two hundred yards to the right of the mansion—four miles to make as many hundred yards; and in the great Turkey Bend lay the fertile fields, with their long rows stretching into the distance until they seemed to come together, the meadows spotting the landscape like green jewels, the rivulets winding through fringes of cane and young cottonwood, with the circling background of sycamore, beech, and ash that marked the course of the smooth-flowing river.

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Just under the eye, nearest, lay the double rows of whitewashed negro cabins, built in a square, and in the center a long-bending well

sweep creaked. Each cabin had its ash hopper, chicken pens, truck patch and sunflowers, and its bevy of slick little pickaninnies playing, half-naked, in the sunshine. Back farther lay the great gable-ended barn, with its wide-open loft door looking like a monster's mouth dripping long-hanging wisps of hay; the horse stalls underneath, the long rows of mule and cattle sheds flanking, all smelling horsey and hayey; the buggy houses, where the chickens roosted; the row of corn-cribs, with their drooping doors on wooden hinges that ne'er felt grease, and fastened with a slick oak pin stuck into an augerhole bored slantwise in the facing; and below stood long rows of fodder stacks and hayricks, where the fowls scratched and wallowed and cackled and laid; and still farther on the jack lots and wide pastures leading off into the dense woodland; and over in the turn rows the mules were hitched to the plows, and the business of the old plantation was at full tide, with the darkies a-singing.

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WANTED—OPPORTUNITIES.

A lamentable result of modern development and business evolution is its tendency to break up families and homes. Opportunity beckons from so many directions, and inducements are so diverse, that our boys and girls spread their wings early and fly away to the four winds and scatter themselves over the earth. There is some little mitigation found in the facilities of travel which may afford frequent visits home; but the results, however seemingly beneficial, do not compensate for the destruction of the family altars, the suspension of home influences, and the severing of sacred affections. They all go with the purpose, declared or harbored, of coming back; but—alas!—how few of them ever realize that purpose! They are gone permanently, and even the home visits grow farther and farther apart, until the home tie is completely severed. I cannot bring myself to believe that God intended it thus; and if this is a legitimate consequence of latter-day development, then there is a serious flaw somewhere in it. Aside from the wrench to the affections, society will surely suffer in the suspension of home training and teaching. The home has been divinely consecrated to the formation of character, and nowhere else can the twig

be properly bent. It needs no demonstration to prove that the life and character of the child suffer permanent injury and that society is damaged by the infliction of an injurious influence if that child is removed from the sacred environments of home before its character is formed and strengthened to withstand temptations and meet responsibilities. It is one of the most deplorable tendencies of the times, and yet it is receiving scarcely a suggestion that will tend to ameliorate it.

Obviously, the most effective means of lessening the distressing tendency will be to bring the opportunities and inducements nearer home. The industrial development that is fast carrying the South to the front, as rich as it seems in promise of material things, will be even yet richer in blessings to the people in supplying adequate opportunities to their children. The writer has already suggested the imperative importance of technological schools in the South with unlimited facilities and scope. This is peculiarly an age of specialists. There are too many things to learn for one man to attempt them all, or even a few; and they are dividing up the work, each according to his aptitude and genius, and thus, by concentration of brain and energy, they are getting deeper into the mysteries of nature and science and accomplishing greater results. The thing is now to find one's aptitudes and fit them where they belong. It is found more profitable to find the work for which the man is fitted than to try to make an unfit man fit a work. In these days of individual adjustment, if the youth looks about him and fails to find the place that meets his longings and genius, he must of necessity migrate. He cannot afford to enter the race handicapped with inadaptability against others who have found their calling. If the South fails to provide the widest range for her boys and girls to find their natural vocations, it forces them either to seek elsewhere or take a lower plane than they deserve.

If there were no other consideration, it ought to be sufficient to impel the Southern States, every one of them, to hasten to provide the fullest possible opportunities for high technological training for the influence it will have in keeping our sons at home. Our industries must be conducted by skilled hands; and if we do not impart the skill to our own boys, then others must do the work and ours take subordinate place. I plead for it, however, upon the higher ground of home

love, of unbroken family altars, of virtue and affection and all the sacred ties of kinship.

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THE GORMAND.

To the man who lives to eat, the science of gastronomy is a romance and the bill of fare a poem. The chimes of the dinner bell are more melodious than the music of the spheres, and the rattle of dishes is a concord of sweet sounds. The gilded hall, with its silver plate and immaculate linen, is the antechamber of Paradise, and the aroma of smoking cuisine is sweeter than a scented breath of June. As the war horse sniffs the battle from afar, and as the wild boar whets his tusk for the fray, so the fat man sniffs and whets for the festive board. The horizon of his dreams is full of canvas backs and blue wings, its waters swarm with pompano and terrapin, and its landscape is blatant with fat and juicy flocks. His countenance is a sunrise of savory sentiment, and his laughter is like the blubbering music of boiling mutton. O, ladies, cherish him and nourish him, and thus perpetuate his heavenly temper!

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THE GAME WARDEN'S REVENGE.

I heard a joyous song bird sound a trilling blast from lofty perch among the shady boughs and pour its blithesome lay upon the perfumed winds; and as the mellow cadence swelled and died in answering echoes in the stretching corridors of beech and ash, my listening ear was smitten with the grating whiz of a cruel stone that came hurtling through the swinging foliage and struck the feathered songster in the breast and laid it low; and, looking yet again, I saw, precociously peering, the radiant features of a barefoot boy, not yet turned in the teens, whose eager gaze was bent expectant toward the azure blue above, whose waxen ear was trained aloft to catch the thud that should announce the dire impingement of unerring missile upon the frail anatomy of a bird; and, peering yet still further in the tangled copse, the fascinated eye caught the sneaking figure of a man stealing with catlike tread from bush to bush, nor durst to shake the dewdrop from the petaled flower lest its splashing smash upon the emerald sward betray his crawling presence to his unsuspecting prey. And then I

ceased to hear the song bird's gladsome lay just when the somber thud betold the safe arrival of the jagged rock upon the region of his wind; and dropping now from twig to branch through tangled leaves that drooped their spears in mute but unfeigned sorrow o'er the untimely end of their sweet-voiced denizen, a mangled form besmirched with blood fell limp and lifeless to its mother earth, where, leaping forth in eager quest, the wart-speckled stripling pounced upon his prey and stooped to seize it in his grasp, as simultaneously also leaped the erstwhile creeping keeper of the game, whose clutching digits quick betangled in the patched raiment of the stooping kid just where it wonts to kiss the ground whene'er he deigns to sit; and, raising high the squalling brat, he bore it from the scene, when sore eftsoons (whate'er that means), the mellow air mellifluous grew with piercing screams and vibrant swats that told again Nemesis' sure avenging tale and doomed a precious kid to take his meals and 'suage his stomach's greed a month in posture 'rect that durst not seek a seat.

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I cannot lend thee money, Horatio; I give it thee; I cannot afford to lose it.

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Had I an enemy I'd have
No sadder fate befall:
If he'd a thousand legs to pull,
The grafters had them all.

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DE CHA'IOT O' FIRE.

It will be recalled how Uncle Rastus taught his son, Nicodemus, how to get off a mule "when you sees she's gwine ter fro' you." Nick had declared that he would have "no more congulgions wid dat mule," because she had already "flung me over a' apple tree," but his fears related only to "ridin' uv her." The mule plowed well enough, as docile as a pet fawn (not that pet fawns plow); and Nick thought she would work in traces anywhere, of course, as all good-intentioned mules are bound to do. When his old father got up limping, after the mule had refused to "congulge wid him" on her back, and had deliv-

ered the sage remark above quoted, Nick stopped long enough only to see the old man straighten himself up and show his back was not broken, and led Beck (that's the mule) on back to the barn to feed her, remarking as he started:

" Dasser way I *did* do."

The next day was Sunday, and Nick had a 'pintment with his girl to take her to a baptizing down on 'Chucky, and he was up before day and shooed the chickens off of Ol' Marse's old buggy that had seen its day and had been long stowed under a shed for the chickens to roost on. He soon had it scraped off and rubbed up and patched together. It wasn't so mighty long before he had Beck hitched up and Dinah aboard and was rattling away down the cove. Nick had kind o' cunjered up the harness with stray straps and strings and things, and the bridle was embellished with eyeflaps cut out of an old boot leg and tied on the jaw strap with the evident purpose of keeping Beck from seeing backward. It is not recorded why Nick objected to Beck's seeing what he and Dinah should be up to, but so it was; but it is very evident that Beck thought there was nothing doin' more remarkable behind her than a plow. Beck's only apparent perplexity arose when called on to trot. They had no trotting plows in those days, and Beck in all her born days had never been subpœnaed to trot. It must be said to her just praise that she remonstrated not, but did her duty, as she saw it, as well as any country mule could be expected to do who could see only one way.

Never did things appear to be going so sweetly for Nick. Dinah seemed to conspire with the mule to give Nick the time of his life, and his spirits were scraping the sky when they turned the top of the last steep hill that led down a couple of hundred yards to the baptizing. Nick dropped his " seegyar " over behind the seat and let the lines loose to give Dinah a final hug, which Beck didn't seem to mind, and probably she never would have become inquisitive if Nick hadn't made a kind of suction noise like an octopus letting loose a tentacle.

It is not for me to say why Nick wanted to kiss Dinah, nor why Dinah could stand it. If either of them had wanted to kiss the mule, it would be my duty as a faithful historian to record the simple fact without questioning their taste. I suppose that it is in pursuance of some unwritten law that obtains in the science of the three " k's "

(kourtin', ketchin', and kissin') that kissing just naturally follows courting—after the kisser catches the kissee. Of course she must be caught. I have never in all my observation seen the game successfully played until the girl *was* caught. At any rate, Nick kissed Dinah, and the explosion attracted Beck's attention; and when she flung her head around to investigate, she struck her jaw against the hames and broke the measly string that held on one of the blinds, and thus for the first time she realized that she was not plowing.

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Does the gentle reader need to be told what Beck did? To give spectacular emphasis to what she did, Nick's "seegyar" had dropped into the hay he had stored under the seat behind, and it began to blaze just as Beck began to perform.

There were several hundred gathered that day on the glittering strand of 'Chucky. Most of the colored population had been baptized several times, but they were fortunately of the "fallin'-fum-grace" Baptists, and they were thus enabled to keep up in baptizing with the more numerous Methodists, who had been carrying on a revival over in Mossy Cove ever since the war. Things were at the very warmest pitch, and "de moaners wuz rasslin' wid de debble" mightily. The preacher had had for his text Elijah and the chariot, and he had painted it so graphically and with such hair-raising unction that many of the sisters could hear the flames of the invisible chariot crackling; and the vast, swaying concourse lifted its unanimous voice and sang:

"Dat red-hot cha'iot draw right up,
De flames wuz rollin' high,
An' 'Lijah jumped aboa'd an' went
A-sailin' to'ards de sky."

Fervor was rampant as the elect saw visions, and the 'zorters praised and prophesied with many tongues, and the preacher raised his stentorian voice above the shouting tumult and called:

"Lord, sen' dat cha'iot down dis minit!"

And it came, with Beck hitched to it by one shaft, right down in among the frenzied multitude, who parted the way for it, panic-stricken. The screams of Dinah and the bellowing "whoas" of Nick

gave it a kind of Balaam aspect; and as the praying hosts had only besought Elijah, they didn't know but that the devil was in it somehow, and they took to the woods with one tumultuous accord as Beck dragged her flaming caravan down the steep incline and soused it under the waters with a loud siz-z-z!

Beck went on through the river with one shaft and a few of the strings and straps, the buggy striking a boulder, and Nick left Dinah to rescue herself. Scrambling to the bank and standing there bedraggled, limp, and oozing, he declared:

"I 'spises dat mule wusser an' wusser ever' spe'unce I has wid her!"

But the strangest part is yet to be told. Amid all the kissin' and smackin' and kickin' and runnin' and screamin' and flamin' and mournin' and scatterin' and drownin' and dragglin', Dinah scrambled out to the shore, and hadn't even swallowed her wax.

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This is the day all men may claim,
By very best of rules:
'Tis All Fools' Day, and all fools say
That all men are All Fools.

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TERROR BY NIGHT.

The destruction of the city of San Francisco early on the morning of April 18 added the greatest and most dramatic of all incidents to the growing list of New World catastrophes. Not the Galveston flood, nor the great fire of Chicago, nor the Charleston earthquake, nor the Baltimore fire, which swallowed $60,000,000 of property in forty-eight hours, compared with this latest destruction. To the unmeasured horrors of the earthquake were added the known terrors of fire, so that what the former left was devoured by the latter, as if they were sensible and systematic allies of annihilation. There is no terror comparable to the heartsick fear which a violent earthquake produces among intelligent human beings. It is a fear born of the consciousness of supernatural power in irresistible action—a power which can neither be combated nor fled from. With the earthquake shock

comes a hopelessness and despair which is no part of any other calamity or danger that comes to men. The greatest fire that ever reduced a city to ashes casts its glare, not far away, on peaceful fields and dew-besprinkled meadows, and just beyond is the inviting old forest, with its cool nooks and its singing waters; we may find a refuge from the wildest tornado that ever twisted its way through the handiwork of men; the experienced mariner may sing with a brave heart as he drives his good ship homeward through the maddest sea that ever raged; the army marching to battle and the soldier in the deadly charge may look with confidence upon the eternal hills and borrow courage from the steadfast mountains; but when the very beds of the ocean are unsteady and the tranquil hills tremble and the towering mountains totter, then it is that the sustaining promises of Nature forsake us, and we stand appalled as if the stars had gone out, or the sun had dropped from its course, or the moon had exploded into sparks before our eyes; and there is no place of refuge to look to in such an hour, unless, indeed, we may look upward through the lens of a wholesome faith.

It will probably take a century or more to entirely eradicate from the minds of the future inhabitants of the new San Francisco all fears of a recurrence of the horror, but the pluck and genius of the American people will rebuild the metropolis of the Pacific on grander and more beautiful lines. Not alone will Californians rebuild; it shall be the work of a nation—aye, of the whole world. Men do not build cities; but where there is need of a London or a New York or a San Francisco, there they come, driven by economic necessity. So it will be with the new San Francisco. The trade of many peoples and many lands must pass through her portals, and before the hinges of the Golden Gate shall have time to gather rust it will be swinging to the music of the world's commerce again.

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A BACK-YARD IDYL.

It was soap-making day in our back yard, and Ol' Aunt Edie had her skirt pinned up and her sleeves rolled above the elbows, and was chopping and cleaving and mincing up bones and things and b'ilin' lye that had been drip-drip-dripping from the old rickety ash hopper

for ages. In my estimation, the old oaken bucket has held the footlights about long enough, and is entitled to no more reverence than the old dripping hopper, the creening old hopper, the propped-up ash hopper, twenty feet from the well. Soap wasn't made then out of dead horses. A big wash kettle was swung to a pole resting on forked stakes and filled half full of lye and set b'ilin', and then all the old ham bones and sp'iled j'ints and rancid scraps of secondhand grease were thrown in, stirring between times; and as they were eaten up, more bones and more b'ilin' and more stirrin', and then more b'ilin' and more grease, until it was b'iled down to mush and set off to cool. Sometimes something was mixed in to make hard soap, which was cooled off and cut into three-cornered cakes of cadaverous hue and slimy, sticky feeling. The product, however, was usually very soft and very repulsive-looking; whereof if you got any on your hands, you held them out dangling and turned your nose sideways until you could find something to wipe them on. But it was soap sure; and at its approach on wash day, dirt and filth threw up the sponge.

Just foreninst the b'ilin' place was where the cook emptied all the dishwater and slops, and it was the finest place for fishing worms, I dare say, on the American continent. I have traveled and observed a great deal, and I think I know a thing or two about fishing worms, and I am prepared to maintain my contention as to these worms in joint debate if challenged. I expect, first and last, I have hooked ship loads of fish with worms dug right on that spot. True, most of the fish dropped back and got away, but I never laid that on the worms. They did their part well—up-to-date, first-class worms—and they deserve this belated tribute. I've sometimes thought that maybe I jerked too quick, or too late, or too hard, or too easy. Jerkin's the thing you've got to learn if you want to get your ship loads out on dry land. Perhaps I ought to say that I didn't really measure my fish by ship loads. We had no ships in the mountains then, and I would mislead no one.

Aunt Edie was b'ilin' soap that day, and I was digging worms; and I got a big one that I thought was part eel, and dropped him into the b'ilin' lye to see if he could swim.

"Dar! Jes' look at dat meddlety brat drappin' dem squirmity wu'ms in dat soap! G'way fum here dis instinck! I 'speck all dat

soap'll 'gin to crawl off soon's it cools. I nuver see sech a spligity boy in all my bo'n days. I'se a-gwine ter sont you to de house."

The battling block stood near Aunt Edie, with a great, broad battling stick on it, big enough to kill Indians or bears with, and I saw her eyeing it. But I had read all the "Leather Stocking Tales," and I was up in Indian warfare, and I wasn't going to get in reach of that war club. A battling block is a bench on which our ancestors mauled the suds out of dirty clothes and broke all the buttons. It was before washboards and clothes wringers came into the world to save sinners from breaking their backs over the washtub. When Aunt Edie "sont" me into the house, I seized my bait cup and pole and oozed out at a crack in the back fence in something less than a jiffy.

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Ash hoppers are built of boards set up like the letter "V" in a trough, and ought to hold, when normal, about eleven bushels of wood ashes. The ash hopper stood right here, and alongside the smokehouse was a bench for the washtubs and a place for the churn to sun, and over there was the wash place. And here were the pens to hold the old hens as soon as they got through hatching, and the cute little chicks could squeeze through the cracks and get out to do their own scratching. There was the kitchen chimney, looking like some big, squatty woman; and up in the corner were stacked my poles, not ten feet from the worm bed. The chicken coop leaned up against the back of the smokehouse, and it was up on its mossy roof, screened from prying gaze by hanging boughs and leaning walls, I crouched one memorable day and smoked my first segar. I thought then that if I lived to tell it I'd never tell it. Measured by the wretchedness of it, I had been retching just a week, and had succeeded in reproducing all I had eaten in four months, when I caught Aunt Edie peering up over the eaves at me.

"Po' li'l boy! Crawl here 'n let mammy wipe he l'il sick face!"

And when she got me down and saw my plight, she said:

"Dat seegyar mus' 'a' had eppercack in it fum all dis here, an' a moughty heap at dat. Gi' me dat seegyar stump; I'se gwinter smoke it my own se'f jes' to see what make my li'l honey tu'n hisse'f wrong side out dat erway."

I went back there twenty years later and found a cigar-stumpy smell still brooding around the back of that smokehouse.

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O, WHY SHOULD WOMEN FADE?

Alphonso the Wise impiously declared: "Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe." It is not altogether irreverent to pick some flaws in some of the modern degenerate types of created things, since their deformities may always be traced to man's shortcomings. The original perfect form may yet be unimpaired, but its expression has degenerated. It does not impugn the wise Creator to wonder and deplore the fact that the beauty of women fades all too soon, since we know that it is her own fault; and we catch ourselves harboring "some useful hints" we might have given, if we had been with Alphonso the Wise at the creation, for perpetuating unimpaired the female charms divine. Omniscience brooded through endless cycles, from a time which had no beginning, to settle upon the plans for creation and begin to fashion forth its perfect forms; and then when at last He had made it, He set man king over it all. As yet woman had not been conceived by Divine Genius, or, if conceived, the intended type was held too sacred to be fashioned out of dust; and it was not until His matchless creature, man, had grown to the full stature of his Godlike perfection that He sought to know what most his nature craved to fill the full measure of his happiness; and then, rejecting the sordid material out of which His masterpiece was made, He chose that which had been refined in a crucible of blood into a living principle for the fashioning out of His first loving thought for the happiness of man.

We may only imagine what a beautiful creature it was that stood blushing before Adam on that bright morning in Paradise when he arose from his bed of roses to greet the vision of his transporting dreams. We can never hope to see her thus again; but, bless God, we know how beautiful she still is, and we cannot help wondering why it was that such unspeakable perfection should be permitted to fade so soon. If Adam's sin had brought no direr curse than this, it would

have been enough to keep man in tears till judgment comes; and if there were no other promise made of joys eternal, to know that he will be permitted to see and love and worship her in her restored form of matchless loveliness is enough to keep man on his knees till the summons comes.

The Lord made all things perfect. He made man a little lower than the angels, and now see what he is. If woman has fallen away from her former state in like proportion, it cannot enter into the imagination of the dreams of man to conceive even faintly the transcendent beauty and loveliness that glorified her in Eden. There's a glimpse of it vouchsafed us along about sweet sixteen. Why should not it have been spared to remain unfading until the end?

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POLITICS.

A gentleman asked an old politician in a recent heated campaign how he was running. "Well, sir," the old politician said, "I will tell you a story to illustrate how I am running. An old Texan was telling the preacher in his town of his narrow escape from death in a cyclone. He said the cyclone caught him up in the field where he was plowing and whirled him far up into the air, and he was accompanied by trees and houses and planks and cattle and mules; sometimes they whirled by him and sometimes he whirled by them; but the cyclone let him down a mile away into another field, unscathed and without a scratch upon him. The old preacher looked solemn and said: 'Now, John, you are a sinner; but don't you believe the Lord was with you in that cyclone?' 'I don't know whether He was or not,' said John; 'but if He was with me, He was a-goin' some.'"

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Many reasons are given by men for entering the field of politics, but it is quite probable that the main reason which actuates them all is contained in the story of the doctor and the baby.

A society lady who had been away from home all day, neglecting her baby, sent for the old doctor to come and see what was the matter with it. It was feebly crying, and looked pale and sick. The old

doctor took it in his arms. It immediately began to root around in his bosom with open mouth, and the old doctor solemnly handed it back to its mother and said: "I am sorry to tell you, madam, I can do nothing for the child." The lady began to weep and plead with the doctor to save it; but the doctor shook his head solemnly and said: "I repeat, madam, I can do nothing for the child; it is hungry."

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AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

It was just at the close of the war. Friends of Gen. Bedford Forrest gave him a banquet at Jackson, Tenn., and many prominent men who had worn the gray were there. Music mingled with laughter as the hours glided by, and wine mingled with wit and humor around the banquet spread. The merriment increased with the flow of fun and feeling from the lips of many an eloquent Southerner. Finally the moment came for Forrest to put to rout his old friend, Landon C. Haynes, who had represented Tennessee in the Confederate Senate through the whole war, and who believed that Forrest was the greatest cavalry general that ever vaulted into saddle. The hero of many a battlefield rose and held up his glass amid his friends and admirers, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he said: "Here is to Landon C. Haynes, who hails from East Tennessee—that country sometimes called the God-forsaken." Haynes instantly leaped to his feet and said:

"I plead guilty to the soft impeachment; I am an East Tennessean; I was born on the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means 'beautiful river,' and beautiful river it is; there I have stood in my childhood and looked down through its glassy waters and beheld a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, like two mirrors each reflecting in the other its moons and planets and trembling stars; and from its bank of ivy and hemlock, of laurel and pine, there stretches a vale back to the distant mountains, as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland; there stand the great Roan, the great Black, and the great Unaka Mountains, among the tallest in North America, around whose dizzy heights the clouds gather of their own accord even on the brightest day; there I have seen the great

storm spirit go and take his evening nap in his pavilion of darkness and of clouds; then I have seen him aroused at midnight, and, like a giant refreshed by slumber, awake the tempest and let loose the red lightnings that shot along the mountain tops for a thousand miles, swifter than an eagle's flight in heaven; then I have seen them get up and dance, like angels of light in the bosom of the cloud, to the music of that grand organ of nature whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of divinity in the halls of eternity that resounded in thunder tones through the universe; then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the western horizon, and the Morning get up like a queen from her saffron bed and come forth from her palace in the sun and stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops, and while old Night fled from before her shining face to his hiding place at the pole, she lighted with a smile the green vale and beautiful river where I was born and played in my childhood. O, beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee!"

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DE RESMERECTION ANGEL.

By some means Uncle Ephraham found out that Uncle Si had slipped in and stolen his hot 'possum an' 'taters that night he thought he had eaten it himself in his sleep, and he resolved on dire revenge. He cautiously crept over to old Si's cabin and listened at the door to hear him snoring that night; and, slipping in, he stole the old snoozer's breeches and shoes and hid them; then, going out in the chimney corner where the fishing poles stood, he inserted a very long gourd handle through a crack in the wall right under Si's bed and blew an unearthly "honk!" on it that would have startled a marble statue.

"Lan' o' Goshen! Whut wuz dat?" whispered Si, as he tumbled out of bed, bringing all the bedclothes.

"It is Gabrihell's ghos' come atter you fur stealin' uv Ephraham's 'possum! Ol' Si, you greedjus ol' sinner, 'pare to die!" said a deep, sepulchral voice through the gourd handle, as it gave another resounding blast.

"Dat sho' is de resmerection ho'n," chatted the affrighted Si, as he reached for the place where his breeches usually reposed; and, fum-

bling vainly around in the dark, he muttered: "Wunner whar dem dratted britches is misconducted deyselves?"

"Sperits don' w'ar no britches whar you's a-gwine," said Gabriel. "Jes' lay down dar on de flo' 'n die lak dat 'possum you done stole 'n et. De huss'll be 'long in a minit."

And the resmerection angel extemporized a lot of spluttering, hawking, screeching sounds through the gourd handle, doubtless intended to soothe Si's perturbed emotions, but which would have surprised Gabriel and made a graven image's flesh crawl.

Si didn't wait to have any more "congulgions" with the ghost, but broke out the cabin door barefoot in the snow, with his scanty shirt flapping salutations to the whistling winds; and, bursting in at Uncle Eph's empty cabin, he was shivering and jibbering under the bed when its owner came calmly in, in seeming blissful ignorance that judgment day was come. He fished Si out from under the bed, and went after his breeches and shoes before Si began to get his scattered wits in shape and incoherently 'splain the situation, winding up with the propitiating avowal:

"Unc' Eph, 'clar to goodness dat 'possum o' yourn jes' up 'n' follered me out'n dis house. I dun come in to ax you howdy, an' dat 'possum jes' riz up, he did, an' chase me out; but I gwin'er ketch you forty-leben 'possums nax week, sho' I is."

Si was the hero of the quarter next day when it was known the resmerection angel had honored him with a visit, and he proudly proclaimed:

"I'd a-bin in glory rate dis minit sho', but ol' Peter wouldn't let me in 'mongst de angels 'dout my britches on."

HAPPINESS.

Happiness will flee from a palace to dwell in a hovel; it will turn its back upon a king to be the companion of a pauper. Wealth cannot buy it; power and position are its enemies; it hides its face in the presence of frowning ambition; it loves to dwell among the hills where contentment sings and where nature rocks the cradles of poets and orators.

Of course there are a few exceptions to the rule that happiness can-

not be found among the great and powerful of earth. It has been known in a few instances to occupy a seat in the United States Senate.

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THE BATTLE OF THE LEVELS.

Congress has decided that the Panama Canal shall be a lock canal, in face of the recommendation of the majority of the Board of Engineers created to determine the type, and of the majority of the Senate Interoceanic Canal Committee. The vote in the House signifies nothing. In the Senate the lock type was adopted by a vote of 36 to 31—about one-third of the Senators determining it. Several Senators voted for it doubtingly, justifying it by stating that if it proved to be inadequate to the demands of navigation it could be converted to sea level. Thus the greatest engineering venture of all times is at last projected upon a plan upon which a serious doubt is cast in the very manner of its adoption, and it justifies some inquiry to ascertain whether Congress has acted wisely. The fears of those Senators who voted for a lock canal under the expressed apprehension that it ought to be sea level had better be investigated before the tremendous system of dams and locks are constructed, which will involve such enormous loss in abandoning.

Never before probably was a question of such moment presented in which the argument against either side seemed so conclusive, and it is not to be wondered that Senator Morgan is convinced of the impossibility of any canal. Congress yielded at last to the impatient cry for the quickest possible canal, and the Senate Committee would not have brought in its report favoring a sea level, probably, but for the California earthquake and its peculiar lessons. It was least destructive at the surface, the damage to structures increasing arithmetically with their height, and ruinously destructive to structures on "made ground." There is a fatal lack of cohesion and stability in filled-in dirt, never before so noticeable; and the canal being predicated in its essential structures on "made ground," of uncommon height above their foundations, the earthquake came in the nature of a warning.

It is universally conceded that a sea-level canal of adequate dimensions is the best, as nearly approaching the dream so long indulged

of the "Straits of Panama" as is necessary to make it a part of the oceans themselves; but the objection is that it will cost too much and take too long to build. The majority plan calls for a prism of 150 feet base width for about half its length, and it is feared that this is too narrow for the largest craft to pass each other in safety. It was to cost $247,000,000, as against $139,705,200 for the lock type, and it will require two or three years longer to build. The lock-level advocates contend that this canal will not answer the present demands of navigation, and that an adequate sea-level channel will cost six or eight hundred millions and require twenty years to build.

There is a well-grounded apprehension that if the benefits are too long postponed and the expenditures grow, public interest will subside and Congress get tired appropriating money. De Lesseps' failure, barring waste and graft, was attributable to the abatement of interest of his backers, who lost heart because of the prolonged postponement of return benefits. The Panama Canal has that to reckon with yet, and it constitutes no small part of the inducement that forced the adoption of the plan that promises some return to the generations now living.

It is not a mere question of "digging dirt" on the isthmus, although that is a staggering proposition. It is said that, to get it to sea level, 110,000,000 cubic yards of rock must be taken from the Culebra cut; and on a basis of 240 working days a year of ten hours, two and one-half car loads a minute must be removed every minute for twenty years. They can do it in one-half the time. The difficulty does not lie with the dirt, but with the water. The rainfall is about 125 inches in eight months, and there are 26 torrential streams to be controlled, the Chagres River offering the main difficulty. It is subject to torrential floods the like of which we know nothing about. Its ordinary discharge of water is about 400 cubic feet per second, but in floodtime it has been known to go as high as 76,000 cubic feet, and floods of 5,000 to 20,000 are frequent. If these enormous floods cannot be diverted or controlled, no canal is possible; and the absence of secure foundations for the dams and masonry that are necessary to accomplish it offer unprecedented problems to the engineers. It is necessary for either type to build a dam that shall make a lake large enough to contain any possible deluge, and from this lake the canal

is to be fed with its due supplies of water, and no more, the excess escaping to the sea by another outlet.

The main dam for the lock level, which Congress has just approved, is to be 7,700 feet long, 2,625 feet broad at sea level, 374 feet broad at lock-water level, and its summit 393 feet above the lowest depth of the clay foundation. It is a mountain within itself, and it would seem to a lay mind that such an enormous mass ought to "stay put." Its weakness is in its lack of indestructible foundation. There is no rock bottom to be found at all, and the only resemblance to it is what they call "indurated clay," which means "hardened clay." Clay becomes hardened usually by heating or drying, and it is hard to understand how this clay can become and remain hardened when all the overlying deposit is saturated with water. It may remain impact under the pressure of still waters; but if the dam should begin to leak at its base, the erosion would surely carry the clay away. The Chagres River has cut its way through this very clay at one place to a depth of 200 feet.

It is not proposed, however, to go down even to this clay for a foundation. At one point it lies 258 feet deep. The surface will be removed from 10 to 20 feet in depth, and the fill laid upon the silt and sand deposited there in the past ages by the floods. This dirt is permeable and liable to subterranean erosion that may undermine and destroy the dam. The same dangers and difficulties menace the lock structures. At the north end there are to be three locks, each 900 feet inside, in connected flight, and three at the south end, with a lift of 85 feet. Any settling of the masonry, either from earthquake or subterranean defect, will inevitably crack it, and possibly destroy it. The greater danger lies in the possible ramming of the lock gates by some of the leviathan men-of-war. Such accidents have often happened in other lock canals. If a battleship should by some misunderstanding of signals ram the upper gate and go plunging down the cataract, it would utterly destroy the locks and the canal, and possibly throw it out of use for years. These are not mere fears; the like has happened, *sans* the flight of locks to add to the fearful destruction.

For the sea-level canal the dam creating the lake would be upon solid rock foundation at a depth of 50 to 55 feet, and it would be less than one-third as long as the other dam. There is no question of dura-

bility here. At its south end a tide lock is necessary to avoid the oscillations of the Pacific tides, which rise 21 feet higher than the Caribbean tides; but they are in only about half the time. It would be of simple and easy construction, and would delay a ship possibly a half hour. The difference in time of transit through the two types is estimated to be about two hours in favor of the sea level, except for the largest ships.

The lock canal will offer great difficulties when the time comes to convert it to sea level, and it is not easy to see how it can be done without closing it to traffic. The change, when it is made, will necessarily involve the loss of many millions expended in building the locks, and it will be very much more expensive to cut down the Culebra prism while it is flooded; so that it can be easily seen that when it is finally done it will have cost many millions more than it will require now to excavate the dry rock. It is estimated that it will cost $240,000,000 to convert it to the plan now proposed.

The adoption of the lock canal presupposes that leviathan ship construction has attained to its ultimate possibilities, for it practically sets a limit upon it. No government will build its battleships too large for these locks, and commercial craft must of necessity keep within present dimensions. The longer time required in transit involves losses which, capitalized, would possibly pay the difference in the cost of building. The ever-present danger of damage to ships by accident in the locks or by contrivance of an enemy, the possibility that some minor accident to the lock machinery may bottle up a fleet of our battleships just at a supreme moment, might possibly cost us very dearly and invite disastrous defeat when war is pending. Even the difference in time of transit—the extra two hours' time—might bring our fleet into the other ocean too late to avoid disaster. These are matters for gravest consideration.

It is not impossible that Congress may yet reconsider its action. It is not imperative that the type be fixed now. The work that will be done for a year or more can be equally adaptable to either type. The facts revealing the relative merits of the two types have been only very recently edited into comprehendable compass, and it may be that public opinion, given a better chance to inform itself, will demand a hearing. The action of Congress does not deserve that defer-

ence ordinarily attaching, seeing that it was done by far less than a constitutional majority and under stress of an impatient desire to hasten the time when it shall begin to confer some of the blessing promised. It is a shifting of a great burden upon a future generation.

THE PLANTATION AGE.

There were many characteristics and customs pertaining to the old Southern civilization, now unhappily forever extinct, which are almost insusceptible of accurate portrayal, partaking as they did of the spirit of an age gone by and of shattered ideals. He must have lived in those times, and be wonderfully gifted besides, who can write it down as it was and transmit a full conception of plantation life and the social life predicated upon it. The world has only a partial conception of the social life and customs pertaining to the Patriarchal Age and the home habits of those ancient people. Profane history reveals little of it, and nearly all that we know is that it was one of the earlier steps toward civil government and marked an epoch in the progress of man. And yet it was no more significant and portentous than the Plantation Age, for the latter was the nursery in which a new era was born, pregnant with great events for humanity. In the beginning men had no conception of civil government or of property or even personal rights, and they were herded in clans and tribes and made subject to patriarchs and prophets who drew their wisdom from on high. In the processes of civilization, as the dark corners of the earth were opened up, we can trace similar expedients everywhere.

At length, when Africa was explored and millions of savages discovered, Providence began the identical process of civilizing and Christianizing them. It is a new dispensation, and God no longer speaks face to face with His prophets, but He devised even a more effective means. He allowed millions of them to be carried away and placed under bondage to Christian people, and He devised the old Southern plantation as a school in which the negro should be trained into a civilized being and sent back to help drag his race up out of degradation. You have heard it repeatedly asserted that the old-time Southern civilization was the very highest and best yet attained, and

that the men and women who made it and reigned over it were a superior order of beings. All that is literally true, if the statement be qualified by limiting it to the purpose for which that civilization was instituted. It was in large part the purpose of God, even as He inspired the patriarchs, to give the negro the very highest type of humanity after which to model his own character. This has all been forcefully elaborated by learned writers, most ably and conspicuously perhaps by the late Bishop Haygood, in " Our Brother in Black," with a convincing clearness of argument that amounts almost to indisputable demonstration.

It is within the memory of many of those who read these statements, doubtless, how Africa has responded to the influences that have gone out from America in embracing civilization. It has been demonstrated that the negro is susceptible of high training, and it is no longer wonderful that he has made such remarkable progress in the forty years of his freedom when these facts are considered and allowed. Some of the most charming stories in the Bible relate to the Patriarchal Age, and the foregoing induces the suggestion that even more charming stories can be written of the Plantation Age. They should be fully and accurately told in order to preserve a history of the inner life and spirit of those incomparable times, as well as its incidents and facts, and they ought to be told by the men and women who lived them and made them before they all pass away. The writer has sought in feeble way, in another forum, to do some small part of this, and this is written to invite coöperation in recording a truer and fuller history of the customs and habits and ideals and work of that remarkable age.

THE MAN IN STRIPES.

One of the unsolved problems of civilization is the prison problem. How to manage and discipline criminals is a question which confronts both the nation and the State. The old lease system has been tried by many of the States, and is still in operation by some; but it has proven unsatisfactory, and, in many instances, unprofitable, for the reason that it takes the prisoners, to a great extent, out of the hands of the State and places them under the control of individuals or cor-

porations, who use them for the sole purpose of coining their sweat into gold, and who may or may not have that regard for humanity to which even a convict is entitled.

It is not a safe policy to hide these poor unfortunates away from the eyes of the State. Under the lease system they are usually employed in the building of railroads, in mining camps and lumber camps, often with scant provision for the necessary comforts to which they are entitled as human beings, and sometimes with but little protection from the men who lease their shackled bodies from the State, and who look upon them as beasts of burden, not caring whether they live or die.

Of course there are honorable exceptions; but, as a rule, their treatment is anything else but humane.

The system recently inaugurated in Tennessee, of leasing their labor within the walls of the penitentiary, with not more than ninety-nine prisoners employed by any one enterprise, and a limited number working in a small mine owned by the State, with the State officials in absolute control and answerable to the State for their kind and reasonable treatment, is perhaps the best system in operation to-day, because it is humane; and at the same time it is more than self-sustaining, giving a net revenue to the Commonwealth annually.

Much has been written and said about how far the State should go on lines of mercy and encouragement to prisoners condemned by its courts. The policy of administering the cold limit of the law, without regard to penitence and faithfulness to duty within the walls, is narrow and inhuman, and not in keeping with the purpose of protecting society and the broader principles of good government.

The old furlough system has probably not been improved upon. Hope is the highest incentive that leads men into a better life. Take it away from the criminal, and he becomes more intent on crime. Kindness is better than the lash, and often a pardon is better than the dungeon.

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The Warden telephoned the Governor that if he would come out to the penitentiary he would show him a picture sad enough to make the angels weep.

"What is it, Joe?" the Governor asked, when he reached the prison.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, Governor," replied the Warden, as he led the way into the women's ward.

After they had passed by many of the unfortunate wretches, Joe pointed to the picture, and the Governor stood transfixed in pitying amazement as he looked down upon the most appealing creature he had ever beheld. It was a woman, or rather a mere child, except in bitter experiences. Frail and fragile, and with frightened blue eyes that seemed wells of anguish, an attenuated, nervous little creature stood with slender hands clutching upon her bosom as if to still the flutterings of her heart. Fright trembled in every feature and shuddered in every motion, appealing in beseeching anguish as she stood there helpless and hopeless and desolately friendless. She uttered not a word. She did not even know he was the Governor in whose presence she stood. She only knew it was a man, and man was but another name for cruelty to the dazed child as she waited there in helpless submission, expecting only another cruel blow from fate. They had brought her from away off among the deep shadows of the mountains to pay the penalty of the crime which had been charged and proved in the court. Wholly untutored in letters, not even able to read, reared under conditions and environment which made her totally ignorant of the world, she was innocent of intentional sin; and yet the jury had held her guilty. Utterly forsaken, this fragile being stood all alone bearing her unspeakable burden of shame and sorrow, a bruised lily afloat upon the raging flood of life.

The Governor gently sought to get her confidence and to pry into her mind and heart in search of the truth; but she shrank from him, and it was only after much persuasion that she finally told the story of her woes. In her own childish way she protested her innocence of the crime charged to her; but whether guilty or innocent, the Governor knew that one so young and ignorant, so frail and feeble, ought not to be in the penitentiary. The State had made no provision for such cases. There was no reform school for criminal children. A State without such an institution is guilty of the grossest crime against God and humanity.

He left the scene with a heavy heart and wondering what to do; but while he sighed and wondered, a good old Christian woman, who

was a constant worker in the Sunday school in the prison, entered the executive office one day and said:

"Governor, I have prayed to the Lord to direct me and to show me my duty with reference to that child in the penitentiary. I have become deeply interested in her, and have concluded that if you will grant her a pardon I will take her home with me and teach her in all the ways of right. I will teach her to fear God and love duty, and save her if I can, not only from utter ruin, but from an early grave."

The Governor had already carefully investigated the record, and had found that the principal witness was an ignorant old herb doctor, who seemed willing to sacrifice her to his own vanity of appearing to know everything, and he turned to the good old sister in Israel and said:

"My dear, good woman, you are the very individual I am looking for."

Before the sun went down the ministering angel of God led the child prisoner out of the jaws of death into the paradise of a happy home. Time rolled on, and the pale and untutored waif was transformed into a beautiful young woman, educated and trained and ready to assume the responsibilities of life.

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The scene changed. The Warden telephoned again that he had another picture to show the Governor; and upon entering the prison, he was informed that there was a young man in stripes who was anxious to reveal his secret to the Chief Executive of the State. The Governor commanded that he be brought before him; and a handsome young man, aged about twenty-two, was ushered into the Warden's office and stood with downcast eyes in the presence of the only man on earth who held his destiny in the hollow of his hand. With faltering voice, the convict told his tragic story. He had left the farm and gone with his father to town one day, and the old gentleman became involved in an altercation with another man, who struck him in the face. There were tears upon the cheek of the young man as he told how he drew his knife and stabbed his father's assailant to death in a moment. He confessed that he was too hasty, but that he was young and thought it his duty to protect and shield his father

from danger. He was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced for twenty years. The five years he had already served seemed to him a hundred. He declared that he had repented, and that he had suffered without a murmur. But the tear-stained face was lit with a smile as he informed the Governor that the girl who had been pardoned two years before was visiting the prison Sunday school with the old lady regularly, and that he had fallen in love with her and she had fallen in love with him, and that he had only one hope left, and that was that the Governor would pardon him and let him marry the girl and go with her to some distant land, where they might begin life anew together, never again to be seen or heard of by those who knew them. He declared that his father was dead and had left him a considerable sum of money, and that he was ready to vanish from the State forevermore and make for himself a new and better name.

In the management of prisons it is often wise to temper justice with mercy. It is not only wise; it is right. That same day the Governor read the record in his office, and sent for the good old Christian woman for consultation. The old lady's face beamed with a new joy, and she declared that it would be a happy solution of the problem, that it would open the door to new opportunities for two equally unfortunate human beings, and that she believed that the Lord was behind it all.

The young man took his last prison bath, and was arrayed in a new suit of clothes, the grated doors swung wide, and he passed out into the world a free man again. Within an hour there was a wedding in town, and they took the cars westward toward the setting sun. While never a breath has been heard of the happy twain from that day to this through all the intervening years, there is not a doubt that there is a happy home somewhere between the two great oceans that divide the world where an erstwhile convict girl sings lullabys and a forgiven convict boy has become an exemplary citizen.

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In these strenuous days of pitchfork progress and muck-rake reform, too often our statesmanship impales the skunk and spares the

wolf, too often our reformers rake the muck pile and neglect the meadow sweet with hay.

"They make their thrusts
At bloated Trusts,
Till Standard Oil pollutes the air,
And tainted beef is everywhere."

In their ardor to reform the railroads and the meat packers, they forget prison systems which are railroading States into practices of barbarism, and packing children by the thousands every year in the penitentiaries, along with the old and hardened criminals, tainting their very souls with crime and training them for hell. It would be much more humane to take a boy under eighteen years of age, who has been convicted of felony, out behind the courthouse and shoot him to death than to thrust him into these schools of sin; for when the iron doors close behind him, the brand of Cain is on his brow, a stain is on his character which can never be blotted out, a wound is in his heart which will never heal. Self-respect surrenders its crown to desperation, and hope yields the scepter to despair.

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There is an urgent need in many of the Southern States for legislation designed particularly for the care of children convicted of crime. There are already in some of the States reformatory institutions for incorrigible or unfortunate children, some of them of a very high grade; but these ought not to be tainted with the presence of convicted criminals. They harbor many good children, and they mold character and turn out many good and useful citizens, and it would be a manifest wrong upon them to associate them with convicts and send them out into society graduated from a criminal institution. The demand is for distinctly separate institutions, ordained exclusively for children convicted of crime, under a system that has for its prime purpose the reformation of its wards. Few children are naturally immune from evil impressions or endowed with moral strength to withstand temptation. Human nature is weak at its best, and perhaps a majority of the children of the land, if left untrained and unrestrained, might be led into the commission of acts which the criminal code forbids. To catch a child in the commission of some of these acts, which

the law denominates crime, does not by any means conclusively prove him a criminal, and it is cruel to hold him to that full accountability exacted of adults and visit upon him the punishment which the law prescribes for willful violators.

The first purpose designed in the establishment of a penal system is the safety of the State and the protection of society. The penalty is not ordained solely for the criminal's punishment, but as much for the admonishment of others, as a public illustration of the fate that awaits criminal conviction. It has not always been thus, and these higher purposes have not even yet fixed themselves distinctly in the legislative mind. Time was when everybody subscribed literally to the dogma that death is the inevitable wage of sin, and that the whole purpose of the law against crime is met when the criminal is flayed. Punishment akin to revenge was meted in the beginning, and the idea that justice might be appeased and the culprit at the same time restored is of latter-day conception. If men and women of full discretion, deliberately choosing crime, can be arrested in their downward tendency and made over again into useful citizens, how much more easily may children be wrested from a criminal career?

Criminology is now a well-matured science, and the subject of penology has had the best thought of some of the wisest practical minds of modern times. The welfare of the criminal himself has become more and more a consideration in prison administration. A wisely devised system of remittances for good conduct and parols tend to incite hopes and aspirations in the prisoner's mind that urge him to better conduct, and the prospect of liberty is so alluring that he begins to fall in love with right for the good it promises, and finally to realize that its rewards are far beyond anything possible of attainment in his old career; and thus by persuasive transformation a new man is created, and society has restored to it a useful citizen, and the devil is robbed of a coadjutor. This may be an optimistic view of the possible results of the latter-day prison methods; but if only one in ninety and nine are saved, it fulfills the scriptural rule.

Our Southern prisons are gradually adopting the methods of reformatories, but special provisions for children convicted of crime have been overlooked. A child cannot be a criminal in the sense for which penitentiaries are instituted. The first essential element of

crime is the intent with which it was committed, and a child is incapable of conceiving or harboring that premeditated venal purpose that must be the essence of any criminal act. The child lacks in mental and moral capacity and responsibility, particularly when it has lacked in proper training, as is almost universally the case where one is caught in crime. There ought, therefore, to be provided a separate and distinct mode of treatment, and he ought never to be subjected to association with criminals or have the title of convict attached to him until fullest measures are exhausted to rescue him. Being so easily impressionable, there is nothing more certain than a child's utter moral annihilation if subjected to indiscriminate prison association. It is, therefore, a crime against God and humanity to place a child in the penitentiary, and the Legislature is untrue to its most sacred duty in failing to make such provision as is necessary to afford good people a chance to save all convicted children from sure destruction.

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BRYAN.

The impression so long entertained that William Jennings Bryan had vanished into political obscurity forever has been rudely dissipated by his reappearance upon the horizon more prominently than ever before as the only candidate of the reunited Democracy for the presidency of the United States. At the last National Democratic Convention in St. Louis the great body of the distinguished gentlemen who held the reins of power over that assembly fell headlong into the opinion that his star had set. But they have discovered their error. Such giants as this man Bryan are never entirely lost to the popular view. Such stars cannot be blotted from the political heavens except by physical annihilation. There has never been a moment in all the years since he first appeared as the leader of his party for the presidency that he has not been a leader still. The interims of his obscurity have been only seeming—only awaiting the call of opportunity; he has always been in perfect readiness for it. His reappearance now is only the unsheathing of a sword which has ever been ready to be drawn when the hour came.

The remarkable unanimity of popular opinion in the party which

is now demanding his renomination the third time for President is proof of the greatness of the man. The things for which he stood were twice rejected by the American people; and yet, standing for those same principles and policies of government, with the gold and silver questions eliminated, he has been called again to lead the fight for their final triumph. But few of the men in the history of our country who have wrought out our splendid system of government have peered so far into the future. Who could have dreamed that the man whose views were so bitterly condemned and derided in his very presence would so soon become the idol of the hour, and that his bitterest opponents would so soon espouse his creed and make it their own?

The most conspicuous quality in this great man's character is his perfect poise. No statesman was ever more evenly balanced, with a clearer conception of the right, who more clearly saw the trend of events and conceived so far ahead the proper course of legislation for the happiness of his people. Mr. Bryan's conceptions are not visionary. He builds a system as the architect builds, and the parts are conceived each with reference to all. It is right at this point that he has been misunderstood by so many who were unable to grasp the deep profundities out of which he has wrought. They could understand only a part of his thought at a time; and, wresting it from its place in the harmonious whole, they lost both its meaning and its merit. To say that he has not erred is to make him more than mortal, but no man has been nearer the right, looking to the good of his country, and no man has had a sounder view of democratic government. Added to the strength of his conceptions is the quality of absolute candor, and added to this is his unconquerable will and determination to achieve. The world has learned to respect him not only for his greatness, but for the purity of his purposes and the patriotism which imbues all his utterances and actions.

Few statesmen have dared as much as Mr. Bryan. The majority wait for the reform to materialize, and then champion it; but this man dares to assert it and clear the way for its onward march. And now we behold the wonderful spectacle of the administration that triumphed over the very reforms and policies for which he struggled

in 1896 and 1900 adopting them as its own and forcing them into the legislation of the country.

And now he returns from a trip around the world and a personal study of the institutions of other lands, a broader, profounder statesman, and he is received by the great masses of his people as the leader of conservative thought and the ablest exponent of the true principles of free government.

But these expressions of confidence in Mr. Bryan and admiration of his splendid character must not be construed as indorsing any proposition looking to government ownership of railroads.

OKLAHOMA THE BEAUTIFUL.

"There's a breeze about to blow;
There's a fount about to flow;
There's a light about to glow;
Men of thought, men of action, clear the way."

A miracle has been wrought in the wilderness of the West; a new State is born—not weak and helpless, like a child in its mother's arms, but full grown and full of strength, like Minerva from the brow of Jove. Rejoicing in her rich heritage and bearing in her bosom the precious burdens of human hope and human happiness, Oklahoma the Beautiful is about to ascend the throne of Statehood. No pent-up Utica contracts her powers; but, with a domain as broad as Indiana and Ohio combined, her lot is cast on the happiest lines of latitude and longitude that girdle the globe. Parallel with Kentucky and Tennessee, this new empire of the West lies on the boundary line between the North and South, with a climate as delightful as any under the sun, and with soil adapted to the production of all the fruits and flowers and all the cereals of both sections of the Union, from a Michigan apple to a Georgia peach or from a South Dakota shock of flax to a Mississippi cotton bale. It is the paradise of live stock and everything that thrives on grass or tumbles in its mellow air, from a grasshopper on a sweet potato vine to a two-thousand-pound Hereford steer up to his chin in grass. There is no grassier land this side the "happy hunting ground." It ought to have been named "Grasslahoma." Whoever passes through the Indian Territory section of Oklahoma,

and looks out from the car window upon the green landscapes that stretch away in the distance until they seem to touch the sky, will soon find his eyes turning green with envy of the favored few who dwell among her grassy dells. Did you ever read the late Senator Ingalls' tribute to grass? It is so full of truth and so sweet with sentiment that it shall be woven into this ramble through the green pastures. Ingalls must have been sweeping through the land of the Five Tribes when he conceived this prose poem:

"Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light, and air—those three physical facts which render existence possible—may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Lying in the sunshine among buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth made, and the carpet of the peasant becomes the covering of the king. Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish; but grass is immortal; beleaguered by sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outlines of the world. It invades the solitudes of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidden pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and field, it bides its time to return; and when vigilance is relaxed or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than

the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit; yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world."

The grass grows green on a large portion of Oklahoma Territory, but it will not long continue. There are 90,000 Indians within her boundary lines, to whom a vast body of the lands have been allotted by the Federal Government, and which, under the present régime, they are not permitted to sell; there is a large boundary underlaid with coal, and it has been demonstrated that there are splendid oil fields waiting for development; but these properties are segregated and held by the government for the benefit of the Five Nations of Indians. Only about 14,000 of these Indians are full-bloods, who are not allowed to part with their heritage. They have never been educated to work, and many an old red man is starving to death on 360 acres of as rich land as ever a crow flew over. Their fields are gorgeous with grass, but there are no cattle grazing there except the white man's cattle. Those gorgeous pastures would yield fat harvests of cotton and grain, but they will not turn the sod.

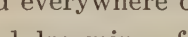
They ought to be protected with homesteads of, say, forty acres, and the restrictions ought to be removed from the remainder of their property, giving them the right to sell, so that civilization may have the opportunity to till the soil and make the country blossom like the rose. The segregated lands above the coal and oil should be sold to actual settlers, and the minerals underneath reserved and leased for the benefit of the Indians. But all these problems will be solved when the queen ascends her throne.

There are a million and a half of brave and energetic people in the new State of Oklahoma, working and waiting for Statehood and longing for the inestimable blessing of local self-government. There are a thousand green hills waiting for cattle. But notwithstanding she is thus hampered by the prohibitions of territorial government, Oklahoma's cotton crop is worth $22,000,000 to $25,000,000 annually. Her live-stock values are $90,000,000. She has $13,000,000 invested in manufactories; and who can estimate the value of her enormous beds of coal and asphaltum; her exhaustless pools of oil, yet undeveloped; her mines of zinc and lead and marble and granite that have never been jarred by the dynamite; and her forests of timber where the ax

has never gleamed? But few of the other States have better railroad facilities. She is traversed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas ("The Katy"), the Santa Fé, the Frisco, the Rock Island, the Choctaw, the Missouri Pacific, the Midland Valley, the Fort Smith and Western, and a number of other roads. All of these great railroads are looms of civilization in an erstwhile wilderness, and their splendid trains fly like shuttles from border to border, weaving the bridal robe of Statehood, the funeral shroud of savagery. Ten years ago Oklahoma City had 5,000 inhabitants; it now has 40,000; Shawnee has 20,000; South McAlester has 15,000; Muskogee, 15,000; Guthrie, 12,000; Ardmore, 15,000; Tulsa, 10,000. There are scores of towns of from 3,000 to 5,000 population scattered everywhere over this new Commonwealth, thrifty and prosperous and dreaming of the glorious years to come.

What State ever entered the Union with so many victories like stars in her crown and with such bright prospects spread out before her?

Three cheers for Oklahoma! Long live the queen!



FUTURE CITIES OF THE SOUTH.

The times are so portentous with promise to the South that no opportunity must be lost to make the most of it. The questions pressing for earliest solution are: What is the Panama Canal going to do for the South? What are the opportunities it will open? Along what lines should she direct her activities, with the view of getting her resources into the best possible shape for the demands that are to be made upon her? We must determine, if we can, what effect the canal is going to have upon South American trade, and what demands China and Japan are going to impose upon our productive energies. Diplomatic negotiations are pending at this very moment in South America that seem sure to lead to improved reciprocal trade relations with this country, and the interests involved are so enormous that whenever the door to a freer interchange is pried open it will be speedily pushed wide ajar. There is no sane reason imaginable why the bulk of trade may not come to us from all the regions south of us, and it is palpable that when it does come it ought to pass through Southern ports. It has been suppressed thus far by unwise tariff barriers, be-

sides which we have suffered our neighbors below us to distrust and suspect and avoid us without any adequate effort to placate their fears. The Congress recently in session is already bringing out a better understanding, and Mr. Root's speeches, voicing the cordial friendliness of this government, are begetting a surer confidence in the unselfish rectitude of purpose of the United States in its policies affecting Latin America.

It may be safely calculated, therefore, that we are to have an increasing access of trade from these sources. The canal will open up new avenues to the world's commerce for the Western States of South America, and there will result practically a complete readjustment of trade from all these parts, with possibly very large increase when they shall be released from the embargo that seclusion laid upon their productive energies. Speculation loses itself in exceeding optimistic suggestion when we try to consider what is to be the outcome from China and Japan. Until very recent years they took practically no part of our cotton, and, as for that, very little of anything else; but it will not take them long to learn more of the cheaper and superior uses of cotton goods, and they are too ingenious to fail to find use for thousands of things we make and which they do not.

Whatever all these things are to yield, the South stands closest to the door to it all, and now we are called upon to determine whether we will simply sit still and let whatsoever will drop into our lap or whether we will reach out after it. You may be sure that our brothers north and east of us are not going to wait and let what will come, but they are going to make the effort to carry this trade, coming and going, past our doors, manufacture everything in demand, possibly according to us to furnish a little of the raw material. That is what they will try to do, and that is what they will be fully justified in doing if they can. But are we going to permit it?

What steps are being taken anywhere in the South by her civic organizations to pry into the possibilities of the future and try to ascertain what the new demands are going to be, what the South has, or what she may have or make that will meet these new demands?

There are five hundred growing, thriving, promising young cities in the South to-day which, if they would give these inquiries intelligent and persistent attention, could find opportunities to build them-

selves into metropolitan proportions and add immensely to the wealth of their people and the development of their region. What can you produce that is going to be in better demand? What raw products lie about you that are susceptible of being wrought into manufactured articles? Have you figured out your advantage on account of your nearer proximity to market? Have you studied the map of the countries south and beyond the Pacific and the habits and wants of their people?

The South is wonderfully awake in the matter of cotton manufactures, but there are a thousand other things that offer richest opportunities. She is content thus far to confine her efforts mainly to the lower grades of cotton goods, but that is steadily improving. Had you thought why it is that she does not essay the finer grades? It is mainly because we have not the skilled workmen, and we have not the skilled workmen because we have not provided the means of educating them. We have been slow to learn the immeasurable importance of technical and textile training, and we have been content to see our own people do the lower grades of work, while we imported skilled people for the higher grades and the higher salaries. All this is improving—improving fast; but it is of vital importance that we make it improve ten times faster, and do it quickly, so that by the time the canal opens we may be doing the skilled work ourselves and be ready to compete with our smart brothers north of us.

Let's nail the question right squarely down on your town, friend. What have you there and thereabouts, and what can you do with it? Are you studying your contiguous resources, and have you any kind of organization busy laying grounds to make the most of it? Are you going to be satisfied to do the commoner work and furnish a little of the raw materials and do the digging and the cutting, and sit and see the profitable and richer part of it all sweep by your town on the railroads, manufactured elsewhere? Your cotton mill will manufacture a $50 bale of cotton into $500 worth of low-grade goods, while the Massachusetts mill will make it into $5,000 worth. Your iron works will turn a ton of pig iron into $1,000 worth of plowshares, while the Yankee works will turn it into $10,000 worth of cutlery. Are you looking into the causes of this? Have you a Board of Trade, or a Chamber of Commerce, or a Boosters' Club?

The writer would lend himself with all his energies to these high purposes. He wants to see a lively rivalry between all the South's thriving towns and a whipping race for the canal pennant, and he wants to spur the laggard and help the limping and cheer the victor. There are sure to be some great cities to grow up all over the South, and it is to be the survival of the fittest, and those towns and cities are already left that neglect to begin now to lay the foundations. A Southern town now without a live Board of Trade might as well disincorporate and go back into the woods. We are determined to help those who help themselves.

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THE FROST KING.

There is no grass growing under the feet of politicians in America just now. The two great national parties are lining up for the battle of ballots in November. The Frost King will soon lay his icy hand on the heart of summer and still that heart forever. He will soon splash the forests with the tints of a thousand shattered rainbows and draw the misty veil of Indian summer, that mysterious phantom of the air that conjures the sunlight into yellow amber and turns the world into a dream. Alas! With summer's dead flowers will lie the withered hopes of many a "spellbinder," and the autumn leaves will fall on the grave of many a deceased ambition. No wonder Cæsar cries: "Help, Cassius, or I perish!" No wonder Richard screams: "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" No wonder Hamlet soliloquizes: "To be or not to be—that's the question!" No wonder the guilty statesman shrinks from the specter of murdered honor and shouts: "Shake not those gory locks at me; thou canst not say I did it!" But the King heeds not the prayer of summer, neither does the cold ballot hear the pleadings of the dying politician.

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THE TOBACCO BELT REVOLUTION.

[Following are extracts from Governor Taylor's speech at Guthrie, Ky., September 22, 1906, at the annual meeting of the Planters' Protective Association, where twenty-five thousand people were assembled.]

Another year, with its waking and its sleeping, its smiling and its weeping, its sowing and its reaping, has passed into the eternity of vanished years, and we stand to-day on the verge of another glorious autumn, the saddest season of the year—saddest because it is the season when the verdure and the bloom of all nature are dying.

It is the time for dreaming; it is the time for reflecting upon the waking and the sleeping of the past and the smiling and the waking of the future. We have assembled here to-day to consider the question of whether the harvest is worth the sowing and the reaping under a system of laws which coins the sweat of one class of men into gold for the sole benefit and happiness of another class of men; the question of whether our people shall yield without a struggle to the oppression of class legislation, which takes the bread out of the mouth of the sower and the reaper to pile up the wealth of a favored few who neither sow nor reap and with whom the government divides the ripening harvest in the field under the uplifted sword of centralized power.

No government can be just and impartial between man and man, and foster the happiness and prosperity of all the people alike, which lifts the burden of taxation from the shoulders of capital and lays it on the back of the sower and the reaper.

No free government can preserve its institutions from decay which discredits agriculture and robs its barns and garners for any purpose, whether for revenue for its own treasury or for the upbuilding of any other industry. I firmly maintain that our government is guilty of this very crime, and that it has been guilty for forty years. I firmly maintain that under the new system of government built by bloody hands upon the ashes of the old, not only the property of the republic, but the profits of all industry, have been willfully and deliberately legislated into the lap of commerce and manufacture.

And agriculture has been denied the free enjoyment of the fruits of its sweat and soil and made the cringing slave of corporate wealth and power. What a wondrous change in forty years! Under the old system established by Jefferson and our fathers, agriculture owned nine-tenths of the wealth of the republic. The farmer was the dominant power both in business and politics, and the world was at his

feet. I remember, and these old gray beards around me remember, when the towns had to go to the country to borrow money.

But now agriculture does not dare to ring the doorbell of the social world in the town, and cannot borrow a dollar from the bank even with his land as collateral. The once proud and haughty king of the soil now owns less than one-fifth of the aggregated wealth of the nation, and in less than half a century has become the veritable Job's turkey of our boasted modern civilization.

If you ask me how these wrongs can be righted, I answer that there is only one power under the heavens that can do it. It lies in the bosom of "the man with the hoe."

The people themselves are the power, and their wrongs can only be righted and the inequalities of taxation cured by intelligent and conservative organization—organization which means something, organization which will strike for free and impartial government at the ballot box and which will compel a square deal on all the business marts of the world.

But I am not here to tell you what you ought to do, nor am I here to enlighten you on the sorrows of the dark-tobacco belt; for I am persuaded that neither argument nor figure of speech nor aught that I can say can awake you from your sleeping if this monster tobacco worm that dieth not and that is gnawing at your hearts and sucking the lifeblood of your prosperity and happiness has not already awakened you to the realization of the fact that unless there is a mighty worm killing in the tobacco belt there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the smoke of your torment will ascend forever.

And yet it is not my mission to implore you to wake from your slumber, but rather to congratulate you upon your *waking* and upon the splendid fight you are making for your homes and for your deliverance from the clutches of a heartless and soulless trust, built up and fostered by a revenue system which was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity for the grinding and impoverishment of a brave and patriotic people.

It is my mission to tell you that there never was a nobler stand made against unjust taxation since the tea went overboard in Boston Harbor, when liberty struck the first blow of the conflict which finally

sent English oppression staggering back across the sea. It is my mission to praise the Lord with you that you have had the grit and courage and determination to throw the minions of the tobacco trust overboard, right here in the beautiful harbor of your own industry, as a warning to the powers that be that the spirit of Boston Harbor still lives in the bosoms of Americans, and that if the government refuses to protect its people they will protect themselves with the big stick of organization, and the juice of the tobacco worm shall spatter the very skies. It is my mission to tell you what you know, that agriculture is the fountain head of all wealth and all civilization. It is my mission to tell you what you know, that tobacco is as much an agricultural product as any other crop that grows out of the ground. Why, then, should it be compelled to bear a heavier burden than any other branch of agriculture? What right has the government to single it out as the dromedary of a trust, to carry the rich Arabs of protection on its hump and to land them in the sweet oasis of countless wealth, where they may rest and roll in stolen luxury until the next crop is in the barn?

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What right has the government to annul natural laws by destroying the value of lands peculiarly adapted by the Builder of the world to the tobacco plant, under the flimsy pretext that it is a luxury? So is the carpet a luxury, and the divan, and the carriage, but not to the toilers who make them; so is the palace a luxury, but not to the man with the hammer and the trowel who built it. Tobacco is a luxury, but it is not a luxury to the man who raises it. It is his occupation, his living, his property, his all for the happiness of his fireside and for the education of his children to meet the responsibilities of life.

What right has the government to control or molest the production of any staple of the soil by which thousands of honest men make their living? And what right has it to forbid a citizen the full and unrestricted benefit of the peculiar quality of his lands which nature gave them? I defy any man to dispute the proposition that the owner of the soil is the owner of the quality of that soil, and that he has the inalienable right to use it for the production of the plant or cereal to which it is best adapted, uninterrupted by the government or any

other power under the sun, provided it is not destructive of human happiness and human life.

If the government is exercised on the question of revenue, let it cut down the tariff to a revenue basis; and if that is not enough, let it give us an income tax which will place the burden of taxation heaviest upon those who are ablest to pay, and lightest upon those who sow and reap. Let it take its hand out of the pocket of the tobacco raiser and give him a white man's chance in the battle of life; for his crop is not a destroyer of men; it is the solace of a million homes, where the blue smoke curls into castles in the air at morn and noon and dewy eve, and where cold facts turn to dreams, and frowns are melted into smiles, and the pleasures of the pipe make the world akin.

Away with the subterfuge that the tiller of the soil must be robbed because his crop is a luxury! It is a shameful fact that in the hearings before the committees of Congress, much more stress is laid on how to get revenue to run the government without taxing the classes than on the effect it will have on the rights and privileges of the masses.

The purpose seems to be to extort revenue for the treasury, on the one hand, and tribute money for the trust, on the other hand, regardless of the welfare of the producer and totally oblivious of whether he sinks or swims. If for every million of dollars the government realizes it costs the farmers ten millions, what do our rulers care? The government must have revenue, and the manufacturer must fatten, even though it ruins the man who walks in the furrow in the heat of the summer sun.

I denounce such a policy of government as undemocratic and un-American, and utterly destructive of the principle of equal justice to all, with special privileges to none. I denounce it as vicious and violative of personal liberty and the vested rights of property. I denounce it as a league with monopoly and a covenant with corporate power.

But let us rejoice in the hope that the lion of popular sentiment will yet awake from his sleeping, and, under the leadership of some great commoner, it may be some Cincinnatus of the West, bring the administration of our public affairs back to the pure and simple methods inaugurated by our fathers. I do not question the right of the gov-

ernment to regulate the manufacture of tobacco, but I do question the wisdom and justice of the law that levies a direct tax upon the raw material. It is no more just than it would be to levy a direct tax on raw cotton or raw potatoes or any other prime product of the soil.

If our institutions were established for the protection and happiness of the people, guaranteeing to them life, liberty, and property, without hindrance or the interference of any influence or interest in the world, I maintain that it is the inalienable constitutional right of the producer of the raw material to sell it where he pleases, when he pleases, and to whom he pleases, and to employ such agencies as he pleases to help him deliver it in the market, and thus to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of free and unrestricted trade in disposing of the products of his sweat and soil.

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TRADE CONQUEST.

Secretary Root, it appears, has succeeded in allaying very largely the fears of the South American governments that the United States has designs upon them. The belief has been widespread among them that the United States would gradually absorb them and hold them as dependencies in some such subservient relationship as that obtaining in our recently acquired colonies. This distrust long antedated the War with Spain, and it was intensified into bitterest antagonism by the outcome of that war in leaving in our hands the several possessions wrested from Spain. It has had most disastrous effect upon our trade with them, already resting under the ban of our tariff laws, which utterly forbid reciprocal trade and render it impossible to establish adequate freight lines by inhibiting return cargoes.

If we can ever get it out of their heads that we await plausible excuse to destroy their independent political status, and then get it into our own heads to let them forever alone in their organic independence, it will wipe away all hindrance to the establishment of a trade suzerainty over all the regions south of us. It is not probable that our acquisition of Cuba, which now seems to be not very remote, will disturb this confidence in our intentions, since Cuba will fall into our hands willingly; and the fact that she would finally do so has long

ago been discounted. The continental States recognize the nearer relationship and affinity between this country and Cuba, and the reciprocal interest of both countries in merging their separate identities; and it is not probable that such a union, so manifestly destined, would rearouse distrust.

The matter is at a critical stage right now, and the way lies open to a commercial conquest of far more value to us than would be the subjection and colonization of the whole of Latin America. The time is at hand for a distinct, unequivocating avowal, officially proclaimed and publicly sanctioned, recognizing their perpetual right to govern themselves and this country's determination to maintain that right against foreign aggression. Such a declaration would instantly cement all these countries into closer and friendlier relationship, because it would dissipate their fears of each other and place final quietus upon that baneful habit they have of rebelling against government and going to war with each other without adequate provocation.

Mr. Roosevelt has a great opportunity presented him ready-made to finish up the work of pacification and fashion it into commercial union. They need to trade with us as much as we need to trade with them. The contiguity of the two continents, the natural affinity of the people, the diversity of products, and the necessity of each for the products of the others, all conspire to render easy the establishment of reciprocal trade agreements that will oust Europe of the monopoly she has established there. There must be no tergiversation about it, and no man knows better how to give such a declaration the ring of sincerity than Mr. Roosevelt.

That is not all that is necessary, however. If we are to make this splendid conquest, we have got to let down the tariff walls. The trade cannot all come our way. Almost the very last, and among the very wisest, expressions that fell from the lips of Mr. McKinley, uttered almost in the hour of his dissolution and with prophetic prescience, was an admonition to his countrymen to abandon the attempt to induce other nations to trade with us without offering them a fair return. It is manifest that there must be some fair balance. One cannot take all and give nothing.

O, that the spirit of Blaine would revisit the glimpses of his party's

councils and be reincarnate in some living statesman, that the dead corpse of the greatest policy his splendid mind ever conceived could be brought to life! The existing tariff schedules were arranged with the announced purpose of affording room for reciprocal concessions. The party in power once held to the doctrine, and it was almost coined into law, of giving the President power to set aside any schedule or modify it in the interest of reciprocal trade; but the disciples of St. Standpat succeeded in creating a fanatical glorification of their god, and they worship the fetich with blind devotion and sun-dance frenzy. They must yield, or the great opportunity will be lost. Our neighbors must be permitted to land their product upon our shores, in pay for what they buy of us, without taxing all their profit out of the trade. Our shipbuilders and shipowners must be allowed a return cargo, else they cannot compete with foreign vessels in freight rates, and thus prevent the foreign vessels from carrying the product to Europe. There must be an abandonment of that insane policy that permits foreign builders to buy shipbuilding material from this country cheaper than our own builders can buy it, and thus build ships cheaper, and then refuse to permit them to sail under our flag, and thus prevent them from carrying our own commerce.

This is not a plea for the revision of the tariff schedules, for that, indeed, is an iridescent dream until the stand-pat frenzy subsides and reason is reënthroned, but for a mutual adjustment of trade agreements on this hemisphere. The opportunity presents itself to follow up the advantages secured in establishing a better confidence in the intentions of this government and in the aspirations aroused among all the peoples south of us, in prospect of the Panama Canal, to get into the world push of industrial and commercial progress. Our country leads the van in that spectacular march, and we can easily attach all these countries to us and establish a permanent commercial suzerainty over them if we will remove the hindrances and guarantee that our own purpose is not territorial aggrandizement.

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LIFE.

Are not the victories of life worth its struggles? Are not its pleasures worth its sacrifices? Who would not cross swords with adver-

sity to win the jeweled hand of fortune? Who would not dare the desert wastes of death to taste the sweets of glory? Who would not bear the toil and endure the pain in the battles of the day for the joys of the evening around the hearthstone of home, where the vestal fires of virtue burn and where confiding innocence gives welcome with heaving bosom and tender arms?

John Howard Payne touched the tenderest chord that vibrates in the great throbbing heart of all mankind when he gave to the world his song of "Home, Sweet Home;" for to the old it is the blessed shrine of precious memories; to the young it rings with laughter and echoes with song and breathes the name of mother; to the weary it is the open gate of Paradise; to the disconsolate, the vestibule of heaven.

After all, is it not glorious to live and face "the storms that rise dark o'er the way;" for the angel of light hangs a rainbow on the bosom of the darkest cloud, and when the angry furies of the tempest rush out from its vapory vaults to harness their thunder-shod steeds to the chariot of the winds, does not the spirit of love whisper on the Galilee of every troubled heart: "Peace, be still?"

The world is an open volume of the beautiful, fragrant with the dreams of God. There is a poem in the garden, where the tulips drink the dew and the crimson poppies blow; there is a love song in the woodlands, where the wild flowers bloom; there is music in the meadow when the chorus of a thousand larks on thrilling wing is tangled with the passion song of bob-o-link in the purple of the dawn.

Nature paints her pictures alike upon the brain of the peasant and the king, and happiness knocks at every door. Wealth cannot buy contentment; it is God's gift to the humble and the poor. It does not dwell in palaces. The sweetest song birds do not sing above the clouds, nor do they build their nests among the crags. I would rather be a dove in the world of dreams, and fly close to the meadow and the stream, than to be a vulture among the Alps, preying upon the helpless and the innocent.

The greatest lesson of life is the lesson of contentment. We all have as much trouble as we can bear, but heaven despises the miserable wretch who unloads his woes wherever he goes and crucifies humanity with the story of his misfortunes. Let us remember that life is not real; it is only the symbol of reality; it is the shadow of the

substance, and its rapturous dreams are but the prophecies of immortality.

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CANDIDATES.

The grassy State of Oklahoma will have two hundred thousand voters, and she now has a hundred and ninety-nine thousand candidates for office. The hustling and bustling and the pumping of patriotic wind are now in full blast. The American eagle, with unwearied flight, soars upward and upward till he soars out of sight every day at some great political meeting. What a splendid evidence of an advanced civilization!

"Roosevelt, the strenuous," and "Bryan, the brilliant," are the battle cries, and "lo, the poor Indian" holds the balance of power. The candidates swarm around him and sing the "Iliad" of his woes, and weave garlands of eulogies and hang them all over his tepee until the dusky child of nature swings his tomahawk in the air and shouts, "Hurrah for Roosevelt—big chief—great father!" at the Republican meeting, and "Hurrah for Bryan—heap Democrat!" at the Democratic rally. But the candidate that is handiest with "fire water" on the day of election is the dangerous horse in the race.

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MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The passing of the venerated widow of the beloved President of the Confederate States of America removes another of the remaining links connecting the Old South with the New—the dead past with the living present that has sprung out of it. Each year thins out the ranks of the reminders of that gallant struggle to which the South gave the flower and chivalry of her manhood; each year the Silent Reaper garners to himself the earthly remnants of that devoted body, the Southern Confederacy. To those that are left and to those who from tradition and history know the history of those eventful times, Mrs. Davis' death seems a personal loss; for not only was she a potent factor and moving spirit in the rousing of Southern women to the significance of the secession movement and an example in the bearing of the trials which followed the fall of Sumter, but in the dark days

of reconstruction she aided both with pen and voice in the reëstablishment of peace and harmony in the stricken South.

Like her illustrious husband, Mrs. Davis came of a long line of distinguished ancestry, prominent in the social and political life of the country. The founder of the Howell family on this continent came from Wales in 1690 and settled in Delaware. His great-grandson served with marked distinction in the Revolution under Washington, taking part in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. After the close of the war, he was elected Governor of New Jersey, to which honorable station he was reëlected for eight successive terms, refusing a ninth tenure of the office on account of failing health. His fourth son, William Burr Howell, served as an officer in the Marine Corps under Admiral Decatur in the War of 1812. He was three times commended in orders for extraordinary gallantry on the field. In 1815 he removed to Natchez, Miss., and became a planter, the neighboring plantation being owned by Joseph Davis, and the two families became the closest of friends. Varina Howell was born in 1826, and was educated, after the fashion of those times, at home, finishing with a course at a select private school in Philadelphia. She met Jefferson Davis in 1843. He had for a couple of years made his home on a plantation which he owned near that of his brother, but, grieving deeply over the loss of his beautiful young wife, the daughter of Zachary Taylor, was almost a hermit. Meeting Miss Howell, however, during the Christmas festivities at his brother's, he was charmed with the sprightly and vivacious miss of seventeen, and pursued his suit with so much steadiness that he wedded her two years later and brought her to his own plantation to live.

"Brierfield" was a big, old-fashioned house on a bluff near Natchez; "and here," writes Mrs. Davis, "we passed many happy days, reading and writing and visiting our neighbors, looking after the sick negroes and regulating plantation affairs." Another and more pretentious house was built; but "the other," declared Mrs. Davis, "always seemed home to me." Mr. Davis at this time entered the political arena, and was elected to Congress.

A winter in Washington was followed by the opening of the Mexican War, and Mr. Davis was elected to the colonelcy of the First Mississippi Regiment. President Polk had been authorized by Con-

gress to appoint two major generals and four brigadiers, and Mr. Davis was slated for one of these; but he felt that the volunteer troops from the various States should be officered by men of their own election, and refused the higher appointment. "This," writes his wife in her "Memoirs," "was his first sacrifice to States' rights, and it was a great effort to him." At the conclusion of the war, Mr. Davis served in the Senate until 1853, when he was appointed Secretary of War by President Pierce. He remained in official life at the national capital until 1861, when, on the secession of Mississippi, he delivered his famous farewell in the United States Senate and returned to take part in the councils of the Confederacy.

During their life in Washington, Mrs. Davis' exceptional abilities and her brilliant conversational powers enhanced her position in the social life of the capital. It was during their life here that they met many of those world-famed men, the reminiscence of whom gave to her conversation in aftertime so great a charm. The men and women conspicuous in the world of art, literature, science, and politics, were to be met under her hospitable roof, and at this time were formed friendships which existed until the hour of her death.

On February 9 the convention at Montgomery elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy, and he was inaugurated there. When Richmond was selected as the permanent capital, a second ceremony took place on February 22, 1862, in the House of Delegates, to be forever after known as "the Capitol of the Confederacy." Although the day was stormy, there was an immense concourse to witness the impressive ceremonies, as the inaugural party moved from the Capitol to the statue of Washington, where the inauguration oath was taken and the inauguration address delivered.

"The White House of the Confederacy" stands upon a commanding elevation not far from the center of the city, and was the home of Mrs. Davis during the next four years. Here she presided with the grace and dignity which so well became her, and here befell the loss of her bright little boy, Joseph, who was killed by a fall from an upper gallery to the brick pavement below. Here, also, was born the "Daughter of the Confederacy," the sweet and gentle Winnie, whose death, in 1898, deprived her mother of the close companionship that had been her solace since the death of her beloved husband. A con-

temporary thus described Mrs. Davis as she appeared in Richmond in 1863:

"She is a tall, commanding figure, with dark hair, eyes, and complexion, and strongly marked characteristics, which lie chiefly in the mouth. With firmly-set yet flexible lips, there is indicated much energy of purpose and will, but beautifully softened by the usually sad expression of her dark, earnest eyes. Her manners are kind, graceful, easy, and affable, and her receptions are characterized by the dignity and suavity which should very properly distinguish the drawing-room entertainments of the Chief Magistrate of the republic."

Like all ladies of station of those times, Mrs. Davis was an accomplished housekeeper, and personally supervised every detail of the daily life and State functions of the White House. With the heroic, sincere, Christian women of Richmond, she labored, during the struggle, as did the women all over the South, to do all in their power to help the cause in which their husbands and sons were engaged. They made the clothing for their own families, and, in addition, spun, wove, and made clothes for the soldiers in the field. They cheerfully deprived themselves of every delicacy in order that the sick and wounded (of both sides) in the hospitals might be fed. They made battle flags of their ball gowns and lint rolls of their linen. In the still stately white mansion, which is now used as a Confederate Museum, may be seen cases of the home-knit gloves and socks, the plaited hats of corn shucks, the homemade shoes, and thousands of other articles made by the unaccustomed but deft hands of these devoted women. They took turns in hospital nursing, and many a Yankee family still blesses the little "rebel" lady who nursed their boy back to health or who wrote the sad details of his last hours. Finally, these brave women, when all was lost, evinced a courage and sublime faith which could not help but inspire the conquered warriors to fresh efforts to take up life under changed conditions. Mrs. Davis, by her self-sacrifice and noble devotion to her husband's fortune, endeared herself almost as a personal friend to the women throughout the whole South.

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It was a beautiful, balmy morning in the early part of May that the news of Appomattox reached Richmond. The Sabbath bells rang

out on the warm, soft air, and the languorous breezes carried their summons to the anxious hearts awaiting to repair to the house of God for comfort. As they gathered at old St. Paul's and lifted up their supplication for help and for resignation to the Divine Will, the clatter of rapid hoofs came from without, and a messenger, entering as quietly as the urgency of the case permitted, handed the President the message from Lee. A wave of telepathic understanding passed over the congregation as, with face white and drawn, he rose and followed the messenger out. Quietly, as befitted the dignity of their loss, the people received the news of defeat and the terms of surrender. Utter stillness prevailed throughout the city; the streets were deserted and the silence was terrifying.

Mrs. Davis, on leaving Richmond, took with her only the clothing of her little family, leaving such meager household supplies as still remained to the people of the city. She realized that her parting with her husband might be a final one, as she knew not what fate was in store for him. With her four little children, she set out for her old home with such serenity as to amaze all who saw her. Her joy when her husband joined her was short-lived, for he was made a prisoner a few days later. For nearly a year she pleaded in vain to be allowed to remain near him, and was at last allowed to visit him at Fortress Monroe. In May, 1867, he was released on bail, broken in spirit, in body, and in purse. His property had been confiscated; and had it not been for the kindness of friends, both in the South and abroad, they would have been utterly destitute. Devoted friends accomplished the impossible, however; and the President and his family were enabled to go abroad, where health and hope returned to them. Everywhere they met with the most distinguished attentions. On their return to this country they took up their residence in Memphis, only to be visited by the dreaded scourge of yellow fever, which robbed them of their only remaining son, Jefferson, junior. Subsequently they removed to Beauvoir, a beautiful country home near Biloxi, Miss., where they passed some years in quiet plantation life. As mistress of Beauvoir, a house of simple yet dignified design, Mrs. Davis displayed her characteristic qualities of serene acceptance of cares, of cultured, gracious hospitality, and of sympathetic ministrations to the sick and poor. Always she remained the same bright, genial, noble spirit, un-

embittered by the hardships and indignities to which she had been subjected. Under the shade of the great live oaks this devoted pair resumed the sweet pleasures of perfect companionship, living in that peaceful retirement which they both loved so well, until death took her husband to his eternal rest.

Recommended to try a more bracing climate for the health of herself and that of her daughter, Mrs. Davis removed to New York, where, as much as was possible for one of her position and attainments, she lived very quietly, occupying herself with writing her husband's "Memoirs," a work of love which she has left as an enduring monument to both. The death of her daughter was a blow almost unbearable; and her remaining daughter, Maggie, having married Mr. J. Addison Hayes and removed to Colorado, she devoted her time and interest to her literary work and to the welfare of Beauvoir, which she had given for a home for Confederate veterans. In one of the last letters she wrote she expresses to a young friend in Texas her hope that she might be spared to visit Beauvoir once more to look upon the dear, familiar faces there and to place in the Episcopal church at Biloxi a memorial window to her beloved dead.

The Davis lot in Hollywood is the most beautiful in all that picturesque expanse of hill and dale where the ashes of Richmond's dead have rested since colonial days. Though it overlooks the city, an air of seclusion broods over it. On a lovely knoll above the river, between two noble oaks, lies the body of Jefferson Davis. By his side, on October 19, was laid the body of his faithful helpmate. The body was received in Richmond with all the marks of respect which had been accorded that of her distinguished husband. All State and city offices were closed, all flags were at half-mast, and every civic, military, and patriotic organization in the State was represented in the funeral procession. In addition, there were present, besides distinguished visitors from everywhere, delegates from every Confederate Veteran camp and every chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the South. Lieutenant Governor J. Taylor Ellison, to whom, by reason of his lifelong intimacy with the Davis family, was intrusted the funeral arrangements of her husband and her daughter, arranged for military honors. The body, accompanied by an escort from the New York Camp of Veterans, was met at the Richmond station by

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, and borne directly to St. Paul's Church, escorted by delegates from the various camps in the South and Governors from the States composing the Confederacy. Immediately following the services at the church, appropriately draped for the occasion, the funeral pageant proceeded to the cemetery, a battalion of infantry, accompanied by its drum corps, and a company of artillery acting as military escort. It was an impressive contrast to note the gray-headed veterans in their plain uniforms of gray and the splendid figures of the young soldiers of to-day in all the vigor of prime manhood. It was also in the nature of a contrast to note that while the young soldiers met and formed in their handsomely equipped armory, the veterans had their headquarters at the Lee Camp Home. Thus do to-day and yesterday unite in honoring the Mother of the Confederacy. A salute from the infantry and artillery closed the obsequies.

By her side rises the magnificent monument raised to Miss Winnie Davis by the South; and when the memorial now being completed for her husband's grave is finished, it will honor the devoted wife as well. Hers was a long and eventful life, more so than that of any other woman of her day and generation; but it was a life of sacrifice, devotion, and heroism, and death came as the "jewel of the just."

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The season of peace and good will enjoins upon us the command to "love one another," and this command all mankind cheerfully complies with during this time of cheer and good feeling. A man can love even his political opponent at Christmas.

I love to think of that first Christmas in far-off Galilee. I see the lovely maiden mother folding to her heart the holy Babe, dazzled by the radiant purity of its angel face. The rapture of a young mother when she clasps her firstborn to her breast is an ecstasy but little lower than the angels feel as they bow before the throne of the Most High. In that first exalted moment she molds and shapes him to a high, pure destiny such as the mind of man scarcely conceives; and, triumphantly spanning the countless æons of eternity, she hears his name ringing, ever louder and clearer, through the ages, and wraps herself with sublime humility in the thought that she has given to his

Maker's service a man. Thus mothers have brooded and dreamed since time began, and their pure aspirations and high hopes and enduring faith clear the world of sin and baseness. God walks with them in their communings, and God's listening ear attends rather their prayers and supplications than to the records of man's misdeeds. His power, which fashioned man in His own image, reaches out to touch our hearts and renew man's allegiance to Him at this blessed Christmastide. I think He is nearer to us at this time than any other. His thought is manifest in every rock and hill and vale, in every brook and river which bears upon its bosom crystal temples to His glory. The rustle of His wing is in every zephyr; His might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilion of every storm cloud, and the heavens above us teem with His myriads of shining witnesses.

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To the jaded politician who has grown weary of fishing for votes and angling for suckers there is surcease of sorrow in the brawling brooks of the mountains, where the genuine speckled trout plays hide and seek with the sunshine in the shoals or sleeps in the darkening eddies under the fragrant bloom of the overhanging honeysuckles. To the overworked public servant, upon whose head the snows that never melt have too soon fallen, these bright, leaping, laughing, dashing, buoyant mountain rivers are the symbols of youth and the synonyms of happiness. On their grassy brinks he may sit and listen to the singing of his reel and the swish of his line, and watch the game black bass as he leaps up out of the middle of the stream, with the hook in his mouth, and flashes in the sunlight, and then darts back to make the reel sing and the line swish again. Or if he wishes a diversity of sport and pleasure, I will lend him one of my shotguns and a pair of my leggings, and we will leave the trout and bass in the brook and brimming river and follow my brace of beautiful Llewellyn bird dogs, "Fiddle" and "Bow," into the fields, and serenade the vanishing coveys with chilled shot and smokeless powder. In such a life, in such a land, there is no snow upon the heart; 'tis always summer there.

We are the product of the labor and sacrifice of age—labor and sacrifice which unknowingly worked out its own destiny in shaping ours. In our turn we toil to-day that future generations may have such heritage as we will to bequeath to them. Shall we permeate their lives with the dreariness of drudgery, the weariness of eternal struggle, the unworthiness of our fellow-men, and the hopelessness of reward? Or shall we live each day in joyousness of spirit, in happy accomplishment of duty, in serene confidence in the worth of mankind, believing that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," attracting to ourselves the happiness and sunshine we radiate?

Which is the better legacy to our posterity?

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Common folks cannot understand so-called high-class music, nor the figures of these newfangled dances; and, therefore, they are in a condition which is beautifully illustrated by a tale I used to hear before politics snatched me baldheaded. At an old-time country dance the fiddlers rosined their bows and took their places on the platform. The floor manager rose and imperiously shouted: "Get your partners for a cotillion! All you ladies and gentlemen who wear shoes and stockings will take your places in the center of the room; all you ladies and gentlemen who wear shoes and no stockings will take your places immediately behind them; and you barefooted crowd must jig it around in the corners."

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In an article accredited to my pen, in the December (1906) number of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, the types had me telling a curious tale of the singing of a whip-poor-will on a certain joyous night in the blessed Christmas of the sweet long ago, and the question is raised by certain ornithological experts whether that doleful bird does its warblings in the winter. It is best to copy what the editor of the *Washington Herald,* Washington, D. C., says under the heading, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune:"

"Senator-elect Robert Love Taylor, in one of his famous lectures, describes Christmas in the mountains of his native State, and says:

"'When I was a young man in my teens and twenties, the Christmas season was the brightest of the year. I used to take my fiddle

under my arm at evening, when the whip-poor-will began to sing and the stars began to twinkle, and hie me away to the merrymakings in the mountains.'

"To this statement the *Nashville American* takes exception, and declares that no one ever heard a whip-poor-will singing in the mountains of Tennessee during the latter part of December. The *American* hints that Mr. Taylor has tuned his instrument to an unheard-of pitch, and that the music he makes is discordant and badly out of gear.

"This treason right at the future Senator's very front door is hard for outsiders to understand. It is very much to be feared that the *American* has failed to measure fully up to the opportunities offered for intimate personal relations with the foremost fiddler of the age. Perhaps the *American* never heard a whip-poor-will singing in December, but that does not prove that 'Bob' Taylor hasn't. Where 'Bob' Taylor is, there, also, are the whip-poor-wills, the mocking birds, the catbirds, and all the sweet and soulful singers known to Dixie land. It matters not the season nor the hour, we take it. Song birds hover ever in his wake, and music hangs upon the lightest trembling of his bow. Flowers have their hours to fade, and the sun has its time to set; but for 'Bob' Taylor's fiddle all hours and times are the same.

"But even were it possible to believe that whip-poor-wills came not to the melodious pleadings of his bow, as a matter of cold and prosaic fact, nevertheless, by reason of the license granted all poets, this music master of the hills and dales of Tennessee would still have the right to claim their presence. Why should the *American* be captious about a little thing like that, especially when the sentimental nature of the State's favorite son is so inevitably interwoven with the warp and woof of the argument? A prophet may be without honor save in his own country, but a fiddler of 'Bob' Taylor's fame deserves loyalty and cordial praise from all.

"Let the *American* cease from troubling, and concede that the Senator-to-be has 'rings on his fingers and bells on his toes, and that he shall have music wherever he goes.'"

It must be remembered, at the very outset of this discussion, that the incident happened in the days of my callow youth, when all sorts of melodies and things were buzzing in my head and life itself was

one sweet song of tuneful melody; that I was in love and had a fiddle under my arm, alone in a moonlit mountain cove, on my way to a dance, with a heart throbbing in happy expectancy. It was just at this excruciatingly delightful junction that the twittering occurred which constitutes the bone of this contention (if a twitter can be called a bone), and to that I deem it important to add some observations by way of explanation, refutation, and extenuation.

Observe, no man has ever heard me say that it was in the nature of a whip-poor-will to sing at any season; but if one lone bird upon a frozen limb, away up the mountain gorge in the dead silence of a moonlit winter's night, should choose to violate its nature and change its graveyard croakings into purling song in harmony with the melodies so sweetly and vociferously vibrating in the heart of its lone, lovelorn auditor, where is the harm? My critics limit their denial to the time of year, and I call my biographers' attention to the implied admission that the whip-poor-will *does* sing at some other season. I leave them suspended upon the horns of this dilemma of their own brewing (horns are sometimes brewed), and bid them extricate themselves if they can, for I shall not lend a hand, while I pass on to graver meditations.

That there were sweet and heavenly harmonies hovering and quavering in that mountain cove that ever-blessed night in the happy long ago, is certain; but whence came they? Was it really the whip-poor-will? And even if it were, and its song was of that doleful, screeching, soul-rending stridulance that startles ghosts and gives haunts the creeps, was it not sweet music to the only ear that heard it?

Might it not have been the soul of the fiddle stirred by a mountain breeze to life, getting itself in tune with the frantic transports of the heart against which it lay? They say a sound post sometimes comes to life, and that all the tuneful sprites that burrow and buzz in the vibrant caverns of a fiddle are set a-humming and a-thrumming when Cupid peeps in at the slit. Who can tell but that this might have been the mellifluous sound that ravished my ear then and is raising such a hullabulloo now?

That there was heavenly music in the air that night, I take it none will dare dispute; and that the heart of that care-free swain, trudging up the echoless cove to swing corners with love the livelong night

and lave and slosh his soul in rapturous revels, was tuned to catch its faintest twang and magnify into pealing orchestras of roaring symphonies, and whooping, heavenly harmonies, all living souls will surely admit. What wonder, then, that in the tumultuous union of chromatic confusion, when all the lyrics were raving mad with ecstasy, that the croaking of a whip-poor-will might have been taken for an angel's harp or the twittering of a catbird?

Thus much for speculation! Thus much in tribute to the harmonies! And now I come to hurl the cold truth slap into the faces of my critics and bid them make the most of it!

The types did do me wrong, aided by some unmeant pencil slip along the line between this cushioned sanctum and the cobwebbed den where sits and broods and rends his hair a careworn proofreader, with genius in his dreamy eye and smut upon his classic nose. What I did write was changed, transmogrified, warped, varied, and subverted.

I mentioned not the whip-poor-will. I never heard one sing then, since, or before; at any season, time, or place. I heard a ravishing song that might have wrought my very soul to ecstasy, but as plain as pen can make it I wrote it then and there "raccoon."

* * *

On May 13, 1607, three boats anchored off a peninsular which jutted into Powhatan's River, and there set up a stockaded place of defense, which they called James Fort. One hundred and five settlers were left by the ships. Among these was John Smith, a wonderful genius and adventurer, a man destined to carry the infant colony through perilous trials.

Smith and his men and those who followed them made out of the fort a town which they called James City, and later Jamestown. From Jamestown grew Virginia, and from Virginia these United States.

The Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition will celebrate from the last of April to the last of November the three hundredth anniversary of the nation's nativity. The beautiful waters and the historic shores will witness a magnificent tribute to those faithful pioneers who with their energies—aye, with their very lifeblood—laid the foundation of our greatness.

It will be impossible to fail of gaining information by a visit to the Exposition, it matters not what the extent of a man's knowledge may be. Every department of our national government will be represented in miniature, complete in every detail. Every State will be represented by a reproduction of some building connected with its formative history, and the whole will form an object lesson in the history and development of our country that will surpass any means of teaching and interest ever before seen. Nearly every State in the Union is already at work upon its special buildings, and of the Southern States, all (at this writing) have commenced work, except Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, and Tennessee. It is certain that these States will fall into line, and their respective Legislatures ought not to fail to make immediate appropriations in order that the work may be worthily and adequately completed by the opening of the Exposition. Some of the States whose Legislatures could not be awakened to sufficient patriotic pride to make an appropriation have made up a fund by the efforts of their public-spirited citizens, but Tennessee will not need to resort to such methods. The "Volunteer State," whose affiliations with Virginia, both in past history and in present commercial development, are of the closest, will not fail to help make this enterprise a shining success. In view of the abundance of her resources, she cannot afford not to make a showing of her phenomenal growth from a struggling and neglected mountain settlement to her present proud position among the galaxy of States. We have contributed leaders and men and the bone and sinews for every movement which has resulted in our national progress, and our supplies for future development are unrivaled and inexhaustible, and we cannot afford to be absent when the showing of the States is made.

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A great many youths think that if a man has brain power he can accomplish anything. So he can; but a study of the men who are failures, the men who fill our penitentiaries and our sanitariums, will show that unless ability is ballasted with character, its possessor is unstable and untrustworthy. There is a tremendous power in ability, boys, when added to character.

It is believed by our brethren of the North that our people here in the South are not as vigorous as we should be; that we lack the snap and push necessary for the quick and permanent growth and development of our country. But they forget that we can raise three crops of potatoes in our soil in a single season, that our cotton grows without persuasion, that we can fatten our hogs on acorns and pasture our cattle the year round; they forget that our persimmon trees yield tons of persimmons per annum, and that the 'possums hang like sugar lumps of glory hallelujah from the bending limbs of the aforesaid and the same.

♣ ♣ ♣

The modern lecturer is the alarm clock of civilization wound up to go off with a whiz and a bang at any hour in the evening, according to the whims of his audience. A Northern audience wants to be aroused at 8 P.M. sharp; a Southern audience, anywhere between 8:30 P.M. and daylight. But some time in the night he is sure to wake the natives, for he is a traveling gesture tied to a bell clapper, and

"When his hands begin to swing
And his bell begins to ring,
His waking listeners laugh and weep.
And then—alas!—go back to sleep.
But still he screams and fights the air,
And stamps his foot and pulls his hair,
And growls and roars upon the stage
Like some fierce lion in a rage,
Until at last his clock runs down,
And he winds it up for another town.
Selah!"

♣ ♣ ♣

During a recent cold snap the young and tender editor of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE accompanied the blizzard to a small Tennessee town. The office of the little hotel was full of commercial travelers trying to keep warm around a single grate. A half-frozen Italian organ grinder, with his monkey, entered, but was crowded away from the fire by the traveling men. He found a chair away back in the corner of the room, and soon fell asleep. But suddenly he woke

with a scream. The traveling men rushed to him and asked him what was the matter. He said he dreamed he was in hell and was freezing to death. "Freezing to death in hell! How is that?" asked one of the boys. "Well," replied the Italian, "the drummers crowded around the fire so I couldn't get to it!"

The
Paradise
of
Fools

Part I.

THE PARADISE OF LOVE.

Have you ever thought of the wealth that perished when Paradise was lost? Have you ever thought of the glory of Eden, the first estate of man? I think it was the very dream of God, glowing with ineffable beauty. I think it was rimmed with blue mountains, from whose moss-covered cliffs leaped a thousand glassy streams that spread out in mid-air, like bridal veils, kissing a thousand rainbows from the sun. I think it was an archipelago of gorgeous colors, flecked with green isles, where the grapevine staggered from tree to tree, as if drunk with the wine of its own purple clusters; where peach, and plum, and blood-red cherries, and every kind of berry, bent bough and bush, and shone like showered drops of ruby and of pearl. I think it was a wilderness of flowers, redolent of eternal spring and pulsing with bird song; where dappled

fawns played on banks of violets; where leopards, peaceful and tame, lounged in copses of magnolias; where harmless tigers lay on snowy beds of lilies, and lions, lazy and gentle, panted in jungles of roses. I think its billowy landscapes were festooned with tangling creepers, bright with perennial bloom, and curtained with sweet-scented groves, where the orange and pomegranate hung like golden globes and ruddy moons. I think its air was softened with the dreamy haze of perpetual summer, and through its midst there flowed a translucent river, alternately gleaming in its sunshine and darkening in its shadows.

And there, in some sweet, dusky bower, fresh from the hand of his Creator, slept Adam, the first of

the human race, Godlike in form and feature, Godlike in all the attributes of mind and soul. No monarch ever slept on softer, sweeter couch, with richer curtains drawn about him. And as he slept, a face and form, half hidden, half revealed, red-lipped, rose-cheeked, white-bosomed, and with tresses of gold, smiled like an angel from the mirror of his dream—for a moment smiled, and so sweetly that his heart

almost forgot to beat. And while yet this bright vision still haunted his slumber, with tenderest touch an unseen hand lay open the unconscious flesh in his side, and forth from the painless wound a faultless being sprang—a being pure and blithsome as the air, a sinless woman, God's first thought for the happiness of man.

I think he wooed her at the waking of the morning; I think he wooed her at noontide, down by the riverside or by the spring in the dell; I think he wooed her at twilight, when the moon silvered the palm tree's feathery plumes, and the stars looked down, and the nightingale sang; and wherever he wooed her, I think the grazing herds left sloping hill and peaceful vale to listen to the wooing, and thence themselves departed in pairs. The coveys heard it and mated in the fields; the quail wooed his love in the wheat; the robin whistled to his love in the glen;

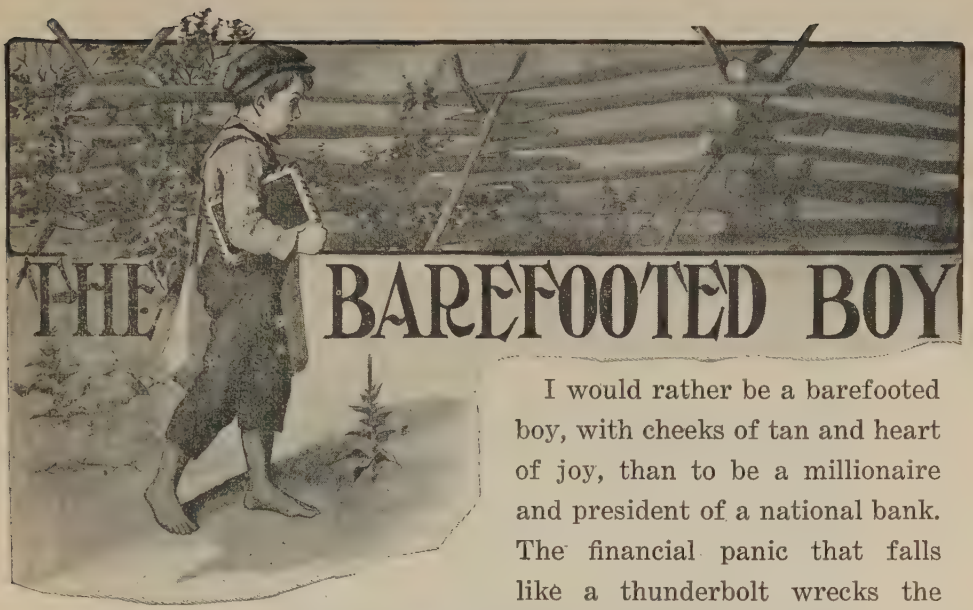
> "The lark was so brimful of gladness and love,
> The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
> That he sang, and he sang, and forever sang he,
> 'I love my love, and my love loves me;'"

love songs bubbled from the mellow throats of mocking birds and bobolinks; dove cooed love to dove; and I think the maiden monkey, fair "Juliet" of the house of Orang-outang, waited on her cocoanut balcony for the coming of her "Romeo," and thus plaintively sang:

(Sung to the air of "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon.")

> "My sweetheart's the lovely baboon;
> I'm going to marry him soon.
> 'Twould fill me with joy
> Just to kiss the dear boy,
> For his charms and his beauty
> No power can destroy.
>
> "I'll sit in the light of the moon,
> And sing to my darling baboon,
> When I'm safe by his side
> And he calls me his bride.
> O, my angel, my precious baboon!"

PART II.

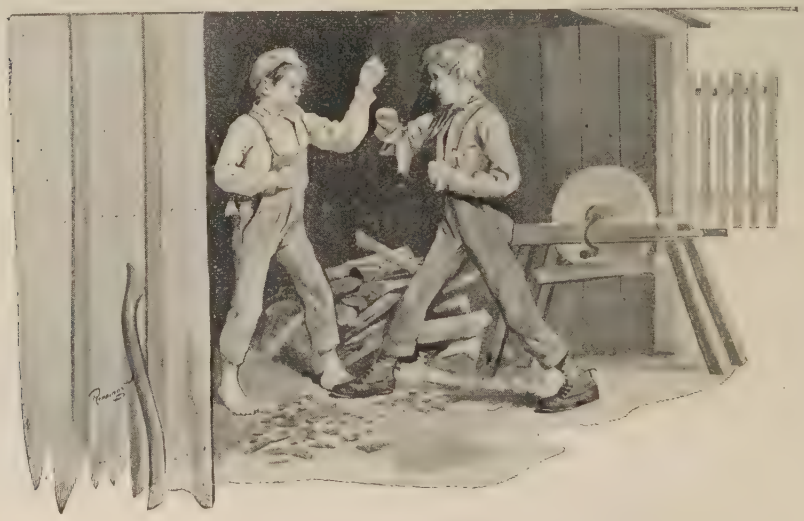


THE BAREFOOTED BOY

I would rather be a barefooted boy, with cheeks of tan and heart of joy, than to be a millionaire and president of a national bank. The financial panic that falls like a thunderbolt wrecks the bank, crushes the banker, and swamps thousands in an hour. But the bank which holds the treasures of the barefooted boy never breaks. With his satchel and his books, he hies away to school in the morning; but his truant feet carry him the other way—to the mill pond, "a-fishin'." And there he sits the livelong day under the shade of the tree, with sapling pole and pin hook, and fishes, and fishes, and fishes, and waits for a nibble from some drowsy sucker that sleeps on his oozy bed, oblivious of the baitless hook from which he has long since stolen the worm. There he sits, and fishes, and fishes, and fishes, and, like Micawber, waits for something to "turn up." But nothing turns up until the shadows of evening fall and warn the truant home, where he is welcomed with a dogwood sprout. Then "sump'n'" *does* turn up.

He obeys the call of the Sunday-school bell, and goes with solemn face; but ere the "Sweet By and By" has died away on the summer air he is in the woodshed playing Sullivan and Corbett with some plucky comrade, with the inevitable casualties of one closed eye, one crippled nose, one pair of torn breeches, and one bloody toe. He takes a back seat at church, and in the midst of the sermon steals away and hides in the barn to smoke cigarettes and read the story of "One-eyed Pete, the Hero of the Wild and Woolly West."

There is eternal war between the barefooted boy and the whole civilized world. He shoots the cook with a blowgun; he cuts the strings of the hammock and lets his dozing grandmother fall to the ground; he loads his grandfather's pipe with powder; he instigates a fight between the cat and dog during family prayers, and explodes with laughter when pussy seeks refuge on the old man's back; he hides in the alley and turns the hose on Uncle Ephraham's standing collar as he passes on his way to church; he cracks chestnut burs with his naked heel; he robs birds' nests, and murders bullfrogs, and plays "knucks" and "baseball;" he puts asafœtida in the soup and con-



"Playing Sullivan and Corbett with some plucky comrade."

ceals lizards in his father's hat; he overwhelms the family circle with his magnificent literary attainments when he reads from the Bible in what he calls the "Paslams of David:" "Praise ye the Lord with the pizeltry and the harp."

♠ ♠ ♠

His father took him to town one day and said to him: "Now, John, I want you to stay here on the corner with the wagon and watch these potatoes while I go round the square and see if I can sell them. Don't open your mouth, sir, while I am gone; I'm afraid people will think you are a fool."

While the old man was gone, a merchant came out and said to John: "What are those potatoes worth, my son?"

John looked at him and grinned.

"What are those potatoes worth, I say?" asked the merchant.

John still looked at him and grinned.

The merchant turned on his heel and said, "You're a fool," and went back into his store.

When the old man returned, John shouted: "Pap, they found it out, and I never said a word!"

♣ ♣ ♣

His life is an endless chain of pranks and pleasures. Look how the brawling brook pours down the steep declivities of the mountain

Paradise of the barefooted boy.

gorge! Here it breaks into pearls and silvery foam, there it dashes in rapids among brown boulders, and yonder it tumbles from the gray crest of a precipice—thus, forever laughing, singing, rollicking, romping, till it is checked in its mad rush and spreads into a still,

"Pap, they found it out, and I never said a word!"

smooth mirror, reflecting the inverted images of rock, and fern, and wild flower, and tree, and sky. It is the symbol of the life of the barefooted boy. His quips and cranks, his whims and jollities and jocund mischief, are but the effervescences of exuberant young life, the wild music of the mountain stream.

♣ ♣ ♣

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a monumental fool. I would make it the figure of a man, with knitted brow and clinched teeth, beating and bruising his barefooted boy in the cruel endeavor to drive him from the paradise of his childish fun and folly. If your boy *will* be a boy, let him be a boy still; and remember that he is following the paths which *your* feet have trodden, and will soon look back upon its precious memories, as you now do, with the aching heart of a careworn man.

(Sung to the air of "Down on the Farm.")

"O, I love the dear old farm, and my heart grows young and warm,
When I wander back to spend a single day,
There to hear the robins sing in the trees around the spring,
Where I used to watch the happy children play.
O, I hear their voices yet, and I never shall forget
How their faces beamed with childish mirth and glee.
But my heart grows old again, and I leave the spot in pain,
When I call them and no answer comes to me."

I sometimes wish that childhood might last forever—that sweet fairyland on the frontier of life, whose skies are first lighted with the sunrise of the soul, and in whose bright-tinted jungles the lions and leopards and tigers of passion still peacefully sleep. The world is disarmed by its innocence, the drawn bow is relaxed, and the arrow is returned to its quiver; the ægis of heaven is above it, the outstretched wings of mercy, pity, and measureless love.

♣ ♣ ♣

An impecunious speculator once flooded a town with handbills and posters containing this announcement:

"YOUR UNCLE IS COMING."

The streams of passers-by looked at the billboards and wondered what it meant. The speculator rented the theater, and one day a new flood of handbills and posters made this announcement:

"YOUR UNCLE IS HERE."

He gave orders to the stage manager to raise the curtain at eight o'clock exactly. He stood at the door himself and received the admission fees. In their curiosity to see the performance of "Your Uncle," the villagers filled every seat in the theater long before the hour for the performance arrived. Expectancy sat on every brow, and pleased anticipation filled every heart. The curtain rose at the appointed hour, and—lo!—on a board in the center of the stage was a card bearing this announcement in large letters:

"YOUR UNCLE IS GONE."

What a splendid illustration of modern speculation and its willing victims, who are so easily led into the Paradise of Fools!

PART III.

If childhood is the sunrise of life, youth is the heyday of life's ruddy June. It is the sweet solstice in life's early summer, which puts forth the fragrant bud and blossom of sin ere its bitter fruits ripen and turn to ashes on the lips of age. It is the happy transition period, when long legs and loose joints and verdant awkwardness first stumble on the vestibule of manhood.

Did you never observe him shaving and scraping his pimpled face till it resembled a featherless goose, reaping nothing but lather and dirt and a little intangible fuzz? That is the first symptom of love.

Did you never observe him wrestling with a pair of boots two numbers too small, as Jacob wrestled with the angel? That is another symptom of love. His callous heel slowly and painfully yields to the pressure of his perspiring paroxysms until his feet are folded like fans and driven home in the pinching leather; and as he sits at church with them hid under the bench, his uneasy squirms are symptoms of the tortures of the infernal regions and the worm that dieth not; but that is only the penalty of loving.

When he begins to wander through the fragrant meadows and talk to himself among the buttercups and clover blossoms, it is a sure sign that the golden shaft of the winged god has sped from its bended bow. Love's archer has shot a poisoned arrow which wounds, but never kills. The sweet venom has done its work. The fever of the amorous wound drives the red current bounding through his veins, and his brain now reels with the delirium of the tender passion.

"Long legs . . . and verdant awkwardness."

His soul is wrapped in visions of dreamy black eyes, peeping out from under raven curls, and cheeks like gardens of roses. To him the world is transformed into a blooming Eden, and she is its only Eve. He hears her voice in the sound of the laughing waters, the fluttering of her heart in the summer evening's last sigh that shuts the rose, and he sits on the bank of the river all day long and writes poetry to her. Thus he writes:

"As I sit by this river's crystal wave,
Whose flow'ry banks its waters lave,
Methinks I see in its glassy mirror,
A face which to me than life is dearer.
O, 'tis the face of my Gwendolin,
As pure as an angel, free from sin.
It looks into mine with one sweet eye,
While the other is turned to the starry sky.
Could I the ocean's bulk contain,
Could I but drink the watery main,
I'd scarce be half as full of the sea,
As my heart is full of love for thee!"

Thus he lives and loves, and writes poetry by day, and tosses on his bed at night like the restless sea, and dreams, and dreams, and dreams, until in the ecstasy of his dream he grabs a pillow.

♣ ♣ ♣

One bright summer day a rural youth took his sweetheart to a Baptist baptizing; and, in addition to

The first shave.

his verdancy and his awkwardness, he stuttered most distressingly. The singing began on the bank of the stream; and he left his sweetheart in the buggy, in the shade of a tree near by, and wandered alone in the crowd. Standing unconsciously among those who were

"Puppy love."

to be baptized, the old parson mistook him for one of the converts and seized him by the arm and marched him into the water. He began to protest:

"Ho-ho-hold on, p-p-p-parson, y-y-y-you're ma-ma-makin' a mi-mi-mistake!"

"Don't be alarmed, my son; come right in," said the parson.

And he led him to the middle of the stream. The poor fellow made one final desperate effort to explain:

"P-p-p-p-parson, l-l-l-let me explain!"

But the parson coldly said: "Close your mouth and eyes, my son."

And he soused him under the water. After he was thoroughly baptized, the old parson led him to the bank, the muddy water trickling down his face. He was "diked" in his new seersucker suit; and when the sun struck it, it began to draw up. The legs of his pants drew up to his knees; his sleeves drew up to his elbows; his little sack coat yanked up under his arms; and as he stood there trembling and shivering, a good old sister approached him, and, taking him by the hand, said:

"God bless you, my son! How do you feel?"

Looking, in his agony, at his blushing sweetheart behind her fan, he replied in his anguish:

"I fe-fe-fe-feel l-l-l-like a d-d-d-d-durned f-f-f-f-fool!"

♣ ♣ ♣

If I were called upon to drink a toast to life's happiest period, I would hold up the sparkling wine and say:

"Here is to youth, that sweet Seidlitz-powder period, when two souls, with scarcely a single thought, meet and blend in one; when a voice, half gosling, half calliope, rasps the first sickly confession of puppy love into the ear of a blue-sashed maiden at the picnic in the grove!"

But when she returns his little greasy photograph, accompanied by a little perfumed note, expressing the hope that he will think of her only as a sister, his paradise is wrecked, and his puppy love is swept into the limbo of things that were, the schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

♣ ♣ ♣

But wait till the shadows have a little longer grown; wait till the young lawyer comes home from college, spouting Blackstone and Kent and Ram on facts; wait till the young doctor returns from the university, with his whiskers and his diploma, to tread the paths of glory "that lead but to the grave;" wait till society gives welcome in the brilliant ball, and the swallow-tail coat, and the patent-leather pumps whirl with the *décolleté* and white slippers till the stars are drown-

ing in the light of morning; wait till the graduate staggers from the giddy hall, in full evening dress, singing as he staggers:

"After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
After the dancers' leavin', after the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, if we could read them all—
Many the hopes that are vanished, after the ball."

It is then that " somebody's darling " has reached the full tide of his glory as a fool.

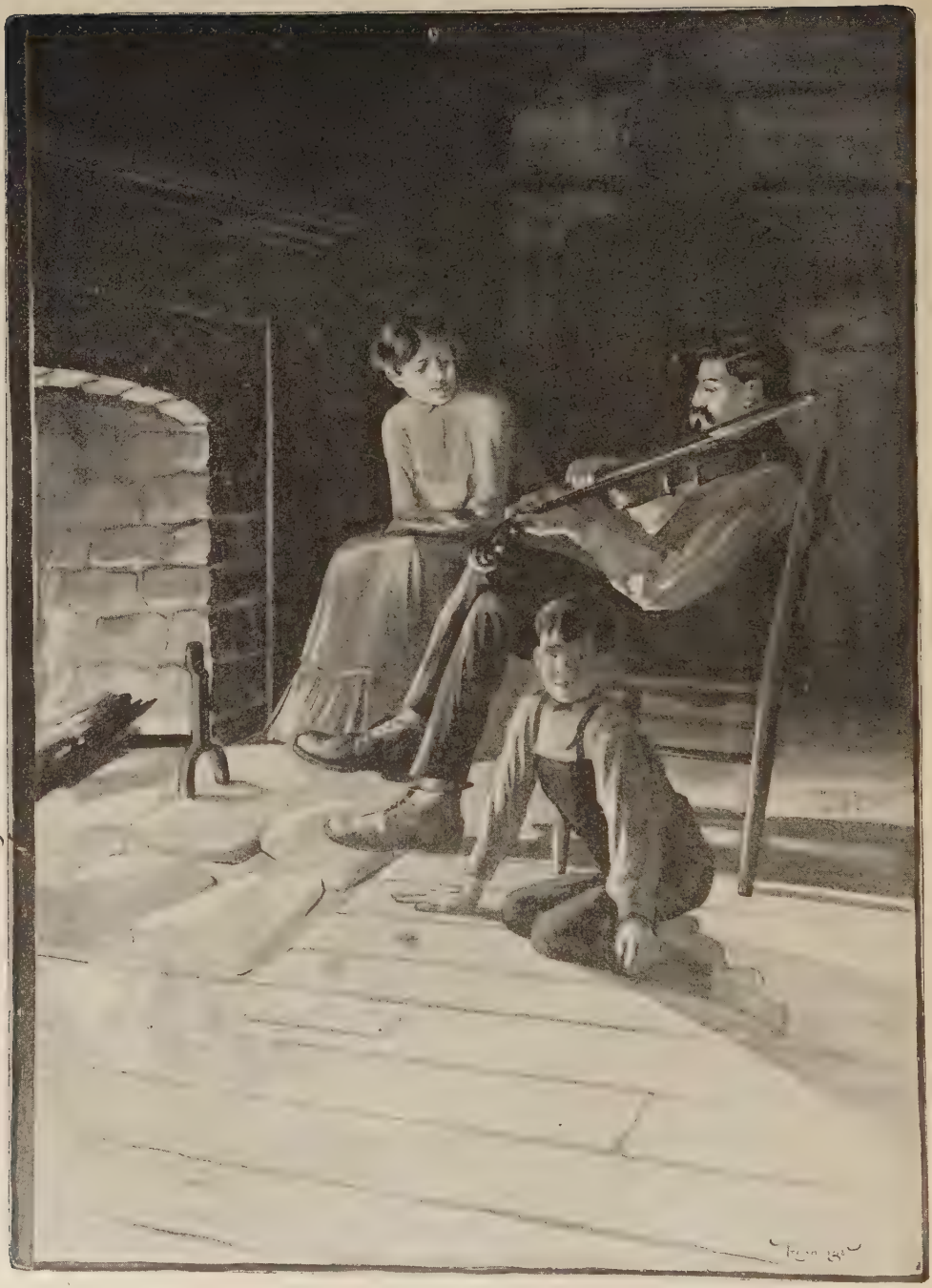
PART IV.

In every brain there is a bright phantom realm, where fancied pleasures beckon from distant shores; but when we launch our barks to reach them, they vanish, and beckon again from still more distant shores. And so poor fallen man pursues the ghosts of paradise as the deluded dog chases the shadows of flying birds in the meadow.

The painter only paints the shadows of beauty on his canvas; the sculptor only chisels its lines and curves from the marble; the sweetest melody is but the faint echo of the wooing voice of music.

We stumble over the golden nuggets of contentment in pursuit of the phantoms of wealth; and what is wealth? It cannot purchase a moment of happiness. Marble halls may open wide their doors and offer shelter, but happiness will flee from a palace to dwell in a cottage. We crush under our feet the roses of peace and love in our eagerness to reach the illuminated heights of glory; and what is earthly glory?

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks are wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
'Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head."



" would rather dwell in a log cabin . . . than to be the 'archangel of war.'"

I saw a comedian convulse thousands with his delineations of the weaknesses of humanity in the inimitable "Rip Van Winkle;" I saw him make laughter hold its sides as he impersonated the coward in "The Rivals;" and I said:

"I would rather have the power of Joseph Jefferson, to make the world laugh and to drive care and trouble from weary brains and sorrow from heavy hearts, than to wear the blood-stained laurels of military glory, or to be President of the United States, burdened with bonds and gold and overwhelmed with the double standard and three girl babies."

"He was the archangel of war."

♣ ♣ ♣

It is the false idea that builds the "Paradise of Fools." It is the eagerness to achieve success in realms we cannot reach which breeds more than half the ills that curse the world. If all the fish eggs were to hatch and every little fish become a big fish, the oceans would be pushed from their beds and the rivers would be eternally "dammed"—with fish; but the whales, and sharks, and sturgeons, and dogfish, and eels, and snakes, and turtles, make three meals every day in the year on fish and fish eggs. If all the legal spawn should hatch out lawyers, the earth and the fullness thereof would be mortgaged for fees, and mankind would starve to death in the effort to pay off the "aforesaid and the same." If the entire crop of medical eggs should hatch out full-fledged doctors, old

"Skull and Cross Bones" would hold high carnival among the children of men, and the old sexton would sing:

"I gather them in,
I gather them in."

If I could get the ear of the young men who pant after politics as the hart panteth after the water brooks, I would exhort them to seek honors in some other way, for "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

♣ ♣ ♣

The poet truly said: "How like a mounting devil in the heart is the unreined ambition! Let it once but play the monarch, and its haughty brow glows with a beauty that bewilders thought and unthrones peace

"In exile and in solitude."

forever. Putting on the very pomp of Lucifer, it turns the heart to ashes; and with not a spring left in the bosom for the spirit's lip, we look upon our splendor and forget the thirst of which we perish."

Victor Hugo said of Napoleon the Great:

"The frontiers of kingdoms oscillated on the map. The sound of a superhuman sword being drawn from its scabbard could be heard; and he was seen opening in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard; he was the archangel of war."

And when I read it, I thought of the death and terror that followed wherever the shadow of the open wings fell; I thought of the blood that flowed and the tears that were shed wherever the sword gleamed in his hand; I thought of the human skulls that paved Napoleon's way to St. Helena's barren rock, and I said:

"I would rather dwell in a log cabin, in the beautiful land of the mountains where I was born and reared, and sit at its humble hearthstone at night, and in the firelight play the humble rural tunes on the fiddle to my happy children, and bask in the smiles of my sweet wife, than to be the 'archangel of war,' with my hands stained with human blood, or to make the 'frontiers of kingdoms oscillate on the map of the world,' and then, away from home and kindred and country, die at last in exile and in solitude."

♣ ♣ ♣

Go with me into the councils of the great, and see men, urged by ambitious greed of power, commit the government they are sworn to serve to acts of arbitrary despotism; to seize upon and wrest its domain from a weaker power; to thrust its laws and forms upon a helpless island and make its people slaves; to tax and drain it of its wealth, divert its commerce, and restrict its rights. See it all done in the name of God and liberty, with sanctimonious pretense and loud-sounding boast of patriotic purpose. O, Benevolent Assimilation, what crimes are committed in thy name! Like a pack of hungry wolves pursuing prey, the nations of earth are madly racing for supremacy; and let one get wounded in the race, tempted by the smell of blood, the predatory instinct is aroused and all the other wolves stop to rend the cripple. Thus the pathway of the ages lies through the graveyard of buried nations, pursued to their death by wolves in epaulets and jackals in official garb.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that down the ages blow, know ye where lies Rome's ancient power and all her pomp and show? Know ye where Greeks their learning laid, their matchless power hid? Where Macedonian glory bides, whence fled the mighty Cid? Where lie entombed the splendors of great Babylon, and where the countless hosts of seers and kings of fair Judea are? Tell me, wise winds, what fate's in store for Uncle Sam if he takes not his mailed hand off the weak and leave the helpless be?

"The wild winds shriek as fast they blow,
And cry: 'Search me, for I don't know!'"

PART V.

Phantoms of Fortune

The historian records the deeds of the great; he consigns to fame the favored few; but leaves unwritten the short and simple annals of the poor—the lives and actions of the millions.

The modern millionaire, as he sweeps through our valleys and around our hills in his palace car, ought not to look with derision on the cabins of America, for from their thresholds have come more brains and courage and true greatness than ever emanated from all the palaces of this world.

The fiddle, the rifle, the ax, and the Bible, symbolizing music, prowess, labor, and free religion, the four grand forces of our civilization, were the trusty friends and faithful allies of our pioneer ancestry in subduing the wilderness and erecting the great Commonwealths of the republic. Wherever a son of freedom pushed his perilous way into the savage wilds and erected his log cabin, these were the cherished penates of his humble domicile—the rifle in the rack above the door, the ax in the corner, the Bible on the table, and the fiddle, with its streamers of ribbon, hanging on the wall.

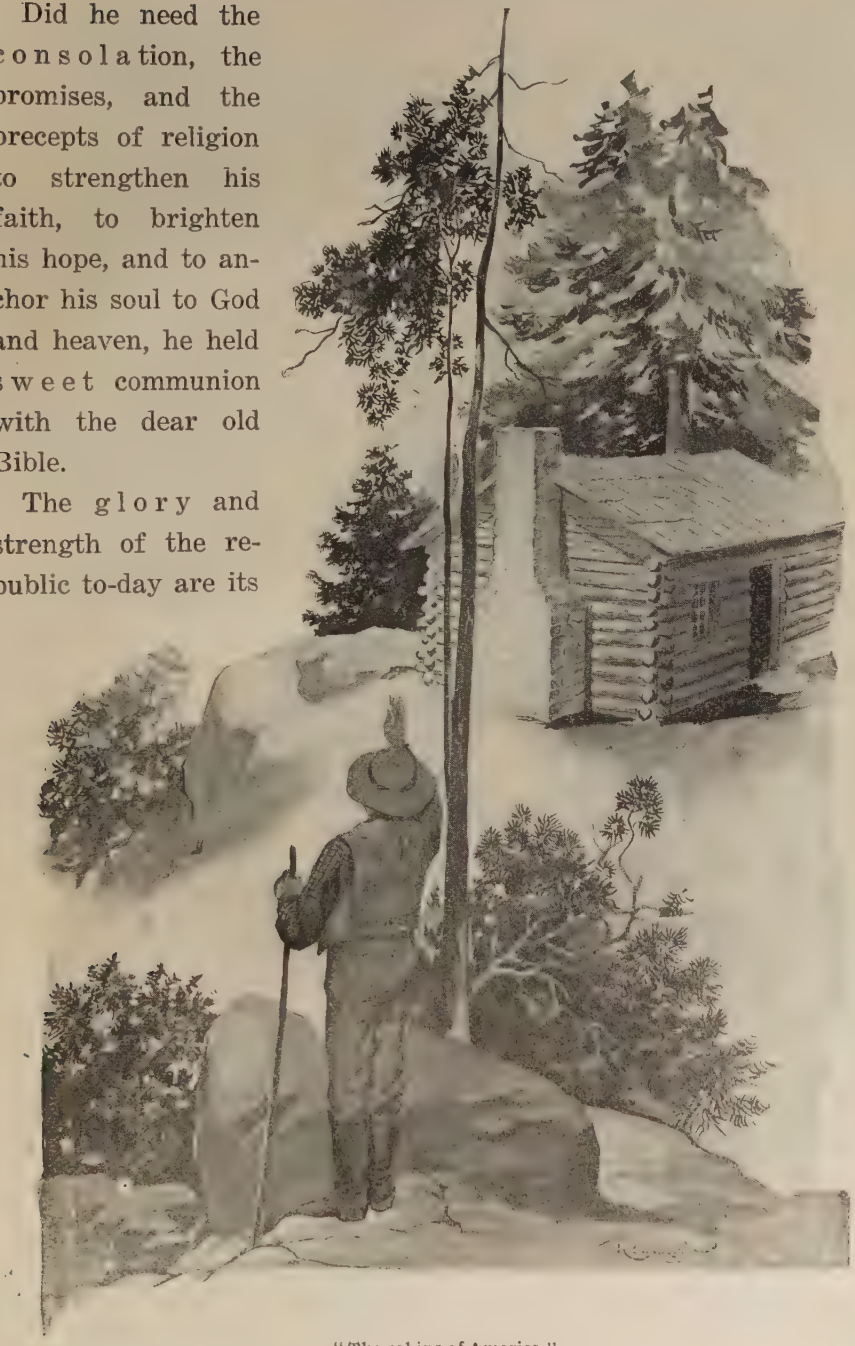
Did he need the charm of music to cheer his heart, to scatter sunshine and drive away melancholy thoughts, he touched the responsive strings of his fiddle and it burst into laughter.

Was he beset by skulking savages or prowling beasts of prey, he rushed to his deadly rifle for protection and relief.

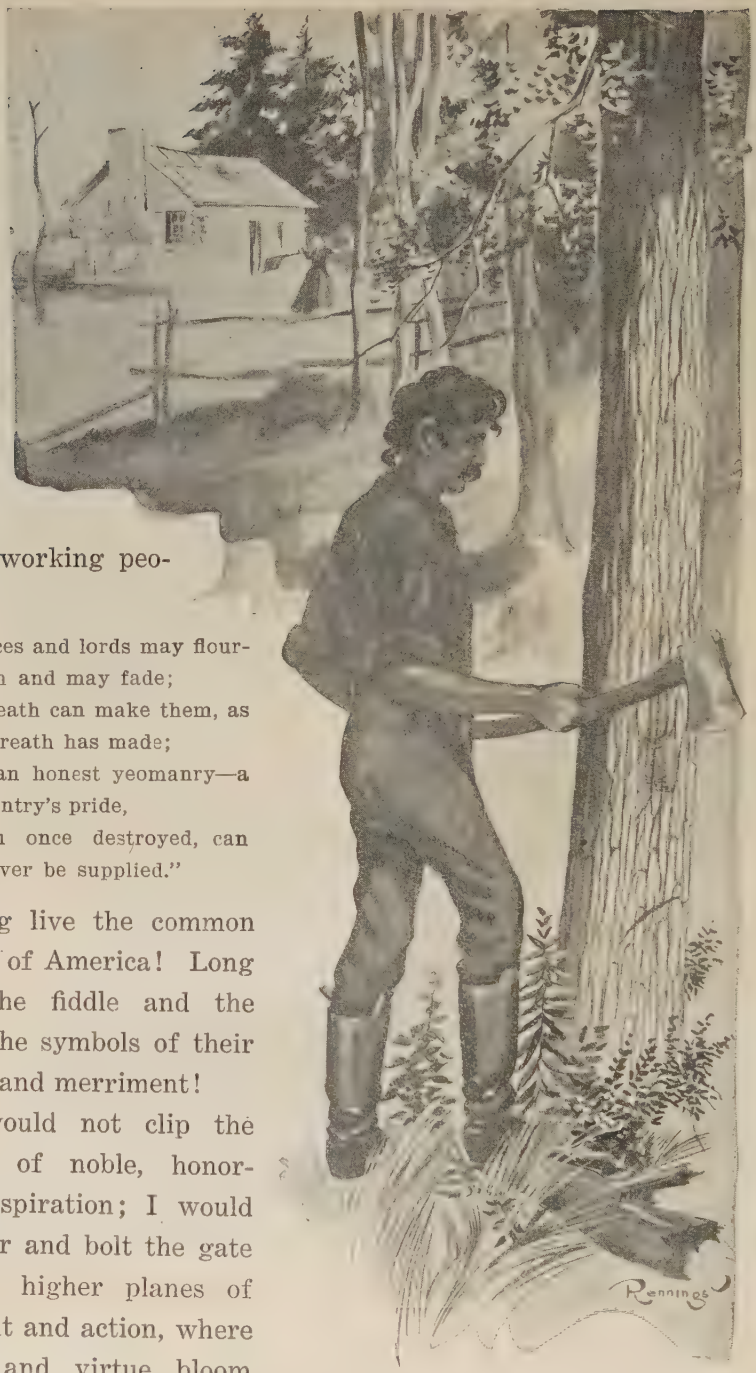
Had he the forest to fell and the fields to clear, his trusty ax was in his stalwart grasp.

Did he need the consolation, the promises, and the precepts of religion to strengthen his faith, to brighten his hope, and to anchor his soul to God and heaven, he held sweet communion with the dear old Bible.

The glory and strength of the republic to-day are its



"The cabins of America."



"Had he the forest to fell, . . . his trusty ax was in his stalwart grasp."

plain working people.

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But an honest yeomanry—a country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

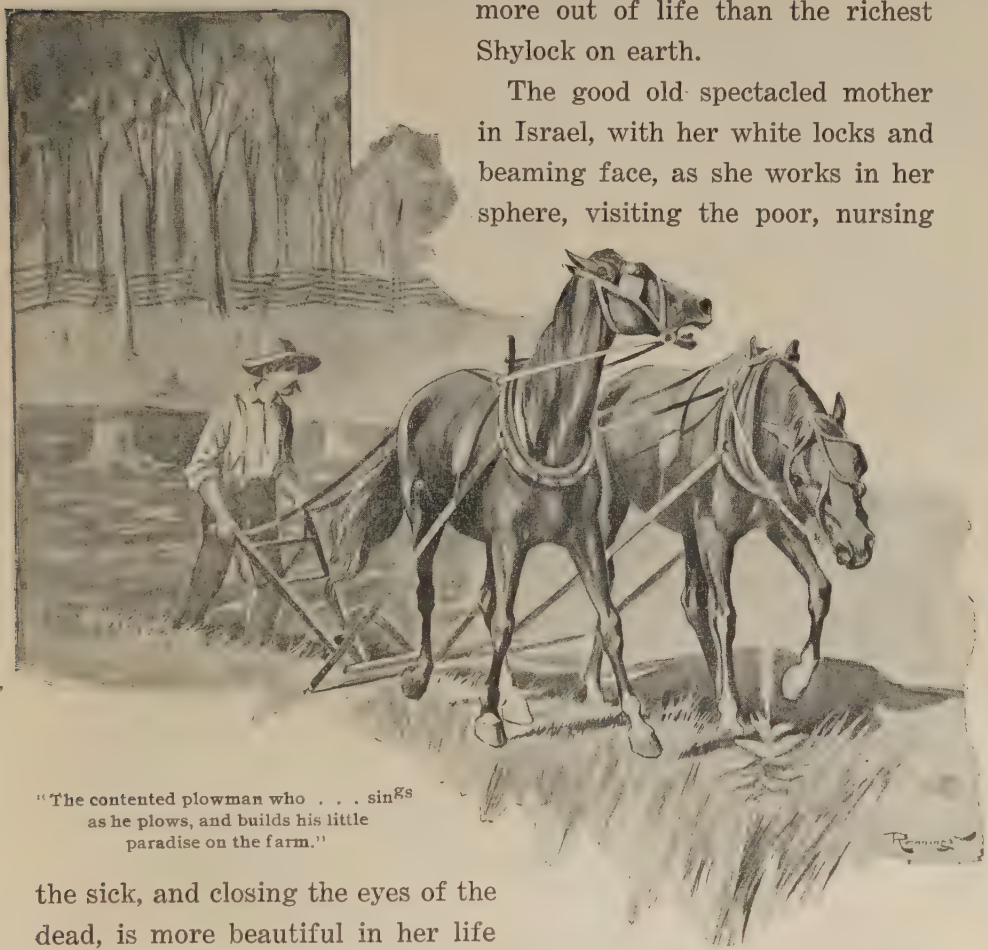
Long live the common people of America! Long live the fiddle and the bow, the symbols of their mirth and merriment!

I would not clip the wings of noble, honorable aspiration; I would not bar and bolt the gate to the higher planes of thought and action, where truth and virtue bloom and ripen into glorious

fruit. There are a thousand fields of endeavor in the world, and happy is he who labors where God intended him to labor.

The contented plowman, who whistles as he rides to the field and sings as he plows, and builds his little paradise on the farm, gets more out of life than the richest Shylock on earth.

The good old spectacled mother in Israel, with her white locks and beaming face, as she works in her sphere, visiting the poor, nursing



"The contented plowman who . . . sings as he plows, and builds his little paradise on the farm."

the sick, and closing the eyes of the dead, is more beautiful in her life and more charming in her character than the loveliest queen of society who ever chased the phantoms of pleasure in the ballroom.

The humblest village preacher, who faithfully serves his God and leads his pious flock in the paths of holiness and peace, is more eloquent and plays a nobler part than the most brilliant infidel who ever blasphemed the name of God.

The industrious drummer, who travels all night and toils all day to win comfort for wife and children and mother and sister, is a better man and a far better citizen than the most successful speculator on

Wall street, who plays with the fortunes of his fellow-man as the wolf plays with the lamb or as the cyclone plays with the feather.

Young ladies, when the time comes to marry, say " yes " to the good-natured, big-hearted drummer; for he is a spring in a desert, a straight flush in a weary land, a " thing of beauty and a joy forever," and he will never be at home to bother you.

♣ ♣ ♣

I have known a man to yield to the sordid inclination to swindle his neighbor in a horse trade and palm off on him a spavined balker, and get in return a sleek, upheaded stumpsucker, whose oesophagus whistled when he paced like a rusty escape pipe at a country sawmill.

I have known a man to fall headlong into the fatal error of trying to get in the last word in a conjugal debate and get himself knocked over the kitchen range with a rolling pin, to rub his shins and ruminate on matrimonial bliss and blisters.

I have seen a blear-eyed bully from Wildcat Fork of Panther Creek climb the stairs to the ink-grimed sanctum of the Bungtown Bugle-horn to whip the girl-faced editor for intimating in his foul sheet that he had made a hog of himself at a free barbecue on Decoration Day; and I have seen his gallant carcass land in a tangled heap at the foot of the stairs, with the imprint of a box-toed boot on the southern horizon of his blue overalls, and then gather itself painfully together in parliamentary order and limp sadly out into a cruel and unfeeling world to bear the jeers and slings the envious hurl at fallen gods.

The good Book tells of Solomon in all his glory, resplendent in the trappings of a king and wielding the mightiest scepter of earth, with all the wisdom of the ages centered in his sapient brain, sitting secure by will of God upon the strongest throne in all the world, and full possessed of all things heaven or earth could give to fill the measure of his uttermost desires; but dazzled with his own magnificence and the pompous splendor of an imperial court, he dreamed of greater glory still, and dared to prostitute to his own desires the power and wealth and wisdom given him with which to bless mankind, when for such sin the Lord in His wrath visited upon him a thousand wives!

PART VI.

THE CIRCUS IN THE MOUNTAINS

I saw a circus in a mountain town. The mountaineers swarmed from far and near, and lined the streets on every hand, with open mouths and bated breath, as the grand procession, with band, and clown, and camels, and elephants, and lions, and tigers, and spotted horses, pa-

"Lined the streets on every hand,

with open mouths and bated breath."

raded in brilliant array. The excitement was boundless when the crowd rushed into the tent, and they left behind them a surging mass of humanity, unprovided with tickets and destitute of the silver half of the double standard. Their interest rose to white heat as the audience within shouted and screamed with laughter at the clown and cheered the girl in tights and applauded the acrobats as they turned somersaults over the elephant. Temptation whispered in the ear of a gentleman in tow breeches, and he stealthily opened his long-bladed knife and cut a hole in the canvas. A score of others followed suit, and held their sides and laughed at the scenes within. But as they

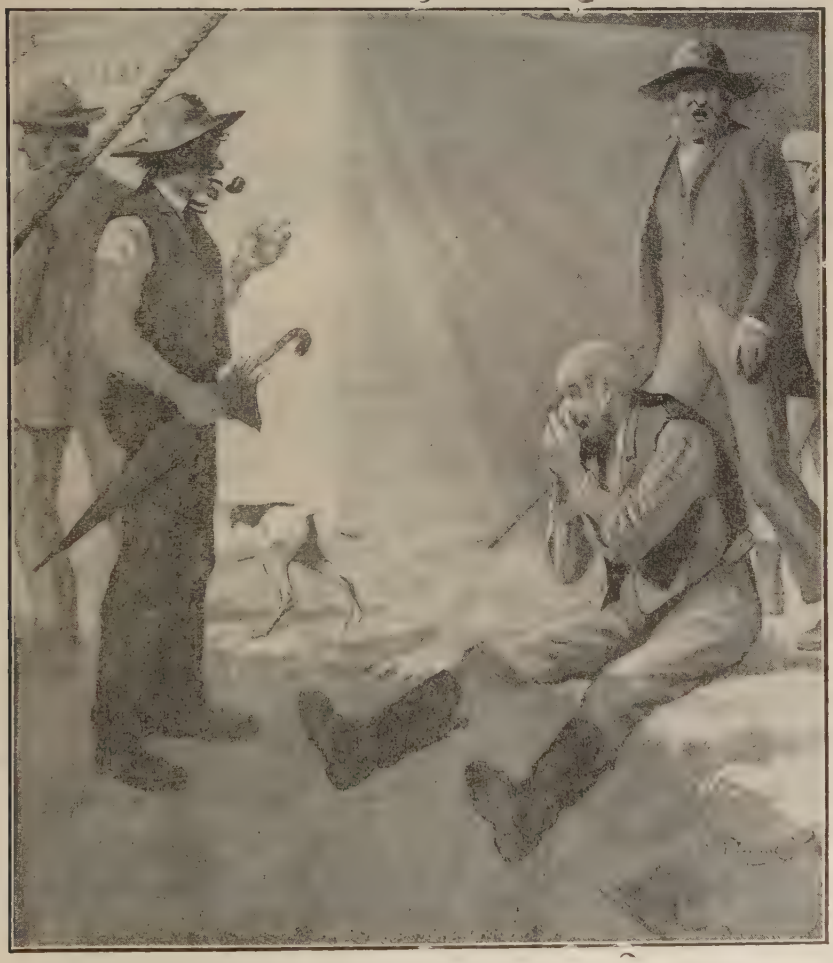
"The mountaineers swarmed from far and near"

laughed, a showman slipped inside, armed with a policeman's billy. He quietly sidled up to the hole where a peeper's nose made a knot on the tent on the inside. "Whack!" went the "billy." There was a loud grunt, and old "Tow Breeches" spun 'round like a top and cut the "pigeon wing," while his nose spouted blood. "Whack!" went the "billy" again, and old "Hickory Shirt" turned a somersault backwards and rose "a-runnin'." The last "whack" fell like a thunderbolt on the Roman nose of a half-drunk old settler from away up at the head of the creek. He fell flat on his back, quivered for a moment, and then sat up and clapped his hand to his bleeding nose, and,

in his bewilderment, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be durned! Hel-lo there, stranger!" he shouted to a bystander. "Whar wuz you *at* when the lightnin' struck the show?" Then I saw a row of bleeding noses at the branch near by, taking a bath, and each nose resembled a sore hump on a camel's back.

♣ ♣ ♣

So it is around the great arena of political fame and power. "Whack!" goes the "billy" of popular opinion, and politicians, like



"Whar wuz you *at* when the lightnin' struck the show?"

old "Tow Breeches," spin 'round with the broken noses of misguided ambition and disappointed hope. In the heated campaign many a would-be Webster lies down and dreams of the triumph that awaits

him on the morrow; but he wakes to find it only a dream, and when the votes are counted, his little bird hath flown, and he is in the condition of the old Jew.

♣ ♣ ♣

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Jew hung up their socks together on Christmas Eve. The Englishman put his diamond pin in the Irishman's sock; the Irishman put his watch in the sock of the Englishman; they slipped an egg in the sock of the Jew.

"And did you git onnything?" asked Pat in the morning.

"O, yes," said the Englishman; "I received a fine gold watch, don't you know. "And what did you get, Pat?"

"Begorra, I got a foine diamond pin."

"And what did you get, Jacob?" said the Englishman to the Jew.

"Vell," said Jacob, holding up the egg, "I got a shicken, but it got avay before I got up."

♣ ♣ ♣

PART VII.

THE PARADISE OF SPECULATION.

Did you ever pass the remains of a "boom" town in your travels? Did you never gaze upon the remains of "Bunk City," where but yesterday all was life and bustle, and to-day it looks like the ruins of Babylon? The empty fields for miles and miles around are laid off and dug up in streets, and look like they had been struck by ten thousand streaks of chain lightning. Standing here and there are huge frames, holding up mammoth signboards, bearing the names of land companies, but the land companies are gone. Half-driven nails are left to rust in a few old skeleton buildings, the brick lies unmortared in half-finished walls, and tenantless houses stand here and there like the ghosts of buried hope. Down by the river stands the furnace, grim and silent as the extinct crater of Popocatepetl; and the great hotel on the hill looks like the tower of Babel two thousand years after the confusion of tongues. The last of the speculators, with his blue nose and his old battered plug hat, which resembles an accordion that has been yanked by a cyclone, stands on the corner and contemplates his old sedge fields which have shrunk in value from one hundred dol-

lars a front foot to one dollar for a hundred front acres, and balefully sings a new song:

"After the boom is over, after the panic's on,
After the fools are leavin', after the money's gone,
Many a bank is 'busted,' if we could see in the room,
Many a pocket is empty, after the boom."

Happy is the man who lives within his means and who is contented with the legitimate rewards of endeavor. The dreadful panic that checks the progress of civilization and paralyzes the commerce of the world is the death angel that follows speculation. Everything is staked and hazarded on contingencies that are as baseless as the fabric of a dream. The day of settlement comes, and nobody is able to settle. The borrower is powerless to meet his note in the bank, the banker is powerless to pay his depositors, and confidence is stampeded like a herd of cattle.

The timid and suspicious old farmer catches the wild note of alarm, and, deserting his plow and sleepy oxen in the field, he mounts his mule, and, urging him on with pounding heels, rushes pellmell to the bank, and, with bulging eyes, demands his money. The excitement spreads like fire. The blacksmith leaves his anvil, the carpenter his bench, and the tailor his goose; the tanner deserts his hide, and the shoemaker throws down his last to save his all; the mason, with his trowel in his hand, rushes from the half-finished wall; Pat drops his hod between heaven and earth and slides down the ladder, muttering, "Oi'll have me moaney or Oi'll have blood!" the fat phlegmatic Dutchman, dozing behind his bar, wakes to the situation and waddles down the street, puffing and blowing like an engine, and muttering: "Mein Gott in Himmel! Mine debosit ish boosted!" And thus they make the run on the bank, gathering about it like the hosts of Armageddon. The bottom drops out, and millionaires go under like the passengers of a wrecked steamer.

PART VIII.

THE PARADISE OF HOME.

How rich would be the feast of happiness in this beautiful world of ours, could folly end with youth! But youth is only the first act in the "Comedy of Errors." It is the pearly gate that opens to the real Paradise of Fools.

> "It's pleasures are like poppies spread—
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snowfall on the river—
> A moment white, then melts forever."

Whether it be the child at its mother's knee or the man of mature years; whether it be the banker or the beggar, the prince in his palace or the peasant in his hut, there is in every heart the dream of a happier lot in life.

♣ ♣ ♣

I heard the sound of revelry at the gilded club, where a hundred hearts beat happily. There were flushed cheeks and thick tongues and jests and anecdotes around the banquet spread. There were songs and poems and speeches. I saw an orator rise to respond to a toast to "Home, Sweet Home," and thus he responded:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: John Howard Payne touched millions of hearts when he sang:

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'

But as for me, gentlemen, give me the pleasures and the palaces; give me liberty, or give me death. No less beautifully expressed are the tender sentiments expressed in the tender verse of Lord Byron:

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

But as for me, gentlemen, I would rather hear the barkin' of a Gatlin' gun than to hear the watchdog's honest bark this minute. I would rather look into the mouth of a cannon than to look into the eyes that are now waitin' to mark my comin' at this delightful hour of three o'clock in the morning."

Then he launched out on the ocean of thought like a magnificent ship going to sea; and when the night was far spent, and the orgies were over, and the lights were blown out at the club, I saw him enter his own sweet home in his glory. He entered it like a thief, with his boots in his hands—entered it singing softly to himself:

"I'm called little gutter pup, sweet little gutter pup,
Though I could never tell why—(hic),
Yet still I'm called gutter pup, sweet little gutter pup,
Poor little gutter pup—I—(hic)."

He was unconscious of the presence of the white figure that stood at the head of the stairs holding up a lamp, like Liberty enlightening the world; and as a tremulous voice called him to the judgment bar, the door closed behind him on the paradise of a fool, and he sneaked up the steps, muttering to himself: "What shadows we are (hic); what shadows we pursue!"

Then I saw him again in the morning, reaping temptation's bitter reward in the agonies of his drunk-sick; and, like Mark Twain's boat in a storm,

"He heaved and sot and sot and heaved,
And high his rudder flung;
And every time he heaved and sot,
A mighty leak he sprung."

If I were a woman with a husband like that, I would fill him so full of Keely's chloride of gold that he would jingle as he walks and tingle as he talks and have a fit at every mention of the silver bill.

♠ ♠ ♠

The biggest fool that walks on God's footstool is the man who destroys the joy and peace of his own sweet home; for if Paradise is ever regained in this world, it must be in the home. If its dead flowers ever bloom again, they must bloom in the happy hearts of home; if its sunshine ever breaks through the clouds, it must break forth in the smiling faces of home. If heaven ever descends to earth and angels tread its soil, it must be in the sacred precincts of home. That which Heaven most approves is the pure and virtuous home; for around it linger all the sweetest memories and dearest associations of mankind, upon it hang the hopes and happiness of the nations of the earth, and above it shines the ever-blessed star that lights the way back to the Paradise that was lost.

PART IX.

PARADISE LOST.

All Paradise was imbued with the spirit of love. O, that it could have remained so forever! There was not a painted cheek in Eden, nor a bald head, nor a false tooth, nor a bachelor; there was not a flounce, nor a frill, nor a silken gown, nor a flashy waist with aurora borealis sleeves; there was not a curl paper, nor even a threat of crinoline. Raiment was an after thought, the mask of a tainted soul, born of original sin. Beauty was unmarred by gaudy rags. Eve was dressed in sunshine; Adam was clad in climate.

Every rich blessing within the gift of the Almighty Father was poured out from the cornucopia of heaven into the lap of Paradise. But it was a Paradise of fools, because they stained it with disobedience and polluted it with sin. It was the Paradise of fools, because, in the exercise of their own God-given free agency, they tasted the forbidden fruit and fell from their glorious estate.

O, what a fall was there! It was the fall of innocence and purity; it was the fall of happiness into the abyss of woe; it was the fall of life into the arms of death. It was like the fall of the wounded albatross from the regions of light into the sea; it was like the fall of a star from heaven to hell.

When the jasper gate forever closed behind the guilty pair and the flaming sword of the Lord mounted guard over the barred portal, the whole life current of the human race was shifted into another channel—shifted from the roses to the thorns, shifted from joy to sorrow—and it bore upon its dark and turbulent bosom the wrecked hopes of all the ages.

I believe they lost intellectual powers which fallen man has never regained. Operating by the consent of natural laws, sinless man would have wrought endless miracles. The mind, winged like a seraph and armed like a thunderbolt, would have breached the very citadel of knowledge and robbed it of its treasures.

I think they lost a plane of being only a little lower than the angels; I believe they lost youth, beauty, and physical immortality; I believe they lost the virtues of heart and soul and many of the magnificent powers of mind, which made them the images of God, and which

would have even brushed aside the now impenetrable veil which hides from mortal eyes the face of Infinite Love—that Love which gave the ever-blessed light and filled the earth with music of bird, and breeze, and sea; that Love whose melodies we sometimes faintly catch, like spirit voices, from the souls of orators and poets; that Love which inlaid the arching firmament of heaven with jewels sparkling with eternal fires.

But, thank God, their fall was not like the remediless fall of Lucifer and his angels into eternal darkness. Thank God, in this night of death hope does see a star; it is the star of Bethlehem. Thank God, listening love does "hear the rustle of a wing;" it is the wing of the resurrection angel.

The memories and images of Paradise lost have been impressed on every human heart, and every individual of the race has his own ideal of that Paradise, from the cradle to the grave. But that ideal, in so far as its realization in this world is concerned, is, like the rainbow, an elusive phantom, ever in sight, never in reach, resting ever on the horizon of hope.

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PART X.

THE PARADISE OF HOPE.

Why mourn and brood over broken fortunes and the calamities of life? Why tarry in the doldrums of pessimism, with never a breeze to catch your limp and drooping sails and waft you on a joyous wave? Pessimism is the nightmare of the world. It is the prophet of famine, pestilence, and human woe; it is the apostle of the devil, and its mission is to impede the progress of civilization; it denounces every institution established for human development as a fraud; it stigmatizes law as the machinery of injustice; it sneers at society as hollow-hearted corruption and insincerity; it brands politics as a reeking mass of rottenness, and scoffs at morality as the tinsel of sin; its disciples are those who rail and snarl at everything that is noble and good, to whom a joke is an assault and battery, a laugh is an insult to outraged dignity, and the provocation of a smile is like passing an electric current through the facial muscles of a corpse.

God deliver us from the fools who seek to build their paradise on the ashes of those they have destroyed! God deliver us from the fools whose life work is to cast aspersions upon the motives and characters of the leaders of men! I believe the men who reach high places in politics are, as a rule, men of sterling worth and intelligence, and upon their shoulders rest the safety and well-being of the peace-loving, God-fearing millions. I believe the world is better to-day than it ever was before. I believe the refinements of modern society, its elegant accomplishments, its intellectual culture, and its conceptions of the beautiful, are glorious evidences of our advancement toward a higher plane of being. I believe the superb churches of to-day, with the glorious harmonies of their choral music, their great pipe organs, their violins and cornets, and their grand sermons, full of heaven's balm for aching hearts, are expressions of the highest civilization that has ever dawned upon the earth. I believe each successive civilization is better and higher and grander than that which preceded it, and upon the shining rungs of this ladder of evolution our race will finally climb back to the Paradise that was lost. I believe that the society of to-day is better than it ever was before. I believe that human government is better and nobler and purer than it ever was before. I believe the church is stronger and is making grander strides toward the conversion of the world and the final establishment of the kingdom of God on earth than it ever made before. I believe that the biggest fools in this world are the advocates and disseminators of infidelity, the would-be destroyers of the Paradise of God.

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PART XI.

THE FOLLY OF INFIDELS.

I sat in a great theater at the national capital. It was thronged with youth and beauty, old age and wisdom. I saw a man, the image of his God, stand upon the stage, and I heard him speak. His gestures were the perfection of grace, his voice was music, and his language was more beautiful than I had ever heard from mortal lips. He painted picture after picture of the pleasures, and joys, and sympathies of home. He enthroned love and preached the gospel of hu-

manity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in ink and blot out the beautiful picture he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet. I saw him blot out the stars and the sun, and leave humanity and the universe in eternal darkness and eternal death. I saw him, like the serpent of old, worm himself into the paradise of human hearts, and, by his seductive eloquence and the subtle devices of his sophistry, inject his fatal venom, under whose blight its flowers faded, its music was hushed, its sunshine was darkened, and the soul was left a desert waste, with only the new-made graves of faith and hope. I saw him, like a lawless, erratic meteor without an orbit, sweep across the intellectual sky, brilliant only in his self-consuming fire, generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said: "How true is holy writ, which declares: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

♣ ♣ ♣

Tell me not, O Infidel, there is no God, no heaven, no hell!

"A solemn murmur in the soul tells of a world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll before they reach the sea."

Tell me not, O Infidel, there is no risen Christ!

"When every earthly hope hath fled,
When angry seas their billows fling,
How sweet to lean on what He said,
How firmly to His cross we cling!"

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It is in the desert of evil, where virtue trembles to tread, where hope falters, and where faith is crucified, that the infidel dreams. To him all there is of heaven is bounded by this little span of life; all there is of pleasure and love is circumscribed by a few fleeting years; all there is of beauty is mortal; all there is of intelligence and wisdom is in the human brain; all there is of mystery and infinity is fathomable by human reason; and all there is of virtue is measured by the relations of man to man. To him all must end in the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," and all that lies beyond the grave is a voiceless shore and a starless sky. To him there are no prints of deathless feet on its echoless sands, no thrill of immortal music in its joyless air.

He has lost his God, and, like some fallen seraph flying in rayless night, he gropes his way on flagging pinions, searching for light where darkness reigns, for life where death is king.

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What intelligence less than God could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if it is not God, that drives that throbbing engine, the human heart, with ceaseless, tireless stroke, sending the crimson streams of life bounding and circling through every vein and artery? Whence and what, if not of God, is this mystery we call the mind? What is this mystery we call the soul? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? O, who can comprehend, who can deny, the Divinity that stirs within us!

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I have wondered a thousand times if an infidel ever looked through a telescope. There is our mighty Sun, robed in the brightness of his eternal fires and with his planets forever wheeling around him; yonder twinkle Mercury and Venus; and there is Mars, the ruddy globe whose poles are white with snow and whose other zones seem dotted with seas and continents. Who knows but that his roseate color is only the blush of his flowers? Who knows but that Mars may now be a paradise inhabited by a blessed race, unsullied by sin, untouched by death? There is the giant orb of Jupiter, the champion of the skies, belted and sashed with vapor and clouds; and Saturn, haloed with bands of light and jeweled with eight ruddy moons; and there is Uranus, another stupendous world, speeding on in the prodigious circle of his tireless journey around the sun. And yet another orbit cuts the outer rim of our system, and on his lonely pathway the gloomy Neptune walks the cold, dim solitudes of space. In the immeasurable depths beyond appear millions of suns, so distant that their light could not reach us in a thousand years. There, spanning the curtain of the black profundity, shine the constellations that sparkle like the crown jewels of God. There are double and triple and quadruple suns of different colors, commingling their gorgeous hues and flaming like archangels on the frontier of stellar space. If we look beyond the most distant star, the black walls are flecked with

innumerable patches of filmy light like the dewy gossamers of the spider's loom that dot our fields at morn. What beautiful forms we trace among those phantoms of light! Circles, ellipses, crowns, shields, and spiral wreaths of palest silver! And what are they? Did I say "phantoms of light?" The telescope resolves them into millions of suns, standing out from the oceans of white-hot matter that contain the germs of countless systems yet to be. And so far removed from us are these suns that the light which comes to us from them to-day has been speeding on its way for more than two million years.

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What is that white belt we call the Milky Way, which spans the heavens and sparkles like a Sahara of diamonds? It is a river of stars, it is a gulf stream of suns; and if each of these suns holds in his grasp a mighty system of planets, as ours does, how many multiplied millions of worlds like our own are now circling in that innumerable concourse?

♣ ♣ ♣

O, where are the bounds of this divine conception? Where ends this dream of God? And is there no life or intelligence in all this throng of spheres? Are there no sails on those far-away summer sets, no wings to cleave that crystal air, no forms divine to walk those radiant fields? Are there no eyes to see those floods of light, no hearts to share with ours that love which holds all these mighty orbs in place?

It cannot be! It cannot be! There is a God! "The heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

♣ ♣ ♣

PART XII.

CLOCKS IN PARADISE.

I saw a poor old bachelor live all the days of his life in sight of paradise, too cowardly to put his arm around it and press it to his bosom. He shaved and primped and resolved to marry every day in the year for forty years; but when the hour for love's duel arrived, when he stood trembling in the presence of rosy cheeks and glancing

eyes, and Beauty shook her curls and gave the challenge, his courage always oozed away, and he fled ingloriously from the field of honor.

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Far happier than the bachelor is old Uncle Rastus in his cabin when he holds Aunt Dinah's hand in his and asks: "Who's sweet?" And Dinah drops her head over on his shoulder and answers: "Bofe uv us."

A thousand times happier is the frisky old widower, with his pink bald head, his wrinkles, and his rheumatism, who

> "Wires in and wires out,
> And leaves the ladies all in doubt
> As to what is his age and what he is worth,
> And whether or not he owns the earth."

He "toils not, neither does he spin;" yet Solomon in all of his glory was not more popular with the ladies. He is as light-hearted as "Mary's little lamb." He is acquainted with every hog path in the matrimonial paradise, and knows all the nearest cuts to the *sanctum sanctorum* of woman's heart. But his jealousy is as cruel as the grave. Woe unto the bachelor who dares to cross his path!

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An old bachelor in my native mountains once rose in church to give his experience, in the presence of his old rival, who was a widower, and with whom he was at daggers' points in the race to win the affections of one of the sisters in Zion. Thus the pious old bachelor spake:

"Brethren, this is a beautiful world. I love to live in it just as well to-day as I ever did in my life. And the saddest thought that ever crossed this old brain of mine is that in a few short days, at best, these old eyes will be glazed in death and I'll never get to see my loved ones in this world any more."

And his old rival shouted from the amen corner:

"Thank God!"

♣ ♣ ♣

Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the resurrection angel."

When I read this, I thought: What a stupendous task awaits the angel of the resurrection, when all the countless millions of old rickety, rusty, worm-eaten clocks are to be resurrected, and wiped, and dusted, and repaired for mansions in the skies! There will be every kind and character of clock and clockwork resurrected on that day. There will be the Catholic clock with his beads, and the Episcopalian clock with his ritual. There will be an old clock resurrected on that day wearing a broadcloth coat buttoned up to the throat; and when he is wound up, he will go off with a whizz and a bang. He will get up out of the dust shouting, "Hallelujah!" and he will proclaim "*sanctification!*" and "*falling from grace!*" as the only true doctrine by which men shall go sweeping through the pearly gates into the new Jerusalem; and he will be recognized as a Methodist preacher—a little noisy, a little clogged with chicken feathers, but ripe for the kingdom of heaven.

There will be another old clock resurrected on that day, dressed like the former, but a little stiffer and straighter in the back, and armed with a pair of gold spectacles and a manuscript. When he is wound up, he will break out in a cold sepulchral tone with, firstly, "*foreordination!*" secondly, "*predestination!*" and, thirdly, "*the final perseverance of the saints!*" He will be recognized as a Presbyterian preacher, a little blue and frigid, a little dry and formal, but one of God's own elect, and he will be labeled for Paradise.

There will be an old Hardshell clock resurrected, with throat whiskers and wearing a shad-bellied coat and flap breeches; and when he is wound up a little and a little oil is poured into his old wheels, he will swing out into space on the wings of the gospel with:

"My Dearly Beloved Brethren-ah: I was a-ridin' along this mornin' a-tryin' to study up somethin' to preach to this dyin' congregation-ah; and as I rid up by the old mill pond-ah, lo and behold, there was an old snag a-stickin' up out of the middle of the pond-ah, and an old mud turtle had clim up out uv the water and was a-settin' up on the old snag a-sunnin' uv himself-ah; and, lo and behold-ah, when I rid up a leetle nearer to him-ah, he jumped off of the snag 'ker chug' into the water, thereby provin' emersion-ah."

Our brains *are* clocks, and our hearts are the pendulums. If we

live right in this world, when the resurrection day shall come, the Lord God will polish the wheels, and jewel the bearings, and crown the casements with stars and with gold. And the pendulums will be harps encrusted with precious stones. They will swing to and fro on angel wings, making music in the ear of God and flashing His glory through all the blissful cycles of eternity.

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